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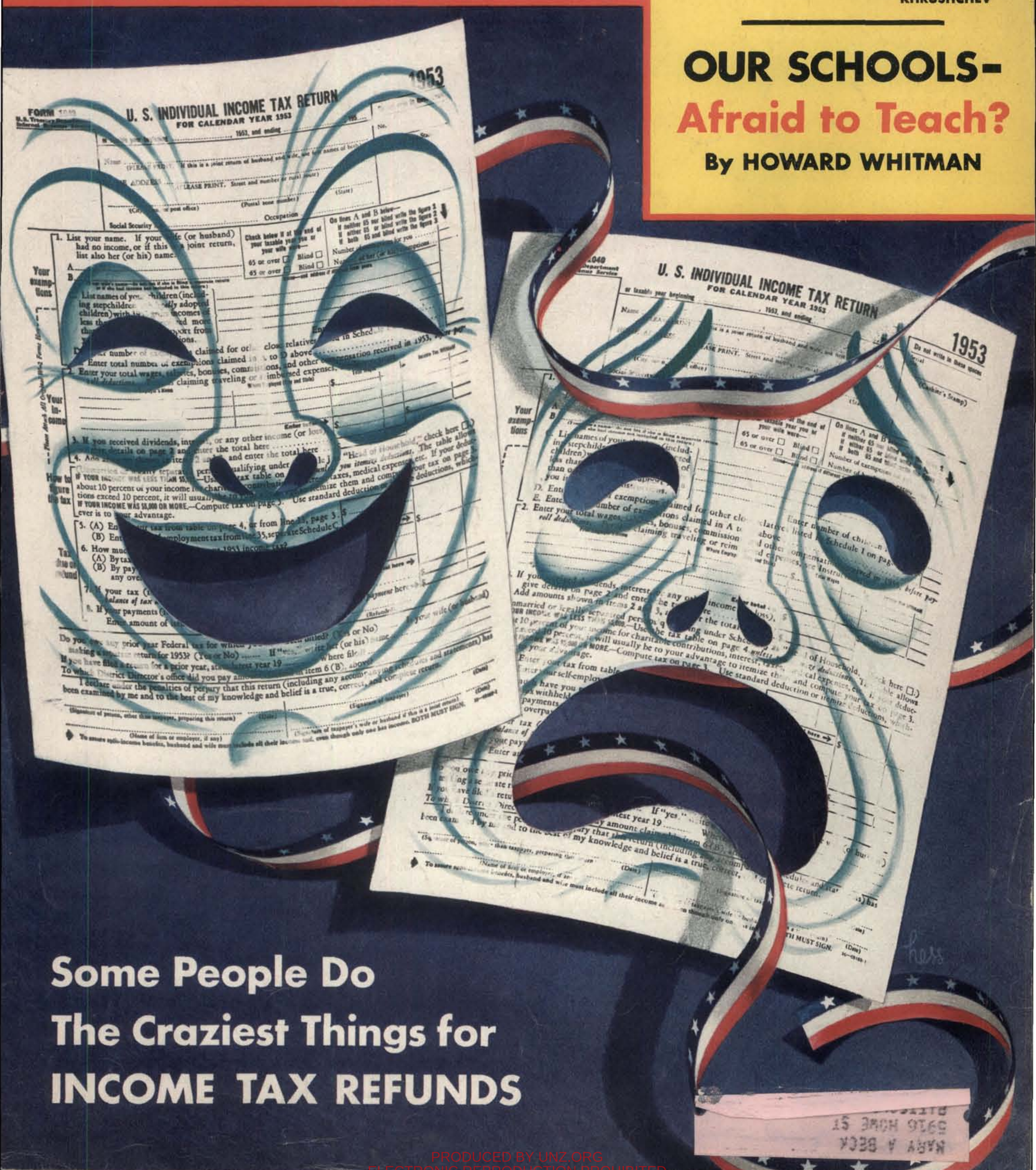
First Interview WITH Russia's No. 2 Man

KHRUSHCHEV

OUR SCHOOLS— Afraid to Teach?

By HOWARD WHITMAN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Some People Do The Craziest Things for INCOME TAX REFUNDS

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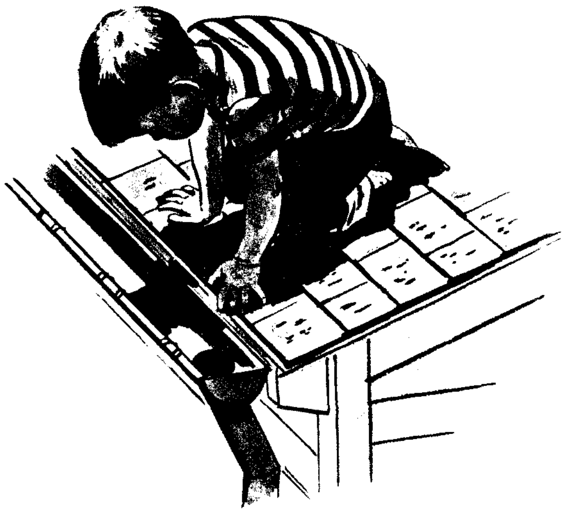
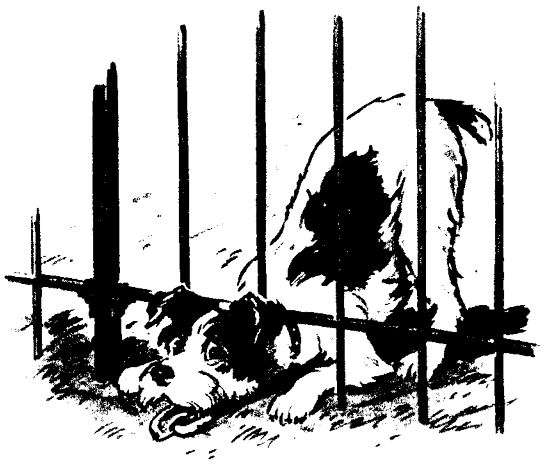
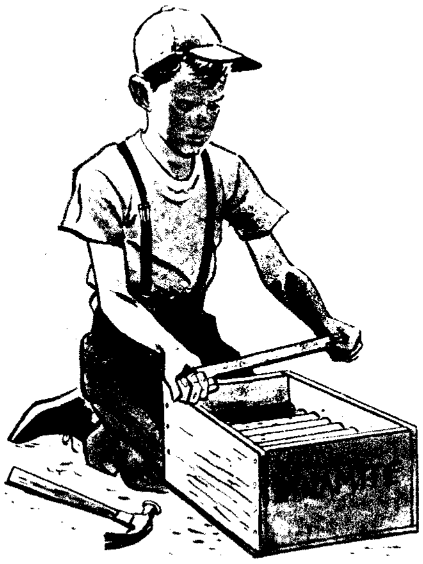


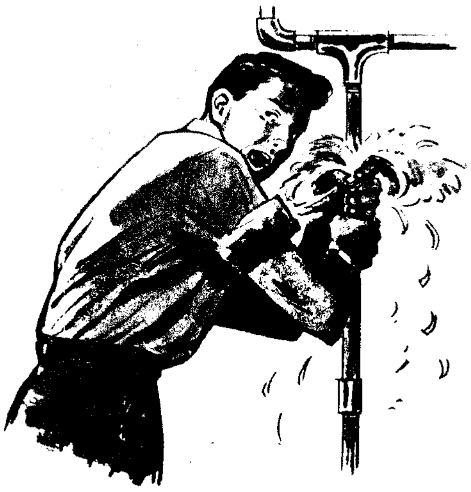
A four-year-old child was up on a roof



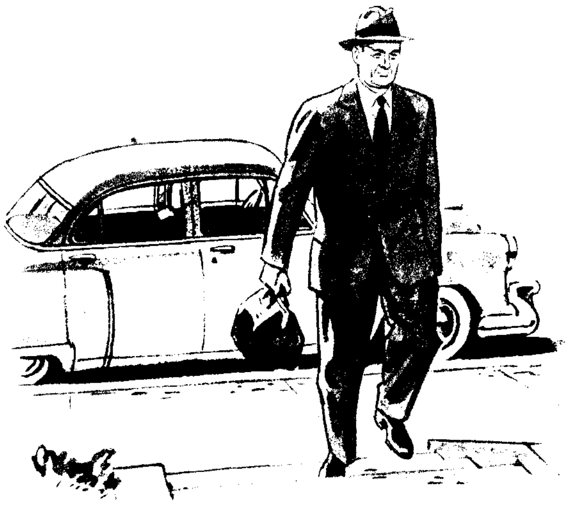
A dog was caught in a fence



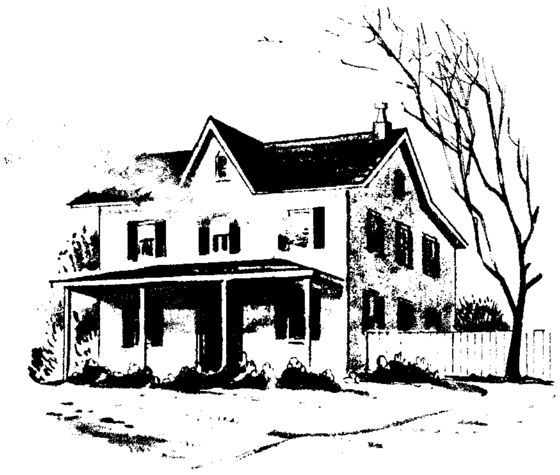
A boy was playing with sticks of dynamite



A plumber was needed in a hurry



A baby was about to be born



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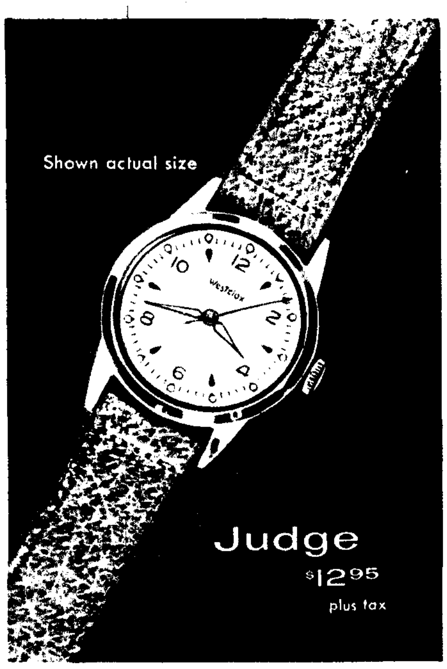

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THE COVER . . Lowell Hess

It's income tax time again—and the question of the hour is: "Will I get an income tax refund?" Turn to page 64 for the story of what determines whether you'll be among the lucky taxpayers who will collect money from Uncle Sam—and the ruses some people have resorted to in seeking refunds

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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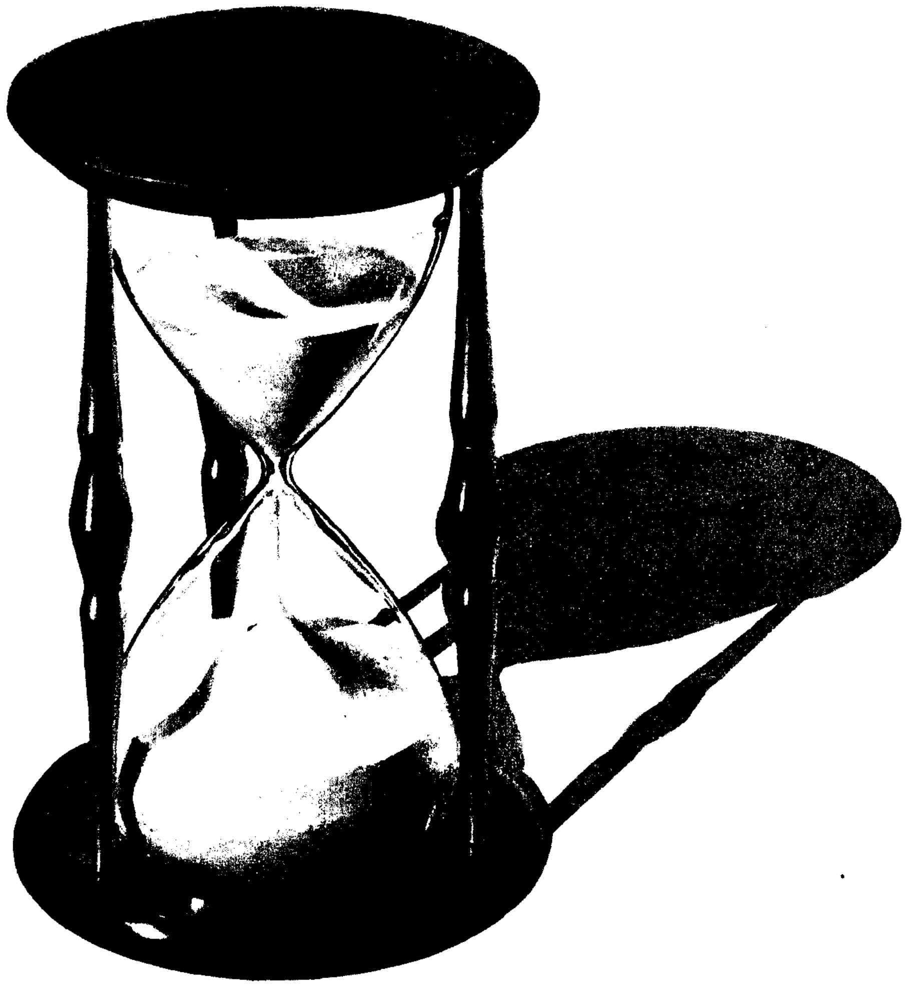

TIME IS CANCER'S GREATEST ALLY...

ALL TOO OFTEN, a person who notices a symptom that could mean cancer delays seeing his doctor. In so doing, he allows cancer's greatest ally . . . *time* . . . to reduce the chances for cure or control.

You can easily see why time favors cancer when you consider the nature of this disease. It usually develops in just one place and as long as it remains localized, complete cure is possible by surgery, X-ray, radium and certain other radioactive substances.

If treatment is delayed, however, cancer can spread to many parts of the body and become incurable. This is why early detection of cancer is so important. While pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer, there are certain symptoms by which the commonest kinds of cancer can be diagnosed early. These warning signs are:

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

These danger signals do not mean that a person necessarily has cancer. Indeed, many people who suspect they have the disease find, upon examination, that they do *not* have cancer. However, the danger signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your doctor.

Being on the alert for cancer's warning signs is your responsibility in the drive for early cancer detection. In fact, the American Cancer Society has estimated that early cancer treatment saves the lives of 70,000 people in our country each year—and *another* 70,000 *could* be saved if more people were aware of the danger signals of cancer.

Unfortunately, cancer often develops silently without noticeable symptoms. Here too, there is a safeguard—periodic medical examinations. These are particularly important for all men and women who have reached the ages of 40 and 35 respectively. The value of these examinations is underscored by the fact that half of all cancers occur in body sites that the doctor can readily examine.

You can deprive cancer of its greatest ally simply by acting promptly, should any of its warnings occur.

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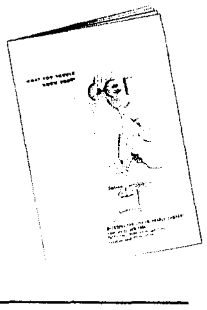

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

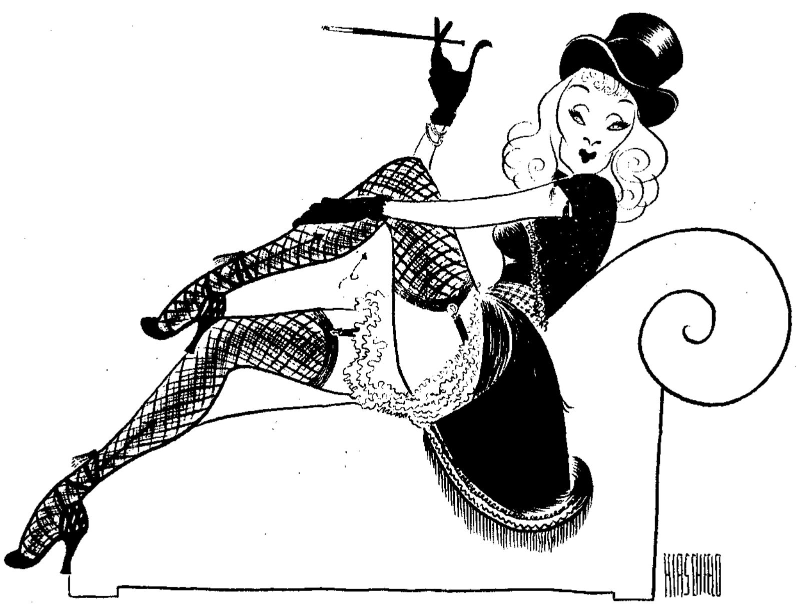
THIS department has appeared for three insertions without my once having mentioned Marlene Dietrich. Pure oversight, I assure you, for Marlene has been on my mind. She has, in fact, been on my mind for more years than either of us would care to admit. But to give you an idea, it started when I first heard her sing Blonde Women *(Blonden Frauen)* on a phonograph record. The record was not played on one of those phonographs with the megaphone-type sound apparatus, but let's just say that there were still a few of them around.

Marlene Dietrich, now thirty-nine years of age and not a day older, has been described by Ernest Hemingway as the woman who knows more about love than anyone else in the world. Ernest's remark must have caused a little debate over at the Hemingways', along the lines of the Joan Davis-Jim Backus TV program (I Married Joan). Also, if I were doing research on Love, I think I might use other authorities before consulting E. H. But the remark stands as his opinion, and his opinion on anything at all is important, if not necessarily definitive.

I once had a talk with Marlene on that tenderest of subjects. It was at a small cocktail party in Beverly Hills, and, out of politeness, she brought up the subject of a novel of mine called Butterfield 8. The book had been given her by my friend Jimmy Stewart, and they had discussed it and the poor unfortunate girl who was the principal character in the book. Well, in spite of the fact that Jimmy at the time was a very active bachelor, his understanding of the girl was not as deep as Marlene's, and from that moment on I had great respect for her, where before I had had only—only?—a boyish lech. It was along about that time, too, that Dorothy Parker, a friend of Marlene's, told me that Dietrich had asked her to look at some short stories she had written. Dorothy took on the task with some trepidation, and was pleasantly astonished to find that the stories were good. I'm pretty sure they never were published anywhere, but even if they had been lousy I had to admire her for finding the time to write them.

I am pleased to see that she has returned to the night-club scene, which is where Marlene really belongs and where, I believe, she started. Let's face it: Marlene Dietrich is not Irene Dunne, and the way things are now constituted in the entertainment world, the Dietrich product is not most advantageously displayed on TV or the cinema. When you see Marlene on either screen you are not getting the full treatment, and you know it. Anyway, I know it. Moreover, I can prove that a night club that pays Marlene Dietrich $30,000 a week is making economic sense: she is worth six times more than a lot of young ladies who get five G's.

I wonder if Eartha Kitt has written any short stories.



AL HIRSCHFELD

Marlene has, in fact, been on my mind for more years than either of us would care to admit. It began when I first heard her sing

SPEAKING, as many are, about Eartha Kitt, I was thinking this morning of the patter, as it used to be called, of her recording of *C'est Si Bon.* The patter is that part where she rambles on in seemingly aimless fashion about the good things she would like to have. And which, I suppose, she richly deserves. Well, sir, I reached back in my treasury of love songs, opened the compartment labeled Love if the Price Is Right, and I came across a lyrical lyric, circa 1917, entitled The Modern Maiden's Prayer. If I can trust my memory, and I usually can, there is a line in that song that goes:

And if my marriage turns out phony,
*Give me a lot of alimony.**

I quote that much of the song for the benefit of my younger readers. The next time Pop says this generation is going to hell in a jet, you just haul off and tell Pop that back in 1917, too, they had a rather strange sense of values. And if you have an older sister who sides with Pop, you just remind Sis that she used to sing a sentimental number called Daddy (I want a diamond ring, bracelets, everything).

Uncle John has a lot of that kind of ammunition.

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★ ★ ★

THE TOP of any morning to Grace Kelly and a buss on the cheek for Maureen O'Hara. Another kiss for Anita Colby, her that changed her name from Counihan, and a Van Johnson autograph for Margaret O'Brien. A pretty song for Rosemary Clooney and a Tralee rose for Irene Dunne. A lifetime pass at the Polo Grounds for Ethel Barrymore and a fine day for Maureen O'Sullivan. A pound of radium for Greer Garson and whatever she wants for Madeleine Carroll. The best of health to Mary McCarty and more of the same to Ina Claire. The best of luck to Aline MacMahon and love to Aline Bernstein, too. And the back of my hand to me for leaving out so many good and pretty Irish girls and semi-Irish girls and volunteer Irish girls in this little Saint Patrick's Day greeting card.

★ ★ ★

TUCKED away in our legal lore, and I believe attributed to Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the comment that free speech does not include the right to yell, "Fire!" in a crowded theater. That comment always comes to my mind in discussions of censorship, and don't ask

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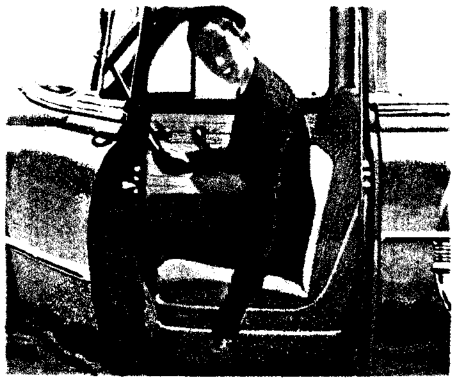

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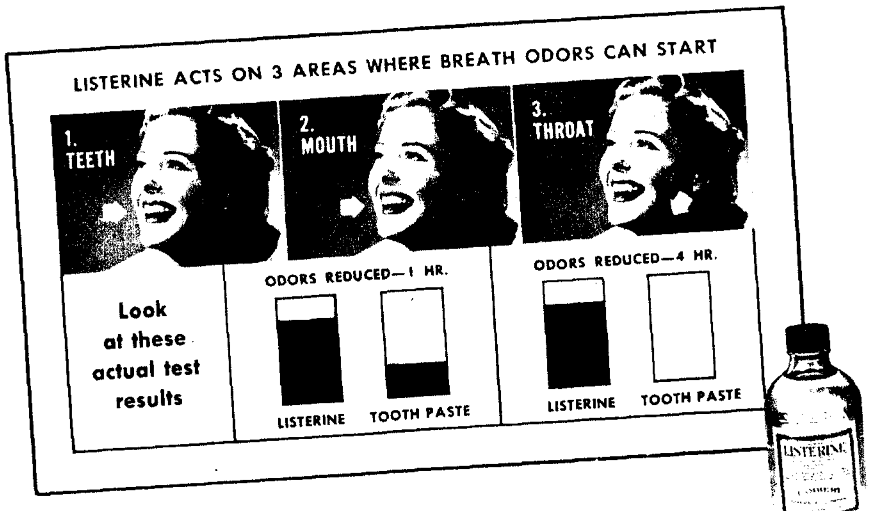
So, remember—especially before any date—Listerine Antiseptic, always!



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me why. Some association, I guess. I have run up against censorship here and in England and Ireland because some censors have not approved of everything I have said in some of my novels. The company I keep is pretty good, including Hemingway, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, James Joyce and the usual many others. But I'm not going to argue my case or theirs in these columns, other than to say that I wonder if censorship does any good.

For example, and to be impersonal about it, there are passages in John Steinbeck's East of Eden that no one would recommend for Friday-afternoon reading in the fourth grade or even the eighth. And there are older, more conservative, people who would not like the passages. But they—although many of them don't seem to remember this—can perform that simplest of all operations, the closing of a book. Few things are as easy to do. That should take care of the adult readers. And Viking Press, John Steinbeck's publisher, is not trying to sell his novel to grade-school children. But we all know that really dangerous stuff *is* sold to school children, and often is available no greater distance away from school than the nearest candy store. Steinbeck is an extremely conscientious artist and a good father, but in the actions of some censors he is lumped with the smut-peddlers. Worse: the smut-peddlers carry on while the censors go to work on serious novels.

★ ★ ★

WE ARE still getting repercussions from the exchange of blasts between Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Miss Helen Traubel, the opera singer. Mr. Bing's attitude is that the lady ought to confine herself to opera and stay out of night clubs, where she has been singing the works of Kern, Gershwin and Rodgers, and folk tunes and spirituals. As Mr. Bing might put it, "Nobody knows de Traubel I seen."

★ ★ ★

ALONG ABOUT now the ballplayers are putting away the old 12-gauge, quitting the jobs in the haberdasheries, and secretly wondering how long it's going to take to sweat off that lard around the middle. It also is the time of year when I do less reading of the sports pages. The reason? Simple. In my whole life I don't think I've read more than three accounts of preseason games. It's something like playing poker for matches, with the matches representing matches.

★ ★ ★

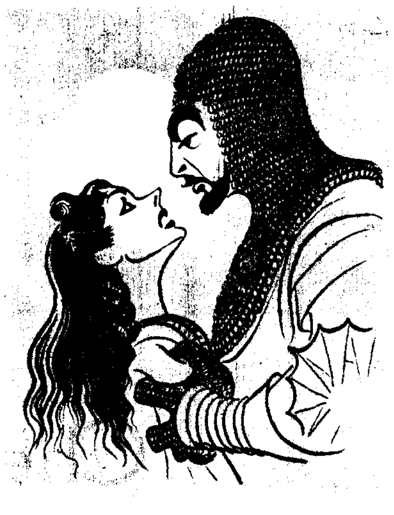
IT BECOMES my duty, in the near future, to plane it to L.A., which, in the language of normal people, means simply that I probably will be flying out to California soon, to have a look at some filmfolk and at the movie lots where they and I used to work. (I almost said where I spent so many happy hours, but honesty prevailed over the tempting cliché.) I haven't been out there in seven years, and have no idea what to expect. Hear tell there are oil wells all over the Fox lot, Mike Romanoff has a new restaurant, and Gower Gulch, where the Hollywood cowboys used to make camp, has become a mere side street for Television City. I don't believe any of it, but I'll let you know.

★ ★ ★

ONE SHOW I'm not going to miss next year is the musical play now being written by Frank Loesser, based on the Sidney Howard drama They Knew What They Wanted. Loesser is the only composer of the last 20 years who was able to march almost immediately in the company of Gershwin, Rodgers, Kern, Porter and Youmans. Without having heard a note or read a line, I'll bet the show runs two seasons on Broadway, to say nothing of its movie and TV potentialities.

★ ★ ★

THE CINEMASCOPE movie entitled Knights of the Round Table is good fun. (This may be the moment to reveal that I can get the Much Younger Viewpoint without ever leaving my house.) I saw it recently at the Radio City Music Hall, where it was 32 Rockettes wide. A fairly memorable line has been entrusted to Maureen Swanson, who plays Elaine. Robert Taylor is ambushed by four or five desperate highwaymen, and in defense of the lady's honor and his own safety he fights, singlehanded, with spirit and skill reminiscent of both Douglas Fairbanks the Elder and Henry Armstrong at their best. The clash of steel lasts easily five minutes of running time, and then when Virtue, in the person of Taylor, emerges triumphant and slightly out of breath, the Lady Elaine says: "What now?"



Taylor and Maureen Swanson in Knights of the Round Table

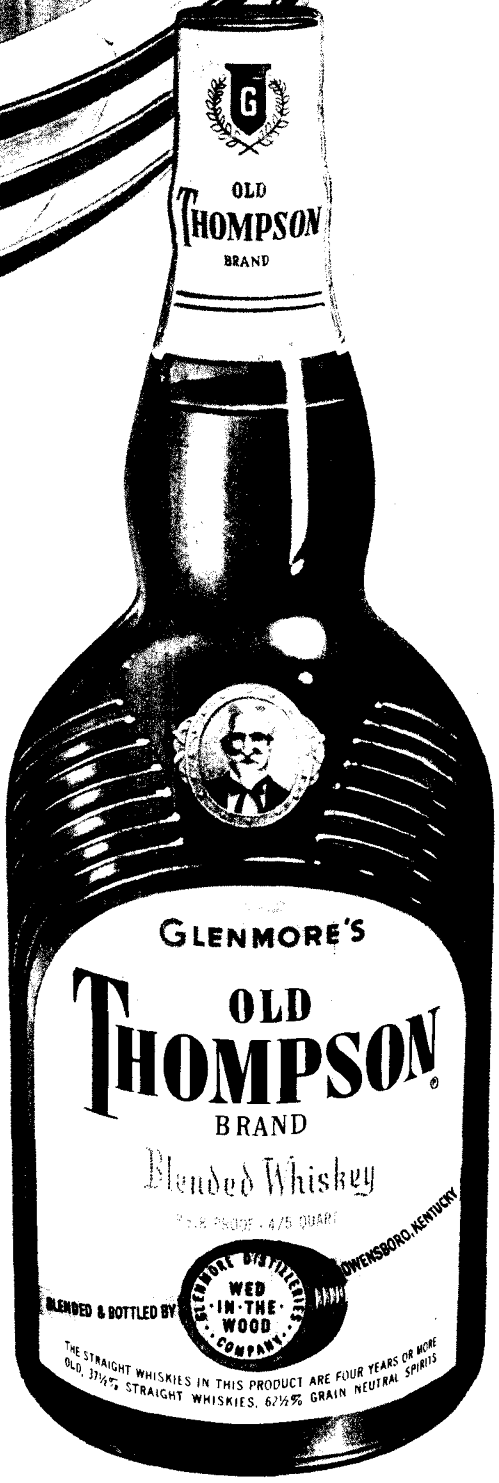
★ ★ ★

DURING the Battle of No Music in 1941, when the big broadcasting companies were spatting with ASCAP (take a breath: the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers), you had to be a good man with a dial to tune in on anything that was not the work of Stephen Foster. I bring up the matter now because the broadcasting bigwigs and the ASCAP boys are having Serious Talks again. I hope the talks work out all right. Otherwise we're probably in for a rash of De Camptown Races.

WED
·IN·THE·
WOOD

Where our whiskey spends its honeymoon

Before you buy another blend, you owe it to yourself to know these facts about Old Thompson


G
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED·IN·THE·WOOD
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

When our mature whiskies are blended together with the finest of grain neutral spirits, the blend is not bottled immediately as is customary in the industry. Our blend is put back into barrels to marry. We call this the "WED•IN•THE•WOOD" method. Thus the whiskies and the spirits acquire an extra smoothness and character that only this special method assures.

We know of no other company that goes to this extreme and extra expense to assure you the finest quality possible. That's why when the honeymoon is over, Old Thompson is the finest tasting, smoothest blended whiskey in all America.

Further, we have priced Old Thompson to make it the best blend buy in the country. Buy a bottle today—compare its fine flavor with any other blend regardless of price and let your own taste be the judge.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

Stolen FRIENDSHIP

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

MARK TYLER was grateful for the shelter of his nephew's home and he tried to show his gratitude. He liked to be outdoors, and so he kept the flower beds in meticulous order, even though kneeling was difficult and getting up was even more so. And when Lucy, his nephew's wife, stayed late at her clubs or charity committee meetings, Mark would have the table set and dinner half going.

At such times Lucy would rush in breathlessly and say, "Uncle Mark, you're a darling!" All evening the glow of her words would warm his heart.

He was old and his hair was silver-gray, but his eyes were still an unfaded blue in his sun-bronzed face, and his understanding was keen and intuitive. He respected Lucy's wish to have every chair and vase just so, every flower and shrub tended properly.

John and Lucy had no children, but they were constantly busy with business and social activities. This, Mark knew, was an unconscious effort to fill in the empty spot in their lives. He was well aware that their hearts were big, or they'd never have taken him into their home. So he was shyly eager to please, humbly happy when they took note of him, careful not to intrude in their lives. And he was lonely.

That was how he came to know the setter. It was white, its body flecked lightly with brown, and its legs and tail beautifully feathered. It belonged to the Wilsons, who had recently moved into the colonial house directly across the street.

In the daytime, the setter waited through the long hours with brooding, forlorn patience, but when the two small Wilson children came home from school in the afternoon, he burst into life with a frenzy of joyous activity, waving his tail like a plume. In the evenings, after the children had gone to bed, he lay quietly outside the door, lifting his head eagerly when someone came out, lowering it dejectedly when the person paid him no heed.

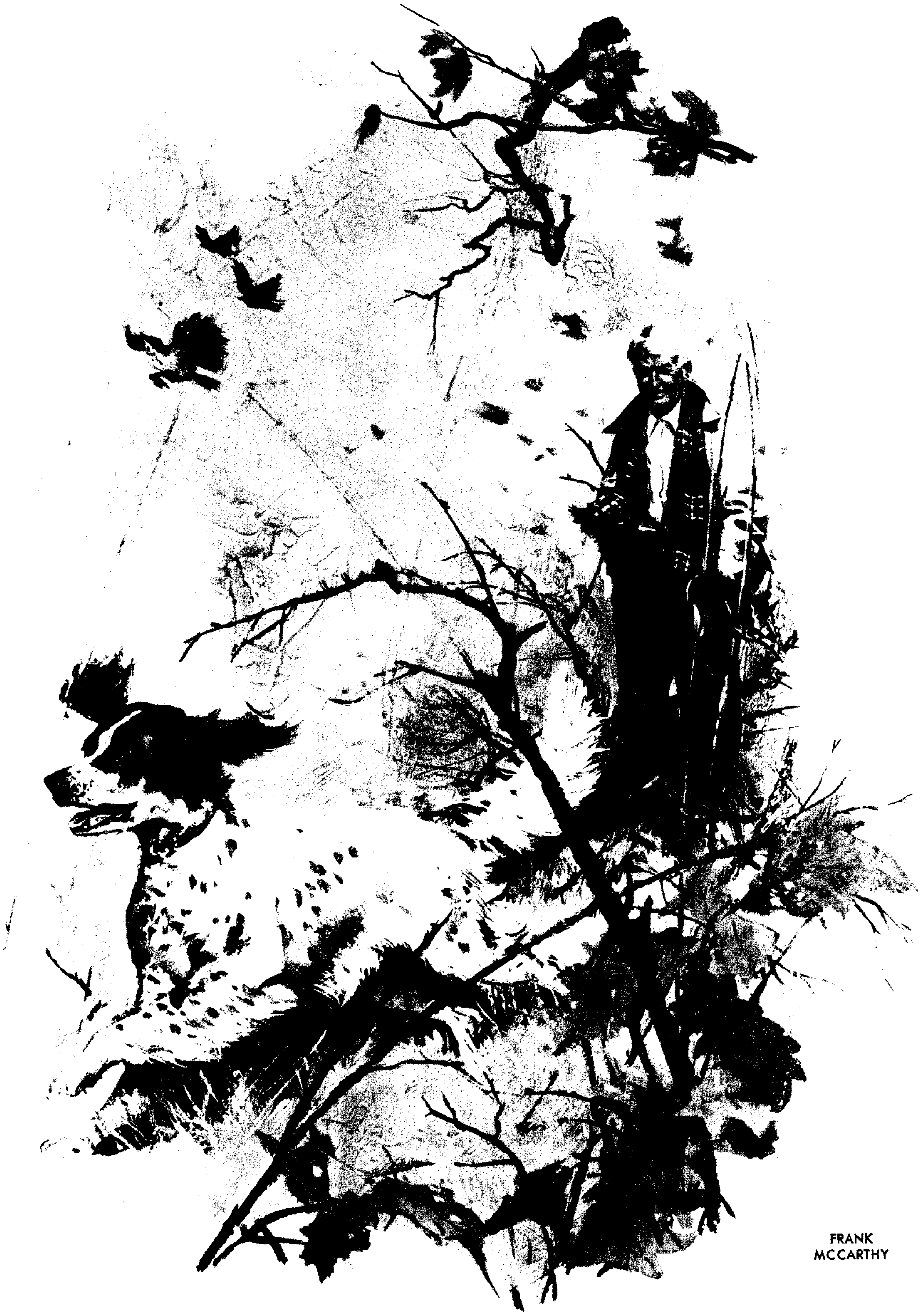
Old Mark observed all this as he took the walks that were one of his small forms of pleasure, or when he worked in the yard. "The dog's lonesome, same as me," he would say to himself and each day he would pause in front of the Wilson house and speak softly to the dog. The setter would lift his head in careful contemplation, his eyes wary. Once when Mark stopped, the setter crept toward him, then suddenly turned and went back to the house.

In time, Mark learned that the children called the dog Ricky. And since he had never seen the setter enjoying a bone, he made it a point one day to ask Mrs. Wilson if she minded if he occasionally brought one to Ricky.

"Heavens, no!" she said. "I'm afraid the children are the only ones who pay much attention to him. We wouldn't bother with a dog if it weren't for them."

When she had gone back into the house, Mark unwrapped the bone he had brought. "You'll like this, fellow," he said gently. He laid the bone on the grass and went back across the street to work in the flower beds.

The following day, when Mark Tyler went over,



FRANK
MCCARTHY

By ALICE MAXWELL

Warm Hospitality calls for Well-chilled Beer

BALLANTINE
Extra Fine
BEER
BALLANTINE Beer

Smart new note in home entertaining, a centerpiece of well-chilled Ballantine Beer

...that's why more and more good hosts are serving Ballantine

...the Light Beer with the flavor that chill can't kill!

Most folks want their beer good and cold; but not at the expense of flavor. Ballantine is the light beer specially brewed with this in mind . . . deep-brewed to guard against flavor loss. Chill it to your heart's content. Every glass just brims with flavor!

BALLANTINE BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

the setter came closer. Then, finally, the day arrived when he carefully took a bone from Mark's hand. Still another day, when there was no bone, he let Mark touch his head briefly. As time went by, the setter began watching for Mark, his tail wagging, his eyes expectant. Slowly, shyly, they grew to know each other, keeping a reserved distance as gentlemen should.

ONE morning as Mark set forth on his walk he found Ricky close behind him. Unsure of his welcome, the dog waited. Then, as Mark spoke to him, Ricky began running ahead happily scouting the bushes. After that, they shared a daily excursion.

Eventually the setter began coming into the yard when Mark was working in the garden. His approaches were always tentative, as if he had often been repulsed; his amber eyes would search Mark's deeply as he waited for a friendly pat. Then, as if his joy could not be contained, he would race in mad circles until Mark coaxed him into quietness.

One day as Mark patted him, the dog lifted one side of his mouth in a painful sort of grimace.

"By jingo!" Mark said, laughing. "I'd swear you're smiling at me."

Little by little the bond strengthened between the old man and the dog. Each was considerate of the other. Ricky, careful of the Tyler grounds, waited cautiously to join Mark. And Mark, now that the bond of friendship and respect had been established, never called to him; Ricky had a right to give of himself as he chose.

Their friendship grew inevitably into love. Ricky's amber eyes lighted up when Mark came outdoors. He waved his tail madly or tugged at Mark's trousers or rolled over and over in an ecstasy of joy. As for Mark, without his quite realizing it, his days took on new life and meaning.

Ricky came often at night now, seeming to know the times when Mark was alone, just as he knew Mark's room—the one with the small porch adjoining, which gave Mark a private entrance to the house. The setter would lie on the mat in front of the door—or stand waiting until Mark became aware of him. He was aware that he wouldn't be invited to come inside, but if Mark came out and spoke soft, loving words to him, Ricky went home content.

The love that Ricky gave to Mark was completely apart from the love he gave to the Wilson children. It was the love of a dog for his master, a master who spoke gentle words to him, gave him a bone now and then, took him for walks and waited tolerantly while he made explorations or foolishly chased a low-flying bird. . . .

It had never occurred to Mark that Ricky might be taken away from him. The news came with stunning suddenness. First, word spread through the neighborhood that the Wilsons were moving to the country. Next, their house was sold; and then, one bleak day, the moving van came.

The void in Mark's life those first few days was almost unbearable. "Uncle Mark, you're doing too much," Lucy told him as he worked ceaselessly at one small task after another.

"Have to keep limber," he said, smiling. He didn't talk about Ricky's being gone. He didn't say that a man eighty years old learns to live with pain and disappointment. He said very little at all, and, after a few days, he began taking walks again—alone.

It was on a night about two weeks later—an evening when Lucy and John were out—that he heard it, the soft scratching at his door. He waited, his heart pounding, not daring to believe his ears. Then the soft, familiar scratching came again, and with a sudden trembling joy he went to the door and opened it.

Ricky was weary and travel-worn, but his amber eyes were alight. And as Mark looked at him, he lifted one side of his mouth in the eager, homely smile.

"You didn't forget!" Mark whispered. "You've come back—come back to me—" But he knew this was not right. Though his hands ached to pat the setter's head, he held back. One rapturous welcome from him and Ricky would be a tramp. The two of them could be friends, sharing loneliness, while the setter lived close by; but now his rightful home was miles away, and a dog so divided in allegiance was no dog at all. Perhaps he understood Ricky better than the Wilsons did, Mark thought, but the Wilson children loved the dog.

Mark forced himself to remember Billy Wilson with his arms about Ricky, forced himself to think of Ricky hunting quail and pheasant on forest trails, and romping in wide-open fields amid the soaring excitement of country sounds and smells.

As the dog whined softly and drew closer to Mark, the old man's heart was torn between joy and anguish. He drew back from the door and closed it. After a few moments he went to the telephone.

"I guess he missed your old house," he said, when he had Mrs. Wilson on the wire. "I thought I'd call before you worried."

WHEN Mr. Wilson arrived, Ricky still lay outside Mark's door, his tail quiet, his eyes bewildered.

"What'll I do?" Mr. Wilson said gruffly to the dog. "Tie you up out there in the country?"

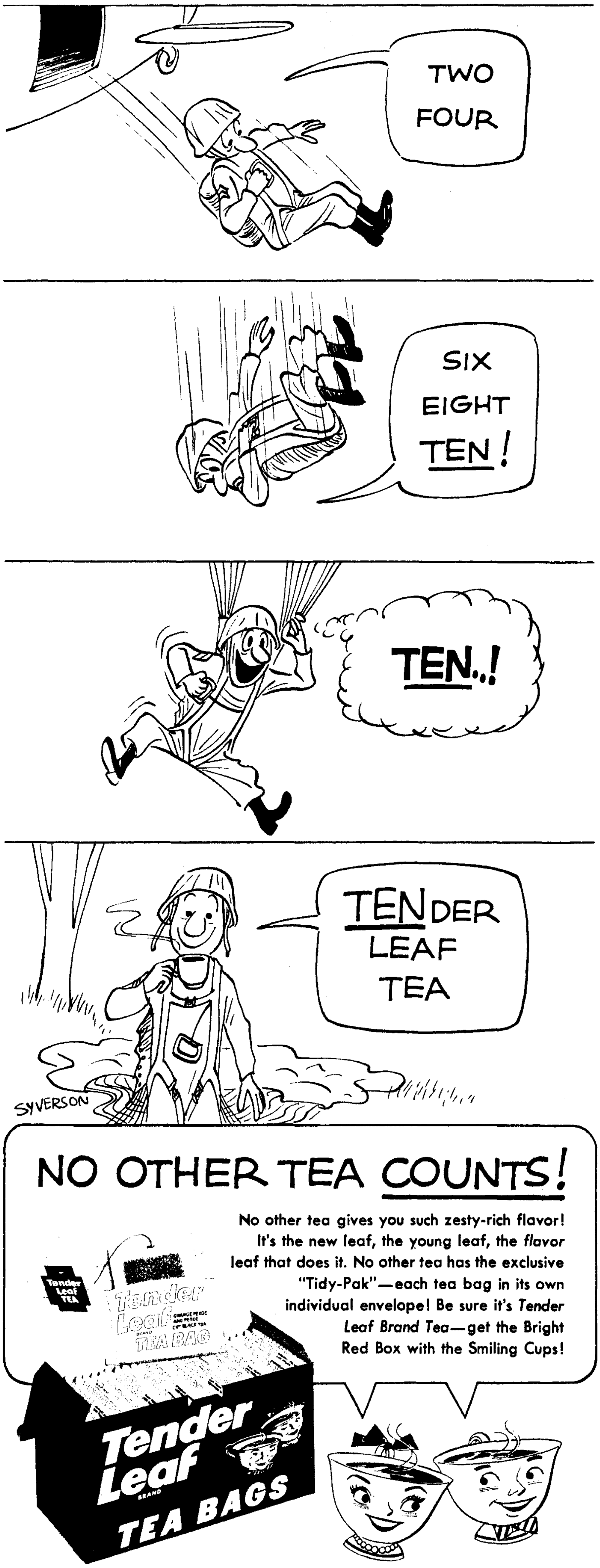
Except to say good morning and good evening, Mark had never talked to Mr. Wilson before. Now he said, "That's a fine dog. I know you got him for your children, but part of him needs you too, if you don't mind an old man telling you this." He paused a moment, embarrassed, and then went on: "Talk to him. Let him lie by your fire at night. Walk through the woods with him. Take him hunting. Get to know him, and you'll never regret it. Two children, country freedom, a man for steadiness—that's heaven for a dog."

Mr. Wilson listened. He had obviously been angry at having to make the long trip into town, but as he gazed at Mark and then down at the waiting dog, his expression changed. "I think you're right, Mr. Tyler," he said. "I—hadn't thought about that."

He reached down and stroked the setter's head. "Well, old fellow, how about going home?" he said.

Ricky hesitated and then looked up at Mark, his eyes uncertain. With a hollow sense of loss, Mark knew it was over: he'd never see the setter again. "Go home, Ricky," he said with quiet authority. "Go home, boy."

—ALICE MAXWELL



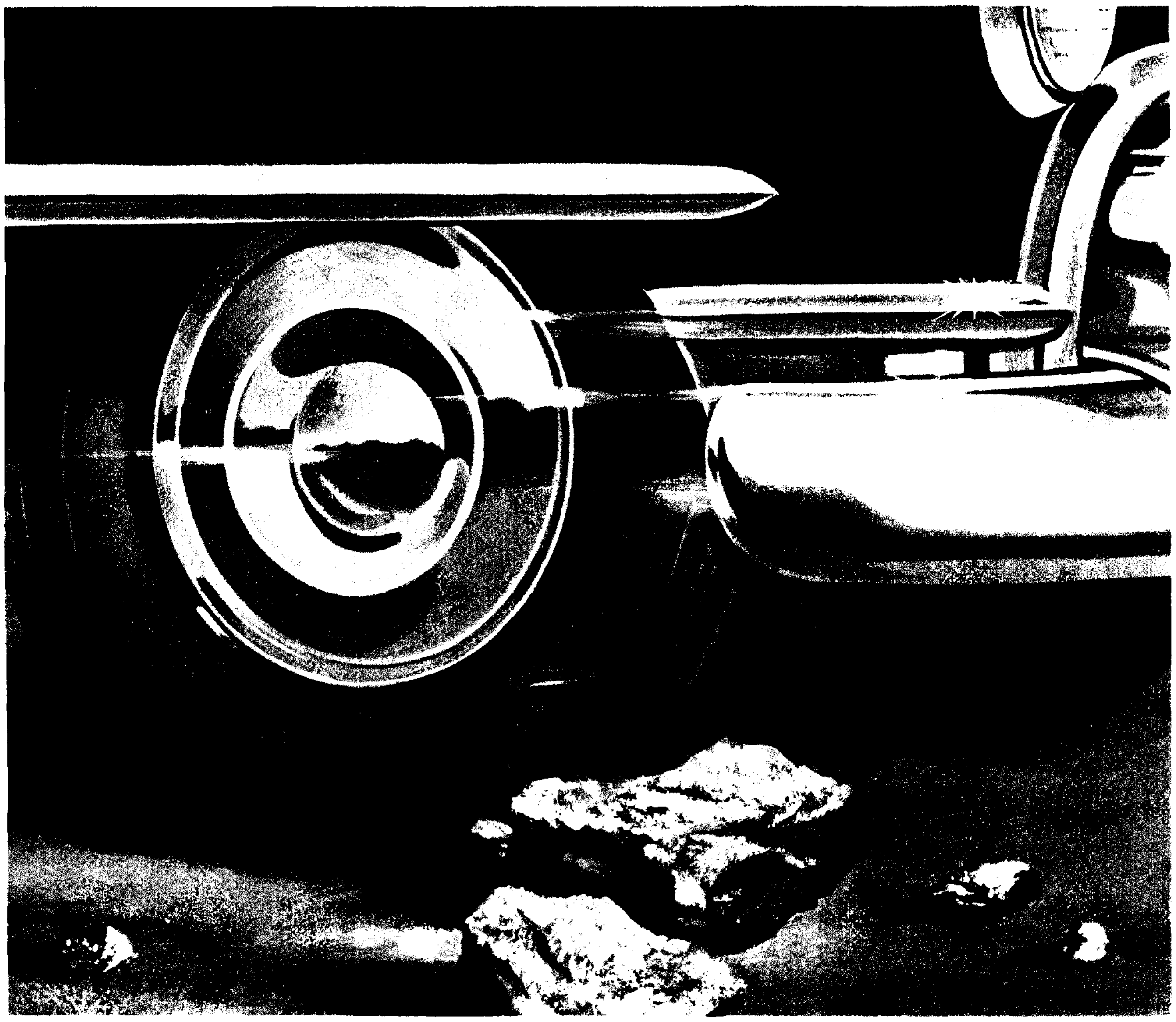
NO OTHER TEA COUNTS!

No other tea gives you such zesty-rich flavor! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the *flavor* leaf that does it. No other tea has the exclusive "Tidy-Pak"—each tea bag in its own individual envelope! Be sure it's *Tender Leaf Brand Tea*—get the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups!

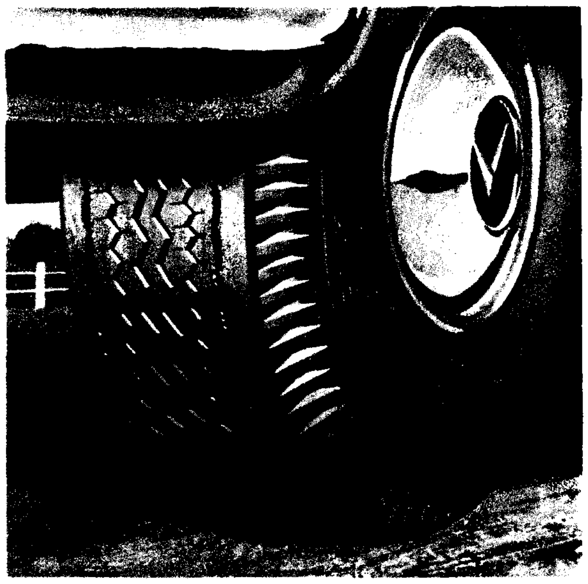
Now! A Nylon Cord Tire everyone can afford!

NEW KELLY SUPER FLEX

gives up to twice the blowout safety . . . greater total mileage . . . for only a few dollars more than an ordinary tire!



FORGET ABOUT BLOWOUTS! The new Kelly Super Flex is so tough, so impact-resistant it can take up to *twice* the punishment of a standard cord tire . . . give up to *twice* the protection against impact blowouts! Cooler-running . . . longer-wearing . . . a tremendous bargain in safe, *worry-free* driving.



GET MORE MILEAGE! Besides its All-Nylon Cord construction, the new Super Flex has a thick, tough tread of Kelly's exclusive Armorubber—a denser, slower-wearing tread that runs cooler, gives you thousands of extra miles! The longer-service life of this new Nylon Cord tire brings your final cost per mile 'way, 'way down!

QUICK, SAFE STOPS! The tread design on the new Nylon Cord Super Flex was developed for modern power braking—gives greater safety on *any* car. Thousands of sharp-angled biting edges give you quick, sure, straight-line stops, greater non-skid safety. See your Kelly Dealer!

60th Anniversary

KELLY Springfield TIRES

One of 6 new reasons why folks are saying, "See your Kelly Dealer first!"

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

Travel relaxed

in a hotel

on wheels

Take it easy

GO PULLMAN

Comfortable, Convenient and Safe

Have a "Rent-a-car" waiting for you. Ask your ticket agent.

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It didn't hit Mr. Abe Feldman until some minutes after spotting that sign near Salt Lake City, Utah. "Golly," said Mr. Feldman, or words to that effect, "I must tell old 48 at once." So he did, and the sign was: "Eyes examined while you wait."

* * *

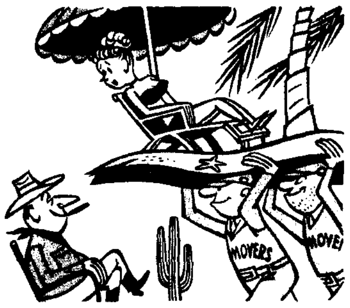
What has become of the Strong Silent Man we used to hear so much about? Mrs. J. Thomas MacInnes, of Lewiston, Maine, would like very much to know. He was the man of business or government in whom we were asked to put our faith and trust, she says, adding: "Maybe it's because nobody's strong enough these days to keep his mouth shut."

* * *

We are snatched from serious contemplation of the international scene by Mr. Sol Flax. Mr. Flax paused long enough in Joplin, Missouri, to insist we deny that women's slacks come in odd sizes. "They are sold only in regular sizes," says Mr. Flax. "What happens to them after the ladies put them on is something else again."

* * *

Of course you've heard about the Texas oilman who garnished his lawns with three swimming pools. One contained warm water for guests who liked it warm. The second held cold water for the hardier. The third was empty—for guests who couldn't swim. We just received another dispatch from our correspondent in Houston. Seems one oilman said he guessed he'd take a trip to Miami. "What?" demanded his wife. "With all your dough? Why not just send for it?"



* * *

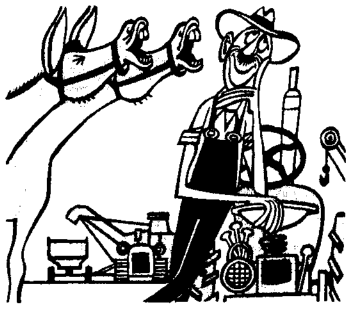
Next time we get to Mount McKinley Park, Alaska, we'll drop in at the Park Hotel. We can hardly wait. Mr. E. F. Jessen sends us an ad which says the hotel is equipped with "luxurious beds that assure a pleasant vacation of sight-seeing."

* * *

One of these days you're going to see signs of our long-awaited spring. Nothing you can do about it either. You'll be tuning up the family car and taking to the highway to ride off your winter of discontent. All this leads up to a bit of valuable driving advice from Claude Eames of the Elkhorn, Wisconsin, Independent. Eames says: "While safety requires that you watch the car ahead and the one behind, it is most important that you pay attention to the car behind the one ahead and just ahead of the one behind."

* * *

Jack Parks of the Dahlonega, Georgia, Nugget says his neighbor, Winslow Christian, has mechanized his farm so completely that he had to go out and buy a couple of hard-braying mules and a phonograph record of a crowing rooster to remind himself that he still lives in the country.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

This one's from Mrs. J. M. McDonald, of Tucumcari, New Mexico. It's about the wedding of a Miss Waters to a Mr. Sprinkle. There was considerable debate just before the ceremony—whether the soloist should warble O Promise Me or Singin' in the Rain.

* * *

Mr. Bob Diedrich reports from Redondo Beach, California, that Municipal Judge John Shidler has started a new butterfly collection. Lock and key for this one. His eighteen-month-old daughter, Nita Louise, with an eye for color and form, found the old one and ate most of the creatures. No ill effects either. Not even jittery.

* * *

Texans are warned by North Dakota to leave their high-heeled boots home when they trek north to McKenzie County to look over the North Dakota oil field. Mr. Phelps McClennand wires from Bismarck that the latest observer to ignore this warning was blown into Canada. His heels hit a gusher.

* * *

There's a huge sign on a Los Angeles service station reading: Two Tires for the Price of One. Not to be outdone, a nearby service station raised its banner: Two Tires for the Price of Two. Both doing a brisk business. But a a third station, somewhat overstocked with used tires, loudly advertised: Experimental Tires $1.95. You could hardly get near the place. ▲▲▲

She's engaged every 30 days

She's a pretty smart gal—this one. And the whole idea has the complete approval of the only man in her life.

She's good with figures, too. Not only because she has one—but because she knows those dollars that bought the family car represent one of the family's biggest investments.

She knows Jim slaves all week—and looks forward with no pleasure to spending his Saturday mornings getting the car lubricated. Yet she's smart enough to know it has to be done—to protect their investment—and avoid big repair bills.

So what does she do? Every thirty days she keeps an important engagement with the man she and her husband have selected to take care of their car. And forgets all about it while she shops or slips into the beauty parlor. And she picks a day during the week—when the work can be done thoroughly without rush—and there is no waiting.

Why don't you adopt this plan in your family? You can be very sure your Alemite-equipped dealer welcomes the idea. Sure, also, that the woman who drives in will receive every courtesy and attention.

MEMO TO A BUSY MAN

Join the Alemite Car Care Program . . .

It's a life saver for you and your car—and no chore for your wife. Here's how it works:

1. To get the *best* in lubrication, patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment, the finest money can buy.

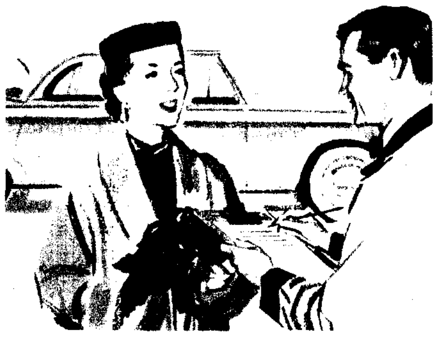
2. Pick a weekday every month, for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

3. As it's lubricated your car is thoroughly inspected—*free*—for possible sources of trouble.

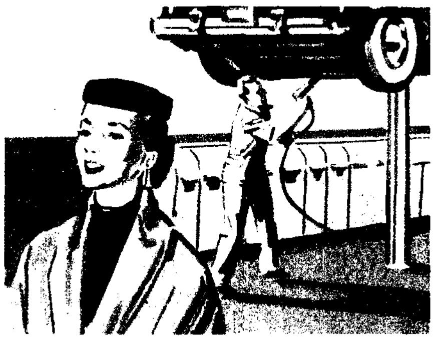
4. Upon delivery your wife receives the Alemite Report Card—an itemized report on work performed, plus *free* extra services; a *free* analysis of your car's condition; suggestions where prompt attention may *save* you many dollars!

Look, Ladies! You're Money Ahead if you do this:

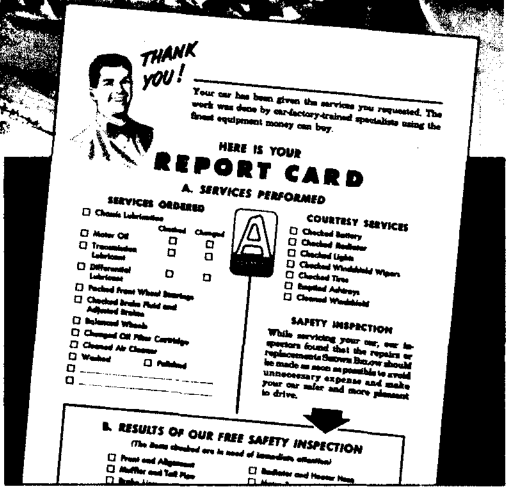
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is *free*.



THANK YOU!

Your car has been given the services you requested. The work was done by car-factory-trained specialists using the finest equipment money can buy.

HERE IS YOUR

REPORT CARD

A. SERVICES PERFORMED

SERVICES ORDERED

☐ Chassis Lubrication

	Checked	Changed
☐ Motor Oil	☐	☐
☐ Transmission Lubricant	☐	☐
☐ Differential Lubricant	☐	☐

☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
☐ Checked Brake Fluid and Adjusted Brakes
☐ Balanced Wheels
☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
☐
☐

COURTESY SERVICES

☐ Checked Battery
☐ Checked Radiator
☐ Checked Lights
☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
☐ Checked Tires
☐ Emptied Ashtrays
☐ Cleaned Windshield

SAFETY INSPECTION

While servicing your car, our inspectors found that the repairs or replacements shown below should be made as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary expense and make your car safer and more pleasant to drive.

B. RESULTS OF OUR FREE SAFETY INSPECTION

(The items checked are in need of immediate attention)

☐ Front end Alignment
☐ Muffler and Tail Pipe
☐ Radiator and Heater Hose

The job done, you get your Alemite Report Card. Show it to your husband. It itemizes work performed and costs . . . lists free checkup services rendered . . . forewarns your husband of repairs needed so he can give them immediate attention and avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience.

ALEMITE

1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

ALEMITE LUBRICATION

36 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

and Victoria Vat

SCOTCH WHISKIES

Full or Levee Dress of Drum Major of The Gordon Highlanders in the Traditional Regimental Tartan.

Dewar's never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

ORMOND GIGLI

Lynn Sacher and Marlon Brando

ON a recent Saturday a Collier's crew journeyed to Hoboken, New Jersey, to talk to and take pictures of a Columbia crew shooting a cinema to be called Waterfront, starring Marlon Brando and introducing a blonde you'll find out more about on page 86.

A side light of this trek to the Garden State—which was being well watered at the time—was provided by an appealing 10½-year-old red-haired film fan named Lynn Sacher, of Hoboken. A Brando idolizer, Lynn Sacher had withstood many hours of gray drizzle in the wistful hope that somehow she might meet her hero; that perhaps he might notice her purple- and white-striped umbrella, the gold dancing shoes stuffed in her pockets and her armload of movie magazines. Mr. Brando not only became aware of Lynn Sacher but posed with her for a Collier's camera, then transported her (in more ways than one) to the lobby of the Meyers Hotel, where the happy Hobokenite had her fill of ice cream and donned her golden slippers to do a tap-dance routine. Marlon Brando applauded the performance, and then admonished her: "Throw away those fan magazines. They may give you the wrong idea about this business."

As to the Sacher-Brando picture, we printed more than 4,000,000 copies, one of which heads this column.

* * *

AFTER he rolled The Deductible Marriage through his typewriter for our fiction fans, author Robert Carson very thoughtfully dropped us a timely note along nonfiction lines.

"My experiences with the Bureau of Internal Revenue," he wrote from Hollywood, "have been many and various (I suppose because essentially I look dishonest) and from most of them I have emerged cut and bleeding.

"Notwithstanding, I think them fine, imperturbable, suspicious, meticulous, shrewd, devious, cold-blooded and indefatigable men, and a credit to their country. The last official gent with a brief case I met is a specialist on the Hollywood tax return. Among other works of fiction, I showed him my business-expense deductions. He didn't seem to notice that my hands were sweaty and my eyes wouldn't meet his, but he did offer a complaint.

"'I notice,' he said 'that you always take other people to lunch. The check is inevitably picked up by you. Everybody in Hollywood is so generous. Tell me—how can everybody buy everybody else's lunch every day?'

"Well, I could have told him, but money is nothing to me and I didn't bother. In his quaint officialese, he 'disallowed' a tidy sum.

"Still, I'm happy, in The Deductible Marriage, to toss a little posy to those lovable gents who are ruining me." (The posy's on page 88.)

* * *

FLYING back to New York from the Coast recently with material for his continuing study on the status of American educational procedures (see page 34), reporter Howard Whitman's weariness suddenly vanished when one of the plane's hostesses offered him an alcoholic pickup. Other passengers were equally receptive to the invitation and one of the 80-odd strangers who presently became sociable was Whitman's seat mate. "This reminds me," said this man to our man, "of an article in Collier's about a year ago called Why Didn't You Get That Raise? There was something in it called the Broadway Bar Test, where a prospective employer plies a prospective employee with strong spirits and thus learns a lot about his personality. Did you read it?"

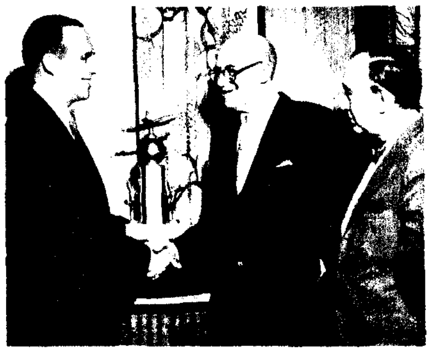
"Why, yes," replied Whitman, quite pleased. For the name of the author of the article in question was (*Tum-te—tum—tummm!*) Howard Whitman!, who says the rest of the flight was without astonishing incident.

* * *

NEWEST temporary addition to our Trophy, Medal and Citation Room is Trans World Airlines' 16th Annual Magazine Award for 1953, presented for Richard Witkin's How Flight 932 Got to Paris, published in our issue of November 1, 1952. Publisher Edward Anthony (center, below) accepted the glittering trophy from TWA vice-president Gordon Gilmore as Editor Roger Dakin (right) recalled that the rotating representation of aviation progress was last in Collier's possession for the year 1949.

* * *

SINCE a Credit is always extended where due, this one goes to the much-maligned Post Office Department, which recently and promptly handed us a letter from the Midwest addressed simply to Collier's, New York, Missouri. —GURNEY WILLIAMS



TWA's Gilmore, Anthony, Dakin

To All Smokers of Filter Tips...

THIS IS IT!

"JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED"

1. EFFECTIVE FILTRATION, FROM THE MIRACLE PRODUCT—ALPHA CELLULOSE. Exclusive to L&M Filters, and entirely pure and harmless to health.

2. SELECTIVE FILTRATION—the L&M Filter selects and removes the heavy particles, leaving you a light and mild smoke.

3. MUCH LESS NICOTINE—the L&M Filter* removes one-third of the smoke, leaves you all the satisfaction.

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THE RIGHT LENGTH—THE RIGHT SIZE—*EVERYTHING* FOR EFFECTIVE FILTRATION—
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Delicious as the famous candies whose names they carry, fresh, crispy Curtiss Cookies are so good you'll eat 'em by the handful . . . so inexpensive you can serve 'em every day! Wonderful for parties, snacktime, lunchboxes, after-school, anytime . . . with soft drinks and desserts or a treat just by themselves. Ask for them today at your favorite store.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

Letters...

Jim's Dandy

EDITOR: Since I travel with the Red Sox, broadcasting their road games and telecasting their home games, I was greatly interested in Tom Meany's story on Jim Piersall, our great outfielder (Specialist in Armed Robbery, Feb. 5th). Tom consulted me in the course of his research for the story and I told him, "Words can't describe Piersall's great defensive play." Tom did the best he could in relating some of Jim's incredible catches, and I want to give him full credit, but I still say you have to see Jim Piersall to believe his great outfielding.
CURT GOWDY, Boston, Mass.

Our Schools—Our Children

EDITOR: I have read with grave concern every word of Howard Whitman's Speak Out, Silent People (Feb. 5th) and look forward to the next article of the series.

Congratulations to Collier's for having the public interest, good sense and nerve to attack this problem of public-school education—one of the most basic problems in America today.
MARGARET S. NICHOLS,
East Orange, N.J.

. . . Congratulations . . . by far the best discussion of this subject that I've seen. Some people will certainly damn you for printing it, but a lot more will recognize that Whitman is telling the truth and saying some things that need terribly to be said.
WILLIAM T. COUCH, New York, N.Y.

. . . CONGRATULATIONS TO COLLIER'S UPON HOWARD WHITMAN'S SPEAK OUT, SILENT PEOPLE. IT IS A MAGNIFICENT ARTICLE ABOUT ONE OF OUR MOST SERIOUS NATIONAL PROBLEMS.
BENJAMIN H. NAMM, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . The same situation as described by Mr. Whitman now exists in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and a group of parents, with which I am associated, has been endeavoring with little success to indicate our disapproval of the marking system which substituted S and N for the usual five-letter system.

We have called public meetings to discuss the matter of the new marking system, which meetings were attended by hundreds of irate parents. The accompanying publicity has been branded by the school board as unethical, and a number of us referred to by various members of the teaching staff as mere rabble.
EUGENE M. CHILDS, Annapolis, Md.

. . . As a parent of Brookline, Massachusetts, who is proud to send her children to the public schools of that town, I wish to protest the unfortunate tone of Mr. Howard Whitman's article.

Certainly, in so far as Brookline is concerned, Mr. Whitman has distorted the facts and, in my opinion, is guilty of very improper reporting.
ETHEL M. LURIE, Brookline, Mass.

. . . Apparently the "3-R" principle of teaching has, of recent years, been shelved and got pushed so far back onto the shelf that it is going to require shock treatment of the educators to get our children's teachers down to a sound, practical and fundamental method of instruction.
ALFRED L. BUNTING, Cheswick, Pa.

. . . When school children ruin the furnishings and nearly wreck the building, they did not learn that in school, but at home. Certainly they were never taught to have respect for the persons and property of other people before they went to school. When we give the teachers some material to work on, perhaps they will do a better job.
C. S. WILLIAMS, Ada, Okla.

. . . So many people have been concerned about present trends but have felt reluctant to express opposition to "expert" opinions.

I completed my education before the present ideas were in vogue, but I worked in a business office long enough to have to help train younger girls who had had "progressive educations." They could neither spell nor pronounce and they didn't know the alphabet well enough to file even moderately accurately. BETTY H. TATE, Chino, Cal.

. . . Until parents and teachers get together on common ground and decide what we want from our schools, we teachers find ourselves hamstrung. The desire to learn must come from the home. The parents must show interest in the academic phase of schoolwork, and the school bell on Monday morning must symbolize more to the parent than the relief of family obligations after a trying week end.

We shall educate, but we cannot go it alone. WILLIAM T. LOGAN, JR.,
Newport Center, Vt.

. . . No doubt the conditions Mr. Whitman refers to exist in some schools, but I don't think it is quite fair to condemn the entire public-school system for what happens in a few isolated cases. I have attended some six schools in as many states and have talked to students from all over the United States and have never found any such abuses.

I am a teacher, and proud of it. I resigned from a secretarial job, taking

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This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
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Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil *and fortified by carefully selected additives,* they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

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INSIST on a brand of

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

a pay cut of about $20 a month. The janitor of a nearby post office receives more money than I do.

As for the school refusing to listen to the parents, in my two years of teaching I've found it quite the opposite. We have to beg the parents to come to P.T.A. We have 1,300 students and 50-odd teachers. At only one meeting did the parents outnumber the teachers.
JEANNINE BRISCOE, Harlingen, Texas

. . . I have taught schools and headed schools in Illinois for 30 years. I have been run out of the public schools of Illinois because I held for the teaching of the fundamentals. I have been told that we do not need any high-school mathematics above practical mathematics. Grammar, spelling, writing and the multiplication tables are not taught in many schools. Over 35 per cent of the children who come to high school cannot multiply or add. Ten per cent of the high-school students who graduate cannot read, figure or spell on an eighth-grade level of 1920.
JOHN W. COLLINS, Huntley, Ill.

. . . Most people have sense enough to call in a doctor when they are seriously sick. He may not be a very good doctor, but he is better than nothing. Most people, too, realize that he who tries to be his own lawyer has a fool for a client. But when it comes to education, everybody is ready to tell you. Only those who have spent years studying the matter seem to be stupid enough to question the value of competition, the hoary report-card system, and other practices that came from the same litter as hickory-stick discipline and outdoor plumbing.

Actually, teaching is a highly skilled trade. It is based upon an intensive study of centuries of experiments in educational psychology.
H. E. BROWN, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . As a public-school teacher with varied teaching experience and with seven years' college training, I have seen a lot of what goes for education. I have been greatly disturbed by the "professional" educators' dogmatic and condescending attitude toward the whole public and to honest and sincere critics (including some teachers) of the schools. Mr. Whitman did not overstate the situation.
(Name withheld at writer's request)

. . . If Mr. Whitman proposes "to make a long-term continuing study of the situation" (in the public schools), he would do well to learn some elementary rules of research.

I'm not much interested in what Harold A. Anderson, a Michigan farmer, thinks about modern curriculums. But I am interested that a recent summary by the National Education Association of significant research on school achievement showed that today's youngsters in general are better masters of the three R's than my generation was.

May I suggest that someone instruct Whitman to appreciate the hazards involved in generalizing from a few cases and to distinguish between hearsay and evidence.
RICHARD WYNN, New York, N.Y.

. . . I have been teaching school for 40 years. I agree heartily with every part of the article.

If it will wake the people up, the teachers will all be for it.
M. E. STEVENSON, Aurora, Ill.

. . . The lead article in your February 5th issue was read with astonishment in our community. Here in St. Paul we have a Council of Parent-Teacher Associations with a membership of 23,000, and the St. Paul School Committee, with representatives from 35 civic groups.

Through our co-operative efforts, we have seen great improvement in our school administration, facilities and curriculum, and we are confident that this trend will continue.

We find it difficult to understand why your reporter saw fit to by-pass the democratically chosen, well-informed leaders of these groups when seeking information on the status of our schools.
DOROTHY KETTLESON, President,
St. Paul Council P.T.A.s,
KENNETH A. BOSS, Chairman, St. Paul
School Committee, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . I have been very disturbed since one first-grade teacher said to me, "What possible good does it do to teach a child his A B C's?"

I hope parents will wake up and get such ridiculous methods of teaching out of our schools.
FRANCES M. BARNER, Whitehouse, N.J.

. . . Who elects the school-board members? The parents and other adults of the community. If a board member does not do his best to carry out the policies laid down or accepted by the majority of the adults of his community, he is replaced at the end of his term by someone who will.

This makes the majority of the adults in each community responsible for the educational atrocities reported by Mr. Whitman.
FRED CRIPE, Wenatchee, Wash.

. . . I hope Collier's will neither give up nor spare anyone until the truth is out, and I am sure Collier's will not.
CHARLES T. MENTEN, Carmichael, Cal.

. . . It seems to me that Mr. Whitman has taken a very few unusual cases and has judged all public schools by these extremes. The connotation of the article is that all public schools are exemplified by the few Mr. Whitman refers to. I cannot believe that the author intended this effect, but if he did, then I am sure he does not have children in public school. In all fairness to public schools, I think Collier's should carry an article on the other side of the issue.
NORVAL P. SCHAEFER,
Superintendent, Fredericktown
Public Schools, Fredericktown, Mo.

As we stated in the editorial foreword to Mr. Whitman's first article: "Collier's has assigned writer Howard Whitman to make a long-term, continuing study of the situation. Whitman has talked and will continue to talk with educators, administrators, teachers, parents and children throughout the country." It is Collier's intention to present not only "the other side of the issue," but every side, in a factual, comprehensive analysis.

Cure for Escapees

EDITOR: Those of us responsible for the operations of the U.S. Escapee Program were intensely interested in the splendid story titled Free at Last from the Little Red Schoolhouse, by Seymour Freidin and William Richardson (Dec. 25th).

We feel that it may be of added interest to your readers to learn that Ladislav Broz, his son Miloslav and daughter Irena left Camp Valka, near Nuremberg, on December 29th for Genoa and sailed from Genoa on December 31st aboard the SS Sestriere. Broz, who is a cobbler, will be employed in Brazil with the Bata Shoe Company. I believe that it is more than symbolic that the Broz family left the Old World and all of their home ties on the last day of the year, to begin life anew at the dawn of a new year.

Soon after the Broz family arrived in Western Germany, the Escapee Program began rendering them assistance comparable to that which is being given to some 14,000 other escapees from Iron Curtain countries. In addition to gifts of clothing the Escapee Program (through its counseling contract with the World Council of Churches) provided necessary counseling services which, in this instance, resulted in the successful resettlement of the family.

The family was referred to the Y.M.C.A. language training course founded by the Escapee Program, where they were intensively trained in Portuguese, preparatory to their resettlement in Brazil.
DOROTHY D. HOUGHTON, Foreign
Operations Administration,
Washington, D.C.

To See Again

EDITOR: I have read The Wife Who Lived Twice, by James Atlee Phillips (Feb. 19th), and would like to know the name of a clinic in the United States which accepts bequeathed eyes. I would like to leave my eyes to them.
FAE EMMERICH, Dallas, Texas

Miss Emmerich and other interested persons might write for information to Eye-Bank for Sight Restoration, Inc., 210 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y.

MIG Hunters

EDITOR: We, the pilots of the 4th Fighter Interceptor Wing, have just finished reading It Takes *Eyes* to Make an Ace (October 30, 1953). We feel sure that the aces who appeared in the article were as embarrassed as their fellow pilots were insulted . . . Your subtitle states: "Of the 1,700 pilots in Korea who flew United States jets in combat for the first time, only 39 got five MIGs or more apiece. Here's why."

First, only the No. 1 and No. 3 men in a formation of four jets were allowed by regulations to shoot their guns, except in extreme circumstances. Second, the reason these men were able to get their five or more kills was because the 98 per cent you mentioned, who didn't do too much, were flying formation with them and doing nothing but using their inferior eyes and, many times, their bodies as well to protect the firing leader. Third, our success against the MIG depended wholly on two factors: aggressiveness of the pilots and the tactics employed. . . .
PILOTS OF THE 4TH FIGHTER INTERCEPTOR GROUP (29 signatures attached).

To the pilots of the 4th Fighter Interceptor Group and to all airmen who fought in Korea, Collier's sends a note of thanks and a heartfelt "Well done." In naming aces, we simply followed the records and the traditional nomenclature of the Air Force. The story itself, and the facts and point of view, were checked both in Korea and in the Pentagon in Washington. Certainly no slight was intended.

Some facts to keep in mind on approaching middle age

Today, doctors know more than ever before about the middle years of life.

They tell us that the vital functions of the body tend to slow down at this time of life. Naturally, this may cause some people to have trouble with their elimination.

At the same time, it should make the older person with constipation more careful in selecting a laxative.

The laxative of choice should have these three qualities: non-irritant speedy action . . . gentleness . . . and liquid bulk. Among frequently used types of laxatives, *only* Sal Hepatica has all three.

Gentleness and liquid bulk

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline laxative, it is *gentle*. It provides speedy relief, not by harsh irritant action, but rather by *liquid bulk*.

Non-irritant speedy action

Thus, you can take Sal Hepatica before breakfast, and get quick, easy relief—usually within an hour. Or you can take it ½ hour before supper and enjoy gentle relief by bedtime. And so you can get a good night's sleep.

Sal Hepatica also combats gastric distress—helps sweeten a sour stomach. And as gastric distress (heartburn) is a condition which often accompanies constipation, you will find this additional feature of Sal Hepatica most helpful.

Recommended by doctors

Because Sal Hepatica is far more beneficial than most types of laxatives, it was recommended by more than half the doctors interviewed in a recent survey. And, in fact, doctors have recommended Sal Hepatica since it was first formulated 60 years ago.

Sal Hepatica has literally helped millions. And we sincerely believe it will help you—especially if you're reaching life's middle years. Try Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative. We're sure you'll find it gentle and effective.

Only Sal Hepatica has all three!

Of the four leading laxative types, *only* Sal Hepatica brings you a combination of these three advantages:

1. **Non-irritant speedy action**
2. **Gentleness**
3. **Liquid bulk**

Sal Hepatica

Gentle, speedy

SAL HEPATICA®

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Should your child be a Newspaperman?

BY GEORGE C. BIGGERS

President of the American Newspaper Publishers Association
and of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution
With **MORTON SONTHEIMER** (*Author of "Newspaperman"*)

SOME DAY the child for whom you've planned and worked and worried may brush up against a newspaperman, fictional or real, and suddenly decide that all past or future discussions of any career outside the newspaper business should now be considered superfluous.

That's the way it usually happens.

It has been known to shatter not only the hopes but the composure of some families. In others, it has nurtured false dreams of fame and riches.

Misimpressions about the newspaper business are so widespread that both the would-be newspaperman and his parents owe it to themselves to look at "newspapering" as it really is today.

The word usually used to describe a newspaperman's life is "glamorous." Glamor, says the dictionary, is mainly "a delusion wrought by magic spells," or "any artificial interest or association by which an object is made to appear delusively magnified or glorified." In other words, phony. There once was a time, distorted by nostalgia, when editorial rooms housed a hard-drinking, brawling bunch of swashbuckling rascals. But they are a breed that has vanished from all but memory and the movies. That kind of glamor was too often the front for a young man covering a banquet, with holes in his shoes. Newspapermen have traded it in for respectable wages and an appreciable measure of security.

Today, newspaper incomes compare favorably with other callings. Even the beginner can expect $50 to $75 a week. The newspaperman of five years' experience is paid $5,000 to $7,500 a year. If he goes on to an executive job, he generally receives $10,000 or more. Practically every metropolitan newspaper protects its staff with pension plans and group insurance, including hospitalization.

Actual newspaper reporters at work in the Press Room of the Federal Court Building, New York City.

Newspapermen and women, these days, are as clear-eyed as their fellow commuters on the trains from the suburbs. Their collars are unfrayed, they work hard, have fairly regular hours and get paid for overtime. After they've written all their stories for the day, they go home and write checks for the laundryman, the milkman and the di-dee wash service. It would shake the ratings of some absorbing television programs if the public knew that you could go through hundreds of city rooms without finding a single reporter who had ever been shot at on an assignment.

Still, there is a very real excitement to newspapering. It is the pervading thrill of being the first to know, of being an insider, of being where things happen, of knowing the people to whom they happen and also the people who make them happen. Underlying it is an excitement that emanates from the newspaper itself. It's an almost indefinable quality. The men and women of the business joke about it as a sort of lunacy brought on by printer's ink. What it really is is a tempo, a pulse-beat of each paper. It starts moderately, picks up an increasing urgency as each deadline approaches and builds to a crescendo of tension each time the paper goes to press. It is a vital rhythm that makes itself felt, whether the paper publishes one edition a week or seven a day. And it gets into the fibers of the paper's people.

Counteracting the pressures of deadlines, the newspaper office at other times presents an atmosphere so relaxed as to compare favorably with the annual picnic and clambake of more prosaic places of business. At work, nobody says anything if the newspaperman chooses to hang up his coat and leave on his hat. The grooves in his desk probably were worn there by heels, not elbows. And few newspaper offices have ever broken their broods to the ash tray. The informality of the editorial rooms produces a comradery among newspaper people that carries over into most of their social lives, as many a shop-talk-worn newspaperman's wife can testify.

More fortunes have been lost in the newspaper business than have been made in it. But while it offers few of its followers riches, it does put each of them within reach of a reward that even the richest men keep seeking—power. From the time the young reporter on his first assignment walks through a fire line or takes his seat at the Civic Club press table, he senses the prestige and influence that are his as a newspaperman.

Once kept behind the frosted panels of the society and women's page departments, women are today working on regular assignments, on rewrite, even covering politics.

The city desk is the busy hub around which all the newsgathering, rewriting and editing activities revolve—sometimes at a dizzying rate.

"You can't fight City Hall" has become an expression to connote total futility for the ordinary citizen. But the properly placed newspaperman who wants to fight City Hall can. Newspapermen are doing it in cities and towns all over the nation, uncovering corruption and graft, turning crooks and incompetents out of office. It would be difficult to find, in any other career, a shorter, more direct route to civic accomplishment.

Just recently, a Washington correspondent, irked about an administration leader's action, expressed his dissatisfaction plainly, face to face with the President of the United States. Of course, anybody in this country has a right to be exasperated with a government official. But how many have the privilege of telling the President so?

A college education is almost prerequisite to a newspaper career these days. Most of the young people now entering the work are graduates of schools of journalism. Some newspaper executives consider a liberal arts education just as good. But a growing advantage of the journalism schools is that they often line up jobs for their better graduates.

The prejudice against women on newspaper staffs fades unevenly but nonetheless surely. Editors used to keep all but a rare few of the staff women in resentful captivity behind the frosted panels of the society and women's page departments. Today you'll find women on ordinary assignments with men, on rewrite, even covering politics. Where there used to be about one woman to every twenty men on newspaper staffs, the proportion today is nearer one in five.

A venerable editor was once asked, "What makes a superior newspaperman?"

He thought a long time. "First," he said, "you'd have to know what makes a good newspaperman—love of his work, initiative, enterprise, judgment, resourcefulness, a logical and orderly mind, poise, persistence, honesty, intellectual integrity, a sense of humor, idealism. Then a superior newspaperman would have all these qualities, plus a compelling passion to learn the truth."

All children go through a phase of asking, "Why?" "Why is there paper around the crayon?" "Why does the dog sniff everything?" "Why do you have to have money for things?" Most children get over it. But some only change the questions. They go right on asking, "Why?" It is one of the few childhood signs that there may be a future newspaperman in the family.

The various specialties of the business—reporter, rewrite man, copy reader, editor—require different qualifications, but one characteristic all of the better ones share is an acute and driving discomfort in the presence of any question that needs an answer.

The trend of the last quarter-century has been toward newspaper consolidations, with fewer newspapers. A recent survey showed 747 daily newspapers gone out of business in twenty years. Although this would indicate diminishing opportunities, the fact remains that any bright young man generally has an easier time getting into the newspaper business today than was the case fifteen years ago. One reason is that merged newspapers tend to have bigger staffs. Another is the increased demand for newsmen in allied fields—radio and television newscasting, news magazines, wire services, syndicates. Apart from the actual newsgathering end of the business, there are also many opportunities for young men and women in the circulation, advertising and mechanical departments.

The training a young man gets in news work is unsurpassed as a background for writing, advertising, public relations, politics, management, practically any other pursuit. There are just enough shining examples of ex-newsmen in these occupations to prove the point. There is, however, a notable flaw to the theory that newspapering can be a preparation for a better career. Even when the lushest outside opportunities present themselves to the newspaperman, as they do more frequently than to most people, he often refuses to leave the business. Those who call him a fool for this will always get a hearty agreement from the fellow himself. But still he stays.

Why? Perhaps it has something to do with that mystic pulse-beat of the paper that gets into mortal arteries. Perhaps it's something that happens when the presses downstairs start to roll. A perceptible quiver goes through the building. The men and women sitting at their desks can feel it, and with it comes a satisfaction no other craft can duplicate. For it tells them that the work they have just finished is on its way to entertain and inform and protect their fellow men.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Newspapering is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Law, Medicine, Teaching, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service *and* Farming. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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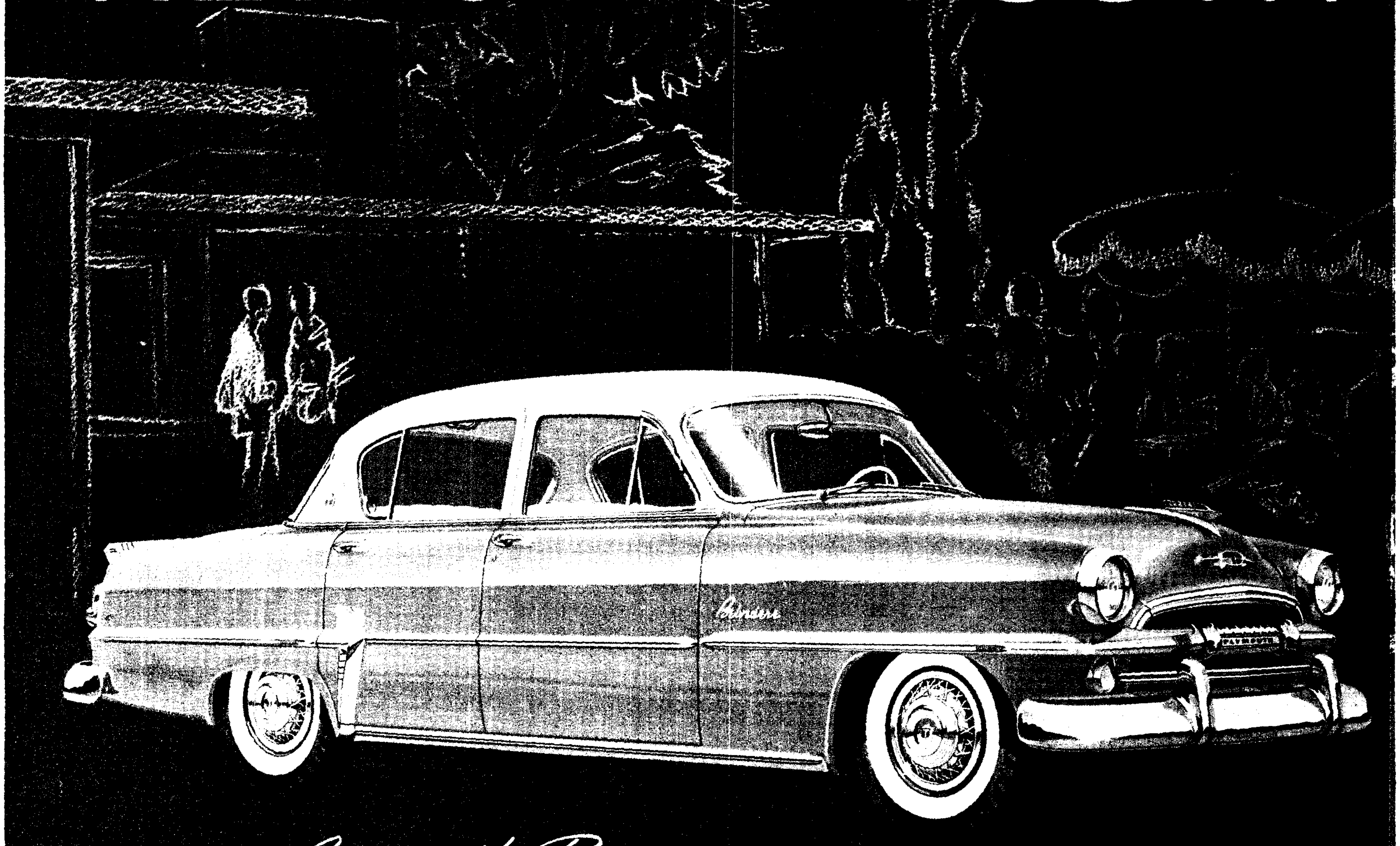
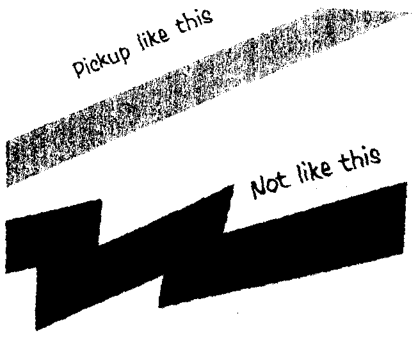


Under the Beauty

SOLID VALUE

You see at once the longer, lower-sweeping lines, highlighted by the gleam of sculptured chrome. And when you open the door of the new 1954 Plymouth, you step into luxury never before attained in a low-price car. Under all of this beauty are enduring value features. They explain why, of all standard-built cars used as taxicabs, there are more Plymouths than all other makes combined! Your Plymouth dealer is ready to demonstrate these features to you.



NEWEST NO-SHIFT DRIVE *in* the low-price field—also the smoothest and least expensive—that's Plymouth's sensational new Hy-Drive*! You get away—fast—in one flowing motion. No noises, jerks or lurches.

PLYMOUTH—Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car

Two hands are better than one

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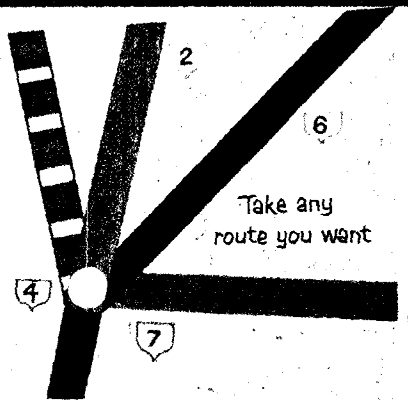
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Take any route you want

TRULY BALANCED RIDE makes all roads seem alike in the new 1954 Plymouth. Oriflow shock absorbers, angle-mounted rear springs and many other factors combine to give Plymouth owners a smooth ride on every road.

Which woman has Plymouth's new power steering ?

NEW PLYMOUTH POWER STEERING* lets you steer and park with effortless ease. And this feature is full-time—"on duty" every mile you drive. Does as much as 80% of your steering "work."

*Hy-Drive and Power Steering each available at low extra cost

Tune in Medallion Theatre every week on CBS-TV. See TV page of your newspaper for time and station.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS Your Plymouth dealer is ready to prove it to YOU

Collier's, March 19, 1954

In a frank four-hour session, the tough, sharp-witted N. S. Khrushchev spoke of Soviet plans, openly admitted some shortcomings, raised some blunt questions about the United States—and got equally blunt answers from the author, a former U.S. government official. Here is a complete report on an extraordinary conversation

First Interview with RUSSIA'S No. 2 MAN

By MARSHALL MacDUFFIE

THE phone rang in my New York apartment late one night last September, and when I answered it, a mysterious foreign-sounding voice asked, "Mr. MacDuffie, do you want to go to the Soviet Union?" That terse, unexpected question set off a remarkable series of events. Six weeks later I was in Moscow. Four weeks after that, I had a four-hour personal interview with Nikita S. Khrushchev, Russia's No. 2 man and present holder of Stalin's old job as boss of the Soviet Union's Communist party.

I was the first Westerner to speak informally with a top Soviet ruler since Stalin's death (Malenkov didn't see any of the West's ambassadors until several weeks later)—and, I'm sure, the only American to confer at length with the powerful, fast-rising Khrushchev. Furthermore, during my 65-day stay in the U.S.S.R., I was allowed to roam the country at will, taking photographs and interviewing people on both sides of the Urals with a degree of freedom unmatched in recent times.

It was an extraordinary experience, and I'm still not sure how to account for it. I have actively opposed Communism, and the Russians must have known that. (Those who didn't swiftly found out, for I criticized the Soviet Union and its policies openly and bluntly to whomever I met—including Khrushchev.) But my adventure in the U.S.S.R. happened, and perhaps the best way to explain it is to start from the very beginning.

I first visited the Soviet Union in 1946, as chief of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation mission to the war-devastated Ukraine (I had previously handled Lend-Lease problems in the Middle East and Europe as an official of various U.S. agencies: the Board of Economic Warfare, the Foreign Economic Administration and the Department of State).

I began to be conscious of N. S. Khrushchev's importance shortly after reaching Russia. In the front windows of Kiev's leading art store there were two plaster busts, one of Stalin, the other of the bald, pug-nosed Khrushchev. On many buildings I saw large photographs of the Soviet Union's leaders, but often there were only those two, Stalin and Khrushchev. Obviously Khrushchev, a man almost unknown in the West, was one of the real powers of the Soviet Union. We found out that he was a member of the Soviet Politburo and headed the government of the Ukraine, which made him the chief official of a republic of 40,000,000 people—almost as many as live in England. I set about learning more of his background.

As with many Soviet rulers, Khrushchev's early years were shrouded in mystery. No one seemed to know where he had been born (I know now, from Khrushchev himself, that it was near the town of Kursk, just outside the Ukraine). His father was a miner, and Khrushchev also worked in the pits as a youth (which may help account for his powerful wrestler's physique). It was said that he received little education as a boy, but that after he was a grown man the Communists sent him to elementary and industrial schools. Soon afterward he began to appear in a variety of official capacities.

In the early thirties he was named to a high post

American attorney Marshall MacDuffie in the Soviet Union. At end of meeting with Nikita S. Khrushchev (who is successor to Stalin and Malenkov as chief of Soviet Communist party), author had him sign the photo at upper left

in the Communist party of Moscow. For his part in the construction of the world-famed Moscow subway, he was awarded the Order of Lenin. When "bourgeois nationalism" erupted in the Ukraine before World War II, it was Khrushchev who was sent to eradicate it. Much of the industrial and agricultural progress of the Ukraine was credited to him.

During World War II, when the Soviets needed an inspirational leader to command a big guerrilla army behind the German lines in the overrun Ukraine, the job went to Khrushchev, now political commissar with the rank of lieutenant general. Later, when the Red Armies fought their way back to the German border, Khrushchev, a hero of the defense of Stalingrad, reportedly had the bloody task of punishing collaborators in each recaptured town.

When I arrived in Russia as head of the UNRRA mission just after the war, Khrushchev was back in the Ukraine—the undisputed boss of that vital breadbasket region—and I was invited to meet him. The meeting was little more than an exchange of amenities, but I was impressed with the dynamic personality of the man.

Khrushchev is a stocky five feet five inches, with a mobile face, jug ears and humorous dark eyes. He talks animatedly with his hands. He reminded me of a New York political boss, and I later learned that he has the good politician's ability to recall names and faces; when he visits a factory or a collective farm, he surprises slight acquaintances by calling them by name and asking after young Nikolai and sweet little Tatyana, their children. It is rumored that he bones up on personal details before each visit—a method not unknown to American politicians. Whatever the secret, the technique apparently pays off. I learned that Ukrainians often called him by his first and middle names—Nikita Sergeyevich—with the same familiarity shown by people in the United States when they refer to President Eisenhower as "Ike."

At that first brief meeting of ours in 1946, I received two strong impressions: first, that Khrushchev apparently wasn't used to meeting foreigners (he stared at me quizzically and with great curiosity, like a man studying a bug on a rock), and second, that here was a man with a sense of humor—in marked contrast to the many dour Russians who represent the Soviet Union abroad. At one point I said I was "needling" UNRRA to keep Ukrainian supplies flowing, and the interpreter translated the word as something that sounded like "steeskeevat." Khrushchev laughed, almost as if he could see the needle going in.

A Sample of the Khrushchev Humor

The sense of humor became apparent again at a formal dinner to which he invited me and my staff. I sat alongside him at the head of the table, and soon we were tossing off cognac and vodka toasts and exchanging jokes. He suddenly pointed to one of his agricultural specialists—a man named Starchenko who was about five feet four inches tall and must have weighed 250 or 300 pounds—and said, "I must have been crazy to send *him* to the United States to ask for more food for the Ukrainians!"

On the eve of the Soviet Union's May Day celebration, I sent Khrushchev a polite little note on behalf of the UNRRA mission, wishing his country well on one of its major holidays. A few hours later, a young girl arrived from his office to say that Khrushchev, having read my innocuous message "with tears in his eyes," begged permission to print it in the newspapers. The next day, the newspapers in the Ukraine ran it prominently on page one, alongside Khrushchev's expression of thanks.

Perhaps the most unexpected act of this unusual Communist occurred on the night before our mission left the Ukraine (I had already returned to Western Europe). Khrushchev gave a party at a country villa for the mission members and their wives—and when it was over sat on the porch with them until long past midnight, discussing their personal lives and plans. I can't think of another instance where a leading Soviet personage ever met non-Communist foreigners on such an easy-going, suspicion-free basis.

The author (second from l.) with officials of collective farm 60 miles from Tiflis, Georgia

And he *was* a top official, even then. He demonstrated his standing in the Soviet hierarchy once when a visiting UNRRA official expressed, almost casually, a desire to see Stalin before leaving the country.

Khrushchev walked away and returned a few minutes later. "I just spoke to Comrade Stalin on the phone," he said. "He'll see you tomorrow at 2:00 P.M."

But in 1946, Soviet-American relations already were beginning to strain. By the time the cold war was in full swing, I was back in the U.S. at the private practice of law. For years I thought only rarely about the chunky little man in Kiev.

Then Stalin died, and the stories of the funeral reported that Khrushchev was given the honor of introducing Malenkov, who was one of the three funeral orators. After that, he was made chief of the five-man Secretariat of the Communist party Central Committee. I didn't realize how high he had risen, however, until I began to play what I call the Russian picture game. You can usually tell who outranks whom among the Soviet leaders by watching to see who's placed closest to the premier in photographs of the Politburo (now called the Presidium). I began to notice that Khrushchev had moved up. Formerly a white blur in the rear rank, he now held a position in the center—right next to Malenkov and Molotov. He no longer was merely in the top 10 or 12; he was in the first three or four.

Khrushchev's new prominence gave me an idea. Why not, I asked myself, use my past acquaintance with him to try to get back into the Soviet Union to see what was going on? The idea appeared impractical at first; the Russians seemed to be opening their doors only to Communists and fellow travelers, and that let me out. Still, I always had played square with the Soviets. I had criticized them often during my stay in Russia, but always to their faces, and never capriciously or without factual basis. Besides, I had a feeling that their attitude about letting in foreigners was going to change.

I found out from Western Union that I could send a fairly long cablegram to Moscow for about eight dollars. Then I asked a friend to translate a short message into Russian—and one day last spring I sent a wire addressed simply, "Nikita S. Khrushchev, The Kremlin, Moscow." The message read: "I would like opportunity to revisit the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which I visited as chief of UNRRA mission in 1946. Am interested in observing changes that have taken place since 1946, and also would like to visit elsewhere. Request permission to bring my own interpreter."

After I sent the cablegram, weeks went by. Spring turned to summer (I had planned the trip for my summer vacation) and still no reply. Finally I forgot about it. By the time September arrived, it was completely out of my mind.

Then, out of the blue, came that mysterious phone call from the man with the foreign-sounding voice: "Mr. MacDuffie, do you want to go to the Soviet Union?" For a moment I didn't know what he was talking about. Then I remembered my cablegram and I stammered, "Why, yes. I *was* interested in traveling to the Soviet Union."

"My name is Petrov," he said. "Can I come up to see you tomorrow?" I told him to come at ten o'clock the next morning.

Two Callers From the Soviet Embassy

The next day Petrov arrived with a man named Olifirenko. It turned out that they were both second secretaries of the Soviet Embassy (which made them fairly high-ranking functionaries) and that they had come all the way from Washington to New York to talk to me about my proposed trip to the Soviet Union.

It was a strange meeting. It soon became obvious that they had a visa for me, but they were sparring around trying to find out why I wanted to go and how come I had received permission. Finally they asked me point-blank how I got the visa. "Oh," I said casually, "I sent a cable to Khrushchev in the Kremlin." One of the Russians seemed to bounce three feet out of his chair as he bellowed, "*Khrushchev?*"

On September 13th news stories reported that Khrushchev had just been named chief of the Soviet Communist party, a job formerly held by Stalin and, briefly, Malenkov.

On September 18th I went to Washington and picked up my visa at the Soviet Embassy. I was told I could not bring my own interpreter on the trip, but that I would be able to take photographs and notes.

While I was in Washington, I discussed my forthcoming trip with some of my friends in the government. One of them, a tough and able Acting Assistant Secretary of State, told me, "I think you're safe with that visa in the Soviet Union. But let's face it. They'll try to use you for their own purposes, and they can be very ruthless if it suits them. If they choose to frame you as a defector to Communism, or label you an enemy agent, they will. Remember what the Czechs did with William Oatis."

With that grim warning weighing heavily on me, I left by plane for Helsinki on October 11th. I arrived in Moscow on October 14th.

I discovered immediately that Khrushchev's name was magical. In my pocket I carried a note in Russian identifying me and including the following paragraph: "My visa was granted to me by the government of the U.S.S.R. in answer to my cable to Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist party of the Soviet Union, requesting permission to revisit your country." This note (written by myself and translated into Russian before I left the United States) worked wonders whenever I had to resort to it. Also, the Soviet tourist officials seemed to be giving me the Very Important Person treatment. They let me travel around Moscow at will, and permitted me to visit Minsk, Kiev, Zaporozhe and Kharkov taking photographs wherever I went. They even allowed me to make the 20-hour trip from Moscow to Minsk unescorted—on a train jammed with military personnel.

When the big Anniversary of the Revolution parade was held in Red Square I was invited to sit in the reviewing stand. The only other Americans so honored were the ambassador, military attachés and the ambassador's guests (about 20 less privileged American, British and Australian embassy people watched from my hotel room, not far from Red Square).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

But though the signs of Khrushchev's influence were all about me, I still hadn't met him. Before leaving New York I had cabled him again, asking to see him. In Moscow, I twice sent him notes repeating the request. Then I spoke to the head of the Soviet tourist service. "Be patient," he told me. "Mr. Khrushchev is on his vacation."

Two days after the parade—on Monday, November 9th—I was told to stand by, that Khrushchev would see me in a few days.

On Saturday afternoon a car picked me up at the tourist agency. With me was Zorya Novikova, one of the agency's best interpreters, dressed in her finest for what was obviously one of the biggest days of her life. The car swung toward the Kremlin, then turned left, by-passing the old fortress, and sped to a square a few blocks beyond. We stopped in front of an old six-story Moscow office building—Communist party headquarters. We hurried into the building, past two armed MVD guards, up an elevator, past another MVD guard, past a male secretary in an anteroom, through two leather-covered doors—and there, sitting at a table at the far end of a huge empty room, was Khrushchev.

His head was down, and he was studying some papers with great concentration. Other papers were to his right on the table, and the desk behind him was piled high with them. The walls of the big 30-by-50-foot room were half paneled, and the only decorations on them were a couple of good-sized maps, one of the Soviet Union and one of the world, and a picture of Stalin as a young man.

The room was comparatively bare, except for a wall clock, the long green-cloth-covered conference table at which he sat, and his desk. He had a black phone and a green phone alongside him at the table, and three more on his desk—one black, one green and one red. Various diplomats to whom I later described the scene surmised that the black phones may have been for ordinary business, the green phones a special connection to Communist party offices, and the red phone undoubtedly a direct line to the Kremlin. Also on the table was a jar containing eight knife-sharpened pencils and two fountain pens.

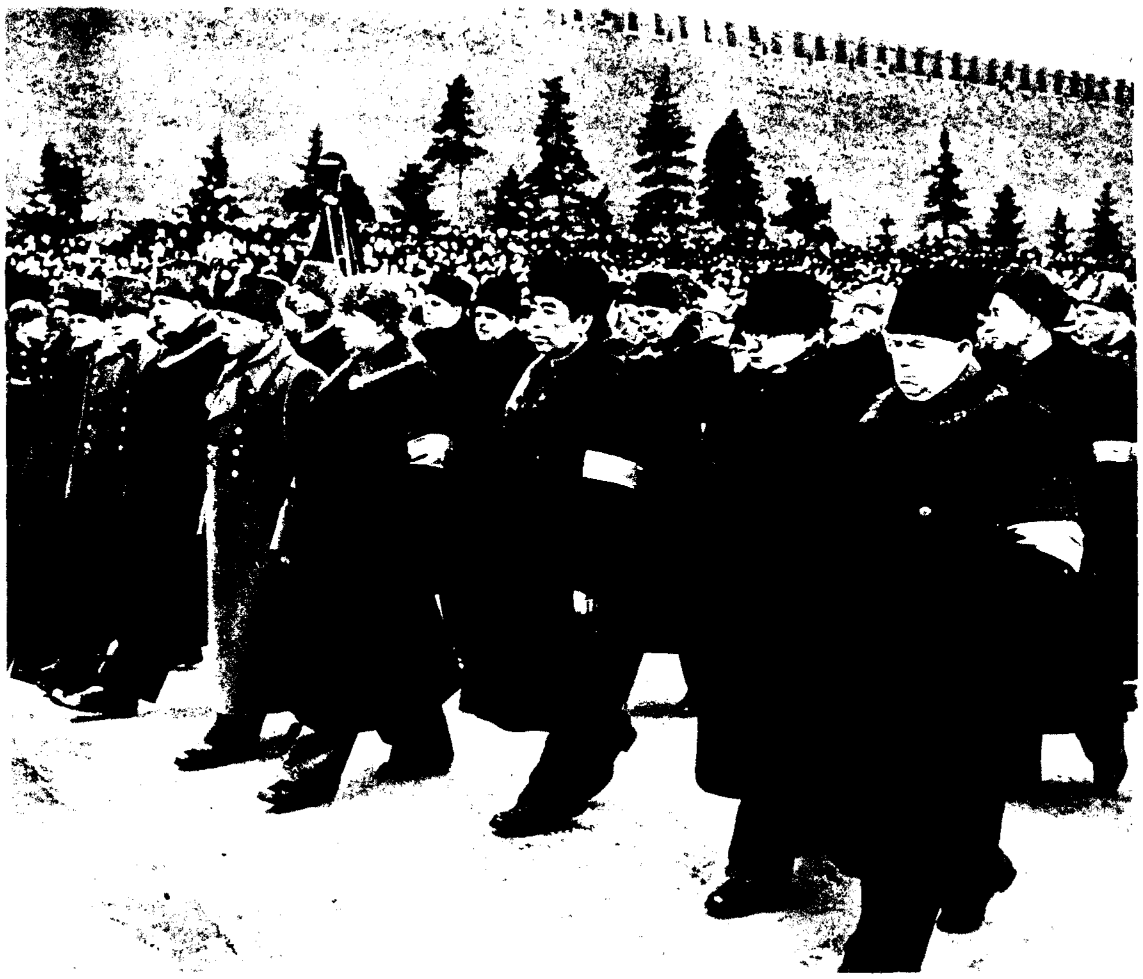
Portrait of a High Soviet Official

Khrushchev got up to greet me. He hadn't changed at all in seven years. He was about fifty-nine now, but he had the same hard physique, round, animated face and lively, humorous features. His eyes were dark, and I noticed for the first time that he had three moles on his cheeks and a tiny slit scar under his nose. His smile revealed two gold bicuspids (in keeping with Soviet custom: almost everyone I saw in the U.S.S.R. had a few plainly visible gold or stainless-steel teeth).

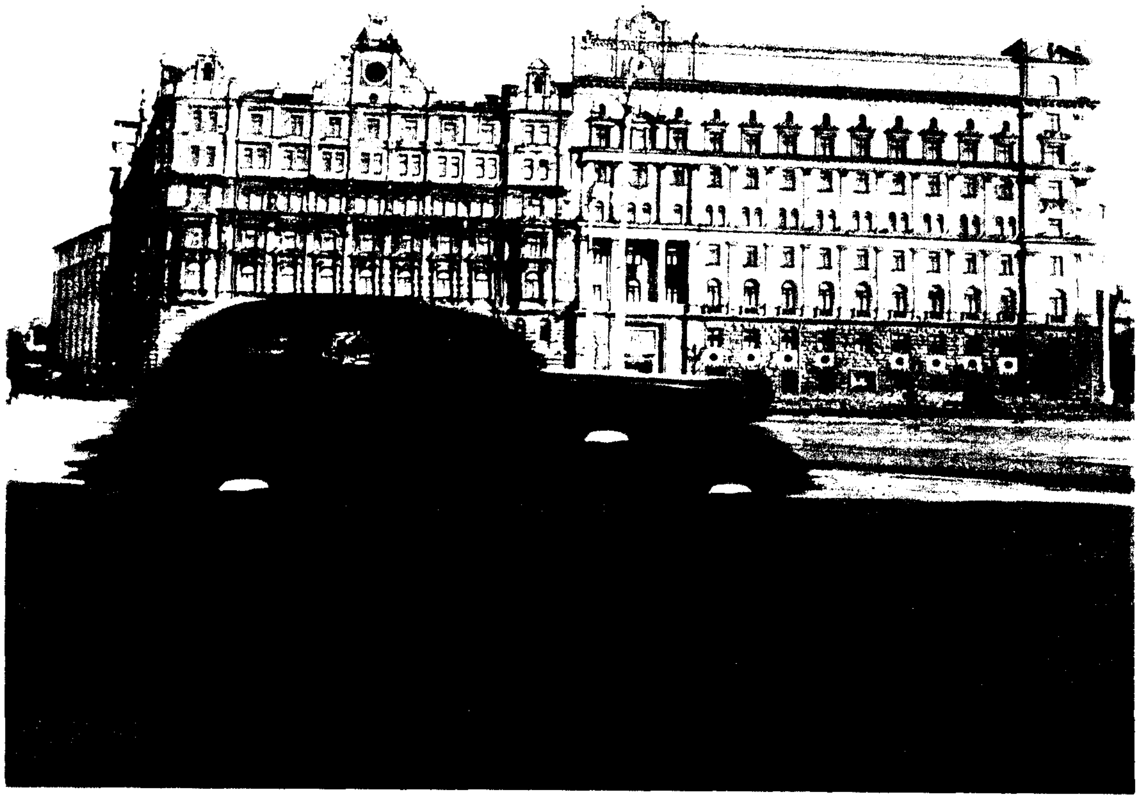
Although I had been told that even top Soviet officials make no more than 5,000 rubles ($1,250) a month, Khrushchev was one of the best-dressed men I met in the U.S.S.R. His clothing was simple but expensive. His suit was of a blue serge similar to some I'd priced in Kiev at the equivalent of about $110 a square yard. He wore one of the few white shirts I saw in the Soviet Union. It may have been silk; if so, it cost about $50. He had cuff links, also a rarity in Russia, set with red stones.

There was no one else in the room. Khrushchev asked me to sit beside him, with my interpreter at my left. I was so close to him that he often touched my arm for emphasis during our talk.

He began by saying, "I appreciate all that UNRRA did for us in the Ukraine. I remember particularly the help of Fiorello La Guardia" (La Guardia was at one time director-general of UNRRA) "in obtaining special articles for us against certain obstacles." That was a gentle dig—an implication that anti-Soviet Westerners had tried to block the relief supplies—but he said it with a friendly smile. In fact, all through the interview he never showed irritation or bitterness, no matter how controversial our exchanges. He constantly smiled and chuckled—and gestured broadly as he


SOVFOTO

At Stalin funeral, Khrushchev (right) marched beside Lavrenti Beria, now dead. Others (r. to l.): Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, Malenkov, Voroshilov, Kaganovich, Bulgarin, Molotov



A few months after the Stalin rites, Beria was in Lubianka prison, a few blocks away. This photo by author is one of few to show famed jail after completion of new building at right

Khrushchev, in charge of increasing agricultural production in U.S.S.R., didn't dispute the author's impression that Soviet people are poorer than most Europeans, but said their lot would improve. Free markets—which sell produce not bought by state stores—seemed well stocked, but prices were high. Above, market in Baku; below, another outdoor mart in Kiev

talked, more like a volatile Italian than a stolid Russian.

After some additional words of praise for UNRRA, Khrushchev got in a few more jabs. He attacked John Fischer, one of the members of my mission, who had written a best-selling book called Why They Behave Like Russians, after spending two months in the Ukraine. Khrushchev shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well," he said, "he wanted to make money and he got his money. Anyhow, he probably was not working so much for UNRRA as for intelligence purposes—and he wrote what he was told to write." Khrushchev spoke without rancor, as if he were merely discussing an unfortunate fact of life.

I said, "I am as certain as I can be that he was not a representative of Intelligence—I picked him for the UNRRA job myself—and that no one told him what to write. He simply put down his own impressions, which is the way men in America write books."

Again there was that friendly shrug of the shoulders from Khrushchev.

Khrushchev Discusses Former Visitors

At that point, I decided I'd better make it perfectly clear to him that I intended to criticize strongly some aspects of the U.S.S.R., too. He listened, then replied, "It is all a question of proportion. Some people are too busy catching flies to see the main points. They concentrate on small drawbacks and make them very large ones, and they do not notice the big accomplishments of the Soviet Union."

I assured him that I would try to be objective, since (and I tried to emphasize the point) so few Americans had been allowed to enter the Soviet Union in recent years that I felt a great responsibility. Then I spoke of the trip I wanted to make to Central Asia and the Caucasus. "I still haven't received permission for the trip," I said. "The chief of police must renew my residence permit and the tourist officials keep telling me he's ill." (Khrushchev let that pass—but two days later the chief of police miraculously recovered and I was given a new permit and cleared for the trip.) "I wish I could go with you," Khrushchev said. "I've never been to Tashkent in Central Asia, and I haven't been to Stalingrad since I participated in the defense of the city during the war."

The mention of Stalingrad set him off on the first of a series of digressions—this one about how Hitler (he called him "Gitler") lost Stalingrad by overruling his generals in the matter of tactics. Our whole conversation was full of digressions. I had come with a series of set questions, but I soon realized that the discussion was going to go the way Khrushchev wanted it. He spouted Russian for minutes at a time, talking directly at me as if I understood, while my interpreter scribbled frantic notes. During the long intervals when Zorya translated, he stared into space with a bored expression, and fiddled impatiently with his pencil, as if he wasn't used to such blank spots in his life.

Our discussion of the Battle of Stalingrad gave me a chance to mention the disconcerting number of troops I had seen in some parts of the country. "In Moscow and Minsk I have felt that the Soviet Union must be a vast armed camp," I told him.

He said, "Moscow is the center of transportation and you have seen the many soldiers and officers who must go through Moscow to get to their bases. And there are military-training centers near Minsk. You will see fewer troops elsewhere." (He was partly right, but I still saw quite a few everywhere.) In typical Russian fashion, he added, "You were lucky to see so many of our soldiers and officers." Whenever I complained about anything in the Soviet Union, I was told I was lucky to see the bad—as if it were very rare to see unpleasant sights in the U.S.S.R.

"I have been struck also," I said, "by the fact that there are three groups in the Soviet Union which seem to me to be the privileged classes—

professors, members of the Communist party, and army officers. They get so much more money than most other people."

"If our scientists and professors receive high pay," he said, "that's not bad. We must create good conditions for them. Our country needs many specialists in order to build Communism. If our scientific worker is paid more than others, he works better—because our country is not like the capitalist countries." Then came the Marxist dogma.

"In capitalist countries, when a man gets better pay, he buys a factory and then exploits the workers. In our country when a man gets more money, he buys more and he has a better cultural life, and he works better. That makes our state stronger."

He continued, "It is not true that members of the Communist party get more money than others. Our people are paid according to their ability and according to the work they do." He cited an example which always was cited to me: "For example, academician Petrovsky, the rector of Moscow University, is not a Communist, yet he earns as much money as the rector of Kiev University, who *is* a Communist.

"Furthermore, Communist party members have less chance to earn extra money; they spend all their spare time doing work for the country, for which they are not paid."

I showed disbelief, which he brushed off—again smiling. Then he resumed: "Our army officers get good salaries, true. We must have the best people seeking careers in our army, so we create good conditions for them. But they really earn only about the same as qualified people in civilian work. In war they are the first to suffer, the first to die."

Then Khrushchev permitted himself an intimacy extremely unusual for any ruler of the Soviet Union. "Take my two sons," he said. "The eldest was a pilot and he was killed in the war. My second son now is studying in an institute, because he wants to be an engineer. In the end he will earn about what he would make if he were to become an officer like my first son. Youths choose their careers; the prospects are about the same."

Questions About Family Relationships

I took advantage of the opening to ask him some more personal questions. "Speaking of your family," I said, "is Premier Malenkov really married to your sister, as has been reported?"

"No," he replied, laughing, "that's just some more of your American newspaper nonsense."

"And do you have any other children besides the two sons you mentioned?"

"Yes, I have many daughters."

I asked, "How many?"

He chuckled and said, "Enough so that I do not have to pay taxes for not having a large family."

The most serious subject we discussed was, of course, the possibility of war. Khrushchev said, "In your travels you will not see anything that will give you any idea that our people want war."

That was true as far as it went, and I agreed. But while Soviet leaders have been hammering "Peace" propaganda into the Russians (convincing everyone in the country that the Kremlin wants peace and only America is warlike), Soviet actions outside the U.S.S.R. have sown fear and distrust. I said as much to Khrushchev, pointing out in particular the world-wide inflammatory actions of the various Communist parties and the Cominform.

"As a result," I told him, "many people in the United States are afraid that the U.S.S.R. will make war on us—so much so that I know people whose children have nightmares, fearing an atom bomb might be dropped on them by the Russians."

"All that is done on purpose," retorted Khrushchev, "by the group which controls U.S. policy. They fire the passions of the people against the Soviet Union, to prove they are justified in spending so much money for military armaments, for building bases abroad, for making atom bombs and hydrogen bombs. Those people who control the United States don't really believe the Soviet Un-

Citizen of Tiflis, above, shops for cheese in big free market. Dairy products are scarce and expensive in the U.S.S.R. Below, nomad sheepherders in Alma-Ata, not far from China, move herd to new pasture. Note rifle carried by mounted man in center. Khrushchev said in a recent speech that Russia has almost 5,000,000 fewer sheep and goats now than in 1928

Russians are endlessly propagandized. Banner in Ukraine: "Hail Communist Party of Soviet Union, leader and orientating force of Soviet people in struggle for spread of Communism"

ion wants a war, but they want their people to *think* that the Soviet Union wants a war. Behind them are the magnates and capitalists who are interested only in profits and armaments. They just frighten people in order to show that Eisenhower is saving the nation, and to justify Eisenhower's policy."

I broke in to say that I am a Democrat and that most Democrats support Eisenhower's foreign policy. "Not only that," I said, "but our American industries are so heavily taxed in war that most of them make far more money during peacetime."

"Capitalists," said Khrushchev, gesturing, "don't care whether they make buttons or tanks. They're just interested in profits."

Then he grew solemn. "It is my opinion," he said, "that the American people do not think badly of the Soviet people and want nothing from them. As for our people, I know they understand war. War does not bring anything good. War only destroys. It brings only destruction and victims. Even a successful war leaves nothing but victims. That's why our policy now is dedicated to improving the living conditions of our people."

A few minutes later he was on the offensive again. He said, "I suppose that when you return to the United States, Senator McCarthy will summon you before him for being in the Soviet Union. Apparently there is no freedom in America."

I replied quickly, "On the contrary, McCarthy only proves that it is a free America. If Senator McCarthy has the full power to investigate me, I also have the freedom to write about McCarthy, as critically as I please, and he cannot stop me." In two trips to the U.S.S.R., I had encountered virtually no criticism of the government by Soviet citizens. I hope Khrushchev got the point.

"Yet," said Khrushchev, "the Republicans control most of the press in the United States. How does that serve freedom? The capitalists have such power over the minds of the people through the press that they have created an air of hysteria in the United States. If someone says something good about the Soviet Union, he is called a Communist. If he writes something bad, the newspapers hail him and say, 'Here is a real American.' That is a tragedy for humanity."

"The American press can hardly be said to control the minds of the people," I said. "It's true that not many newspapers supported the Democrats in the last few Presidential campaigns—yet Roosevelt and Truman won, and Adlai Stevenson received more than twenty-seven million votes.

"Furthermore, I have noticed more than distortion in the Soviet press. I think your newspapers are full of inaccuracies and deliberate bias."

He spread his hands deprecatingly and replied, "The Soviet newspapers give the news which serves the interests of the people. They report the news from the workers' point of view. Why should we print what your Republican newspapers want us to print? If your country builds bases around the world, for example, we explain to our people America's purpose in building them. If we say we want to do away with hydrogen and atomic bombs and the United States will not agree, we can only explain what it means—that you want to use the bombs against us." Then he grinned and said:

"But of course, this is just some more propaganda—or so you will say."

It was hopeless to pursue the matter when we had such irreconcilable points of view, so I tried a new tack: "You mention the American bases. They are a symbol to me of the conformity your newspapers have imposed on the minds of all Soviet citizens. Everyone I have spoken to so far has asked me the same three questions: Why is America surrounding the Soviet Union with military bases? Why are we persecuting Paul Robeson? And why didn't the United States welcome the Soviet chess team to play in a tournament?"

"Ah," he said, twinkling, "but *I* didn't ask you those questions. However, as long as you brought the subject up, the chess players indicate how the capitalists have whipped up war hysteria in the United States. Did your people think our chess players had atom bombs in their pockets? It reminds me of an old Russian proverb: 'If God wants to punish a person, he first takes his brain away.' " (It took me a while to figure out why that old Russian proverb was so familiar. I finally recognized it as the ancient Latin saying which we know as, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." All over Russia I kept hearing old Russian proverbs like, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and "There's no smoke without fire." Many of the old Russian proverbs seem to come from such sources as the Bible or Aesop.)

Khrushchev launched into a discussion of Soviet economic and agricultural problems, a topic of great importance to him (in addition to his other duties, he is in charge of the new Soviet campaign to increase the production of foodstuffs).

"It seems to me," I said, "that the people of the Soviet Union undoubtedly are better off than they were before, but are still poorer than the people of Western Europe."

I expected an argument, but to my astonishment he agreed. It must have been one of the few times a Communist leader has ever admitted to a foreigner that the Soviet Union is not the best of all possible worlds.

"We were terribly damaged by the war," he said, "and we could not get back to the proper level because there was so much to be done. But if you return to the Soviet Union in two or three years, you will be surprised."

He continued with almost fierce pride. "When we started our first Five-Year Plan for heavy industry, they laughed at us in America and said it was nonsense—but we showed the whole world that we can accomplish what we set out to do. Now we are beginning to develop our agriculture and light industry, and already the people of the West see danger from our products. On the one hand they complain because we have built up our heavy industry and military might—and now that we want to build up our economic power and are pre-

Pictures and statues of leaders—especially Stalin—are everywhere. Study hall in Kiev University has Stalin statue with flowers at base, pictures of Molotov, Khrushchev and Marx on walls (l. to r.)

When MacDuffie interviewed officers of Baku bank, he found Stalin's picture hanging there, and a bust on the desk. Note the tunic worn by man in center; Soviet bank executives may wear a special uniform

pared to compete with them in trade, they again say that it is bad."

He held up both hands. "Whatever we do," he said wryly, gesturing with one hand to indicate the military and with the other to represent economic development, "they think it's bad."

Then he made another significant statement. "We most certainly want better trade relations with the United States. It was the United States that interrupted the trade between us. It is strange that you do not want to exchange goods with us, because after all, trade is just a question of profits."

He spoke again on his favorite subject, the economic development of his country. A few weeks before, he had made an unprecedented speech disclosing glaring inadequacies in Soviet agriculture. "When I made that speech the reactionaries said, 'Now the Soviet Union is finished; there is so much wrong.' " He laughed. "Since the new agricultural program went into effect this year, we already have set records. By October of 1953, we had exceeded the plan for pigs by 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 pigs."

He spoke further about agriculture. After a while, I said, "I'm afraid I'm really not qualified to discuss farm problems with you, because I am a born-and-bred city dweller." He smiled and replied, "Anyone can learn. After all, I was brought up in the mines."

Then he changed the subject again, and I began to be aware that, whether by design or not, he had steered me several times to the matter of Soviet-American co-operation. "If people can only get to know one another," he said, "there will be understanding. During the war when we had a common enemy, we co-operated well against Hitler. If you remember, the Americans had an air base at Poltava in the Ukraine during the war, and on June 21, 1944, the German planes attacked it and many Americans and Russians died together." It is strange that he should have mentioned that incident, because many reports blame the heavy losses on Soviet intractability and on the negligence of the Red air force. But it is true that Americans perished side by side with Russians there, and were for a time buried in a Soviet cemetery that U.S. officials used to visit occasionally before the American bodies were returned to the States.

"We have shared many pages of history in battle against the enemy," Khrushchev said. "We Russians have no pretensions against the United States. There is no reason for hostility. When Roosevelt was alive the relations between our countries were good. But Truman did much to destroy that relationship. I have fond memories of Americans who worked with us and worked well." He mentioned a few—engineers who had visited Russia before World War II, La Guardia, the UNRRA officials who had worked in the Ukraine. His voice trailed away for a moment. Then he said, "Such examples prove that Russians and Americans can understand one another. If people come together with open hearts they will succeed."

We reminisced for a while about the Ukraine, and then I saw that the interview was winding to an obvious close. I pulled out two official photographs of Khrushchev and I asked him to autograph them for me. As he wrote, I said, "You look so stern in these government photographs. You ought to have a new one made, something closer to your character." He laughed and said, "That is the fault of the photographer."

"I have one last request," I told him. "I have a camera with me. Would it be possible for my interpreter to take a picture of the two of us together, so that I can show it when I return to America?"

He roared with laughter. "Mr. MacDuffie," he said, "I'm afraid you would be in trouble with Senator McCarthy if you were seen in such close association with me."

When I got up to go, Khrushchev said, "I have a little story to tell you. Once, a man in one of the offices of the Soviet Union was asked whether he was religious. He replied, 'In this office, I have no religion—but at home I believe.' I hope, Mr. MacDuffie, that it will not be the same way with you if you choose to write about your trip. So many people have visited the Soviet Union and have told us one thing and then have written the opposite when they returned home."

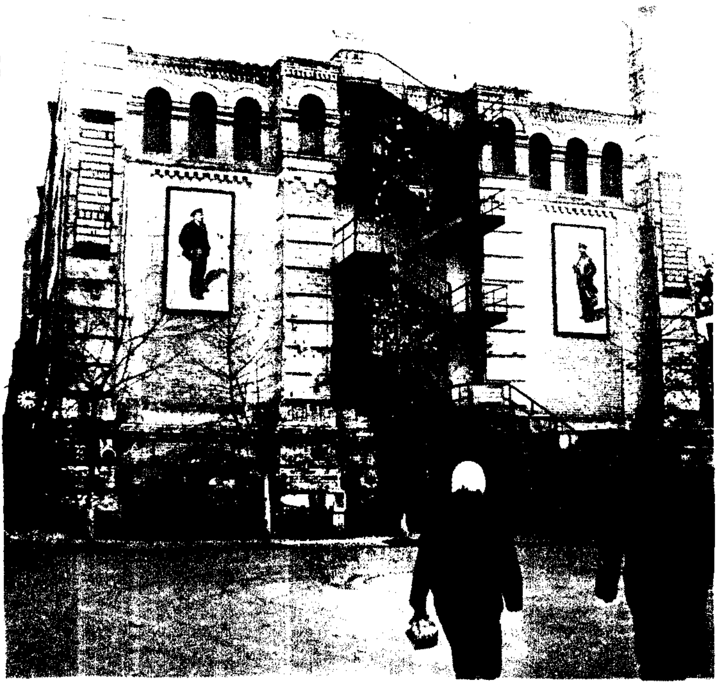
"That," I said, "is why I have tried to be as blunt as possible in my criticisms throughout our talk. I intend to be equally honest when I get home."

He smiled and shook hands with me. As I walked past the clock on his wall, I saw that it was 7:30 P.M. I had spent a full four hours there. I caught a last look at him as I opened the door. He was back at the table, already deeply engrossed in the paper he had been studying when we came in.

I have thought about my interview with Khrushchev many times since I left his office, and I'm still trying to weigh its significance. He emerged as a man with a great deal of warmth and charm—confident, relaxed and fairly reasonable. But he showed a shocking rigidity in his thinking about the West—an apparent willingness to swallow the propaganda he himself has helped create. Furthermore, I couldn't forget for a moment that a man has to be very tough and very ruthless to climb as high in the Soviet Union as Khrushchev has.

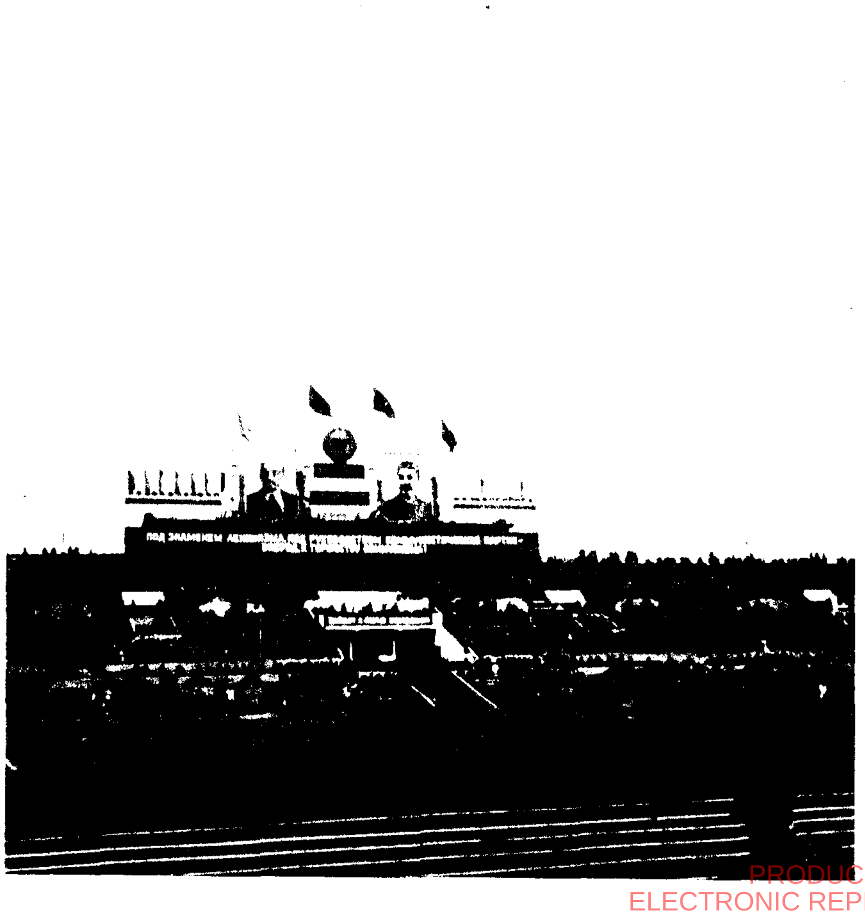
Yet, on the whole his attitude toward the non-Communist world seemed to me surprisingly far removed from the shrill, unyielding antagonism we have come to expect from Russian leaders. But Khrushchev, for all his power, is just one Soviet official—and my talk with him, for all its length, was just one conversation. At best, our discussion may have been a tip-off to a remarkable change in Soviet tactics. At worst, it may have been, in Nikita Khrushchev's own words, "just some more propaganda . . ."

What does the Soviet man in the street think of his leaders? Of the rest of the world? In the next issue, Marshall MacDuffie reports on his conversations with nearly 1,000 Russians



Outer walls of Kiev clothing factory feature Lenin and Stalin. Author visited one Soviet factory where Stalin picture was outlined in lights, like some kind of religious painting

Moscow stadium is dominated by Lenin and Stalin, with a propaganda message underneath. Author saw Russian-Hungarian soccer game here. Opponents marched in arm in arm, exchanged bouquets before match



Late premier's picture has place of honor in Baku building used as meeting place by creative artists. Group shown with MacDuffie includes playwright, composer, ballerina, singer and music critic

ACADEMY AWARD

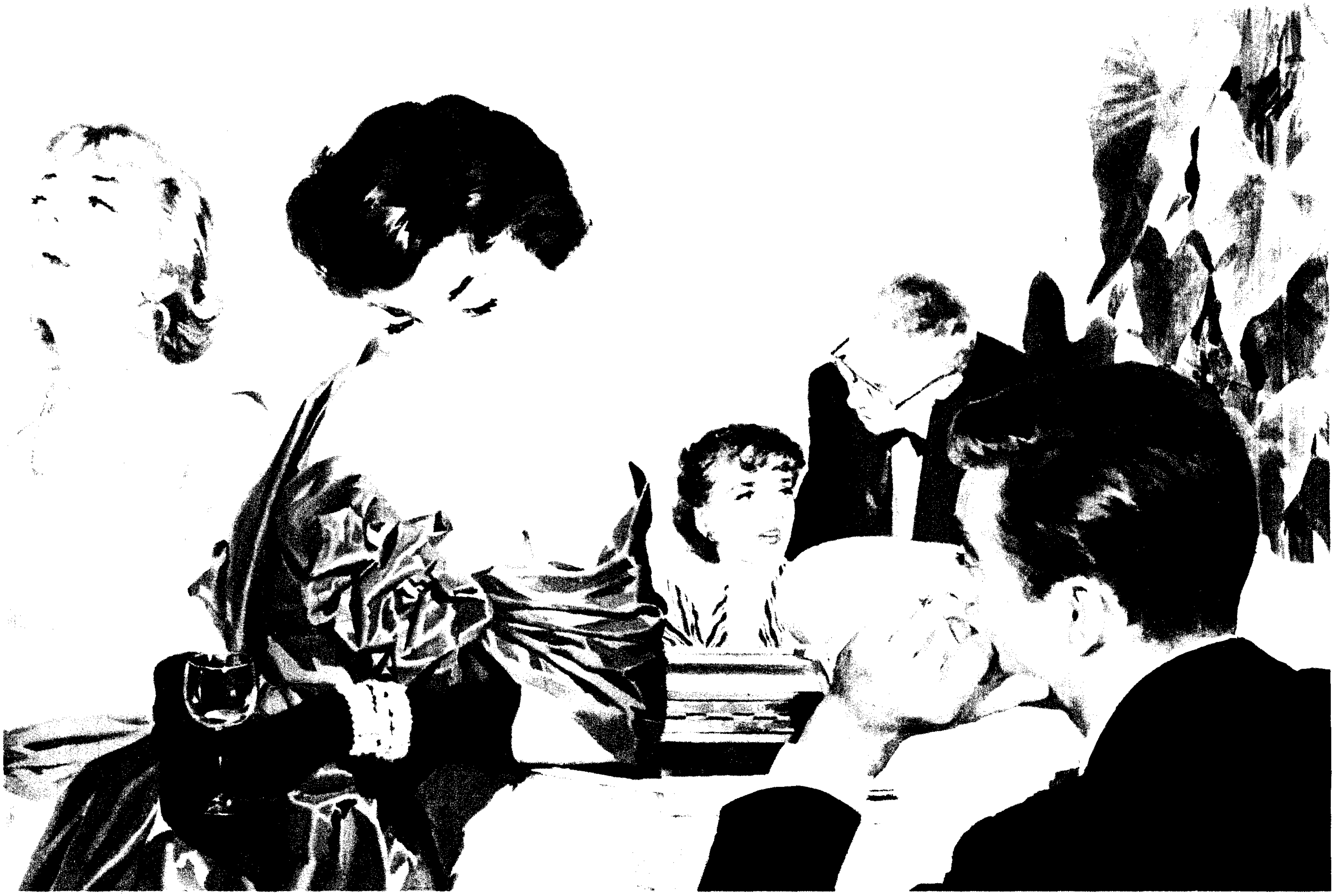
By JAMES CARHARTT
and NICHOLAS WINTER

There was only one [illegible]

THE gent in question is the most sought after in Hollywood. More women have dreamed of him than of Montgomery Clift, and even Clark Gable has not been kissed by as many beautiful women as he. He is usually given the place of honor in any home he graces. Until March of this year, he had never before been flung at the head of an agent.

The lady who did the flinging was Judith Windslow, and the agent was Tod Burrell. If Oscar had reached his mark, he'd have made a sizable dent in Mr. Burrell's skull—something Miss Windslow often said was impossible. But her throw was wide and so the dent was made in the mahogany of the Windslow piano. Afterward Tod said, "Okay," in a very final voice and turned and walked out.

Judith watched him go, out the living-room door, across the sunny patio, out the front gate. From behind, in his suède jacket and doeskin slacks, with his black hair cut short, he didn't look much more than thirty, Judith thought. And then she looked into the wide mirror above the mantelpiece and assured herself that she looked very good too. She had one of those high-cheekboned, oval faces



[illegible] ately to [illegible] hours they would know who had won

that have to be grown into. A face that is too old for itself at twenty, she thought, begins to take on character at thirty, and at forty it still looks young. Forty or not, Judith decided, she was younger than Lise Delahaye, who was certainly all of a hundred and six by now—well, fifty-something anyway. Thinking of Lise made her think of the Academy Award presentations tonight, and that started her stomach churning all over again.

"But, baby," Tod had said earlier this afternoon, "use your head! Of course you'll get the Oscar. Who else would they give it to?"

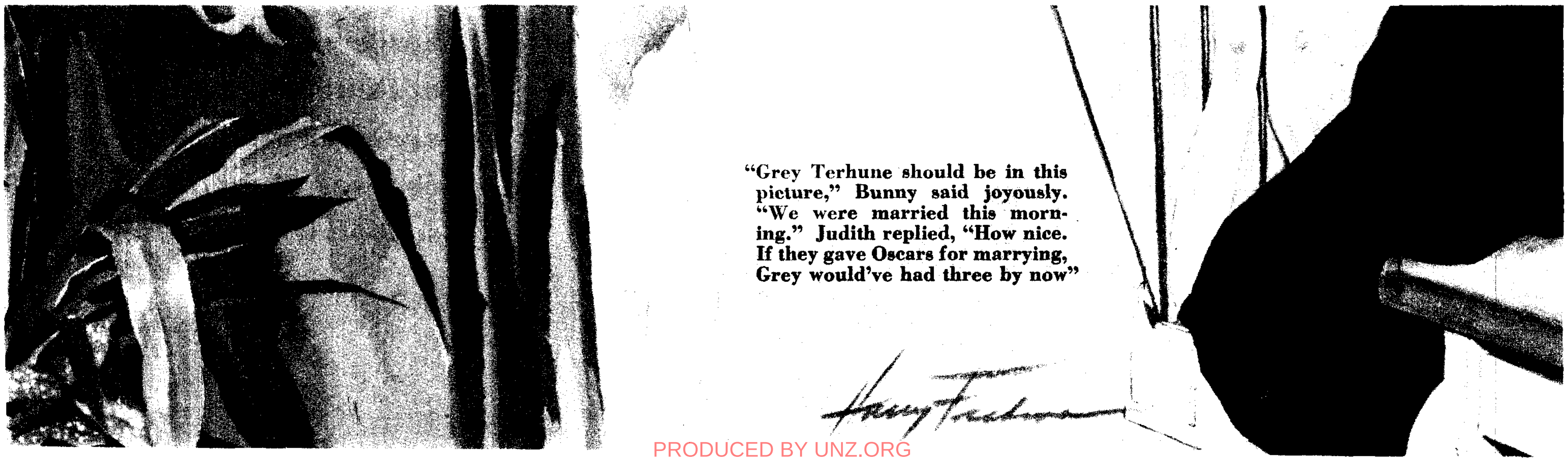
"Lise," Judith had said. "Or Bunny Morrison or Carol Barton. Or that little what's-her-name. I've got a pair of Oscars now. Maybe they'll figure that's enough."

"Look," Tod had said very patiently. "You can read, so you know how everyone says it'll be you. Lolly says she'd like Lise to win for old times' sake. Hedda says she'd like Bunny to win for new times' sake—but they agree you're the one who'll win. Everybody knows they won't give it to Carol Barton—not the way she lights out for Broadway as soon as she finishes a picture—and that little what's-her-name hasn't a ghost of a chance. Baby, you're a sure bet!"

He looked at her: at her soft brown hair, which she always wore at shoulder length whatever the current styles were; and the funny, slanting gray eyes that could widen enormously with love or hate or whatever the director wanted; and the wide, almost too-wide mouth. And Tod had thought, as always, how much he loved her—for all the good that did him. He'd never told her and couldn't tell her, because he knew so well what she'd do. Her eyes would get very big and tearful, and she'd say, "Why, Tod, I—I never knew." And later on she'd go upstairs to her room, put on one of the smoke-colored negligees she loved and come downstairs to have dinner with her husband. And all during dinner she'd think how lucky she and Sam were to have each other, and how sad it was about poor Tod, and how she really ought to find him a girl to marry.

So this afternoon, instead of telling her he loved her, he'd told her his idea for her grand entrance at the Academy presentations this evening, and that was where the trouble had begun. They'd go to Ackie's party first, he'd said, because of course Ackie Ackman was giving a party before the presentation and nobody would dare pass it up—not only because Ackie was Jules Ackman, head of Sonor Studios, but because he gave wonderful parties. Tonight, particularly, (*Continued on page* 54)

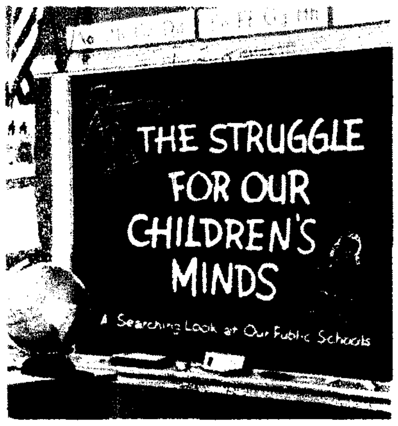
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



"Grey Terhune should be in this picture," Bunny said joyously. "We were married this morning." Judith replied, "How nice. If they gave Oscars for marrying, Grey would've had three by now"

OUR SCHOOLS-

Many appear to be—they play down basic studies in favo


THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR CHILDREN'S MINDS
A Searching Look at Our Public Schools

This is the second article in a continuing series on The Struggle for Our Children's Minds. Writer Howard Whitman has talked and will continue to talk with educators, teachers, parents and children throughout the country in gathering information for his revealing series on what is happening to education in America. Collier's will carry his next article in a future issue

WHAT has happened to education in the United States? Are some of our schools shunting aside basic knowledge in favor of hobby courses, group activities and "snap" studies? Why are many college presidents, teachers and—above all—parents concerned over the plight of learning in the very domain which is assumed to be its stronghold: the schools?

"I'll tell you why," a high-school teacher in Omaha, Nebraska, said to me. "It's because the newfangled ideas about education have given the schools a complex. They're afraid to teach."

Much of what I have seen and heard in my travels across the United States—meeting with parents' groups, visiting scores of classrooms, talking with teachers, pupils, principals—supports that conclusion. *Teaching,* the serious business of imparting to the young some of the accumulated wisdom of man, seems to have fallen into disrepute.

But there are exceptions. Famed Boston Latin School, for example, stands out in sharp contrast to so-called modern schools in other cities—how sharply will be shown later in this article. Boston Latin *isn't* afraid to teach. George L. McKim, its headmaster, greeted me with these words: "We're terribly old-fashioned here. We insist that our boys work hard. We insist on teaching them something. We insist that they get a good education."

McKim knows that this educational philosophy is regarded sourly by some modern educationists; the modernists emphasize "growth" rather than learning, "interest" and "experience" rather than hard work, "social adjustments" rather than straight education. McKim knows, too, that for three decades now the Boston Latin School, oldest public school in America and alma mater of Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Ralph Waldo Emerson and George Santayana, has been snubbed in the education journals as old hat. Some progressive educators, in fact, have called it "a bastion of the Middle Ages."

"We don't mind being called names," McKim told me. "We stick to our course while the fashions in education come and go. The experimenters try out their new ideas, they see their errors, and eventually they come back to us."

Like a lady who arbitrarily wears skirts extending six inches below the knee (too short one year and too long another), Boston Latin School stands firm on the old line and finds that every few decades it is right back in style again. Since its founding in 1635—more than a century and a half before the birth of the United States—the school has run afoul of educational vogues much of the time, but has been right back in style every 30 or 40 years. Many educators feel it's on the verge of becoming fashionable again right now.

In an era when some high schools have been teaching fudge making, tap dancing, poster painting and even how to make dates—to the great de-emphasis of literature, composition, mathematics and languages—a wail has gone up to reconsider what education really is. College presidents generally have decried the neglect of fundamental liberal arts studies. One in particular, President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale, told me, "All our high schools should be doing more of what Boston Latin School is doing."

The Yale president couldn't have intended his remark to be taken literally in full, because one aim of Boston Latin School is to prepare students for

PAT COFFEY

Stagecraft classes held at Denver Manual High are typical of "breeze" courses given in many schools in the U.S. today

Afraid to Teach?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

of snap courses. But there are some shining exceptions that give hope for the future

Yale's traditional rival—Harvard. The standard pleasantry in the school's neoclassical building on Boston's Avenue Louis Pasteur is that Harvard College was established to take care of Boston Latin graduates. Harvard is, to be sure, a year younger (founded 1636) and has absorbed a steady stream of Boston Latin School boys. Though a part of Boston's regular public-school system, the Latin School often is referred to as "a prep school for Harvard." Last year, it typically sent 86 of its 198 graduates to Harvard.

What the Yale president had reference to—and reverence for—was Boston Latin's view of education, and the hard work that goes on in its classrooms. There is no fudge making here (although I did see boys doing just that at East High School in Denver). No courses, either, in rhythm, clay modeling or tinkering with jalopies (though these figure frequently in the curriculums of modern high schools). Boston Latin School, old hat or not, concentrates on imbuing its students with the wisdom of the past, steeping them in the cultures of the world and imparting mastery of the fundamental tools of learning.

The school gives a six-year course (seventh through twelfth grades). Of each student it requires six years of English, six years of Latin, five years of mathematics, four years of history, three years of French, two years of Greek or German, two years of general science and one year of physics. Seniors may elect to take additional French, Greek or German, chemistry, or solid geometry and trigonometry. This schedule means six packed years of five solid subjects per year.

By comparison, many a high school today requires that the student spend only one third or less of his time on solid liberal arts subjects. A three-year high school may require for graduation as little as two years of English, one year of math and a year and a half of history (four and a half required units out of a total of 15). The rest of the time a student may take such courses as salesmanship, dancing, life adjustment, effective living, glee club, fashion designing, first aid, personal problems, stagecraft—or any of a number of nebulous courses known to students as "snaps," "breezes" and "pipes." All these are as foreign to the Boston Latin School as bop music to the Metropolitan Opera.

"We have a terrific reputation for being slave drivers," said Headmaster McKim. "Still, no one has to come here if he doesn't want to—and we're the largest high school in the city."

Boston youngsters (boys only) may enroll in the Latin School if they have B's or better in English, math, history and geography. If not, they may take qualifying exams. At present the enrollment is 2,450, making it the largest high school not only in Boston but also in Massachusetts.

One boy in 11 is washed out every year. "That's a terrible mortality," McKim acknowledged. "But if the boys can't meet our standards they can go to an easier high school. Boston has eighteen others."

Why do students pick the Latin School?

I asked boys I met in the halls, in classrooms and in bull sessions after school.

"I'll tell you why we come here," said seventeen-year-old Paul Brass. "It's to train the old thinking apparatus, the same as a football player trains his muscles. After a boy gets out of here he can apply himself to most anything."

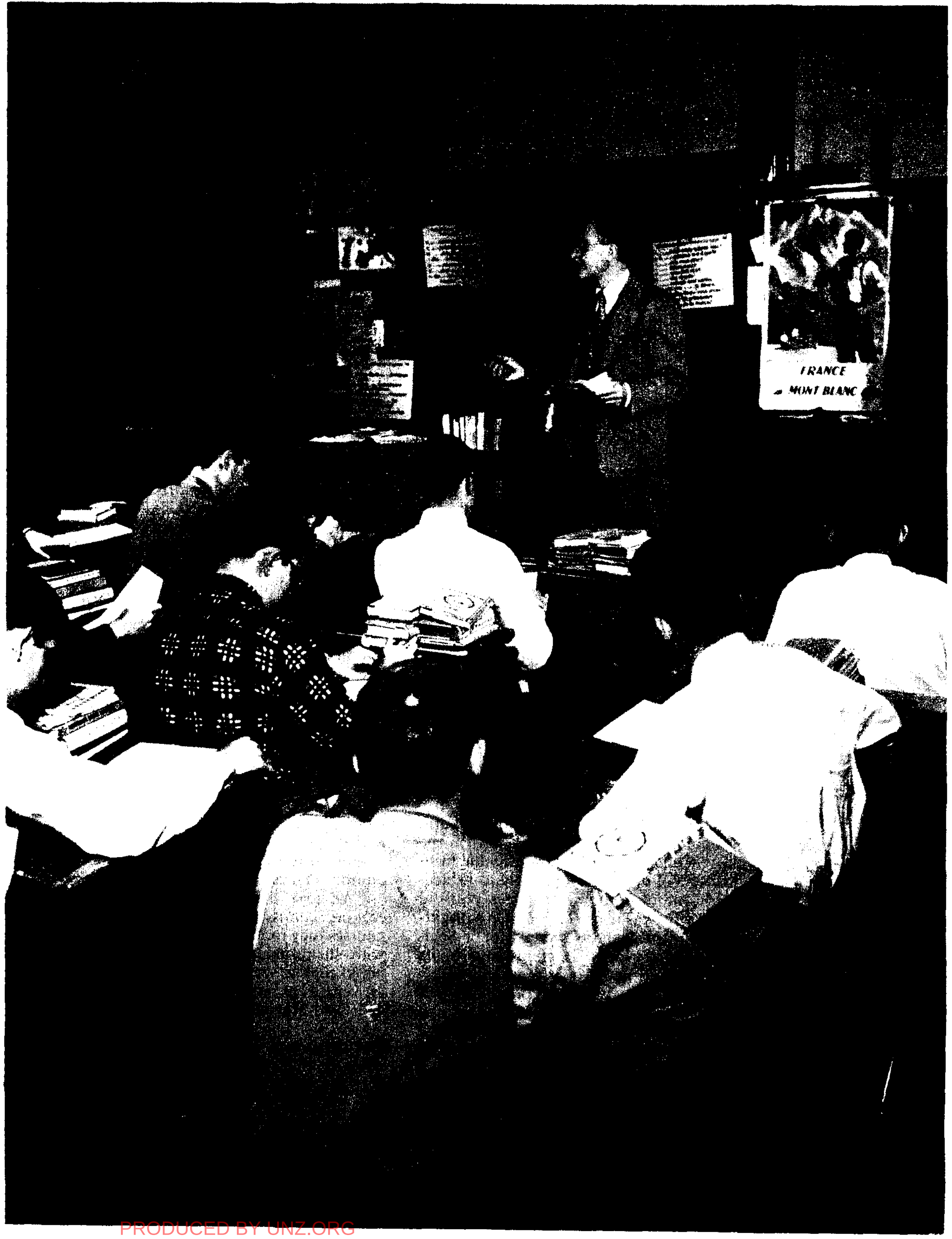
"You learn to work here. You learn that you don't get anything for nothing," said James Killalea, eighteen.

Mitchell Samuelson, seventeen, summed up: "There's no short cut to an education. It's hard work—but that's what we came here for."

The school is in session from 8:45 A.M. to 2:15 P.M.—a five-hour workday, plus a half hour for lunch. In addition, Boston Latin assigns three hours of home study, making an eight-hour workday all told.

"But don't get the idea we're all grinds," McKim admonished. "We were tied for the city football championship in '52 and top winners in golf, tennis and indoor track." Boston Latin also has a full roster of clubs: aviation, bowling, camera, chess,

GEORGE WOODRUFF



At Boston Latin School, boys specialize in the liberal arts; there are no "pipe" courses here. This is a class in French ▶

Studies keep Boston Latin School boys busy eight hours a day

GEORGE WOODRUFF

Hard Work: **At the Boston Latin School, Headmaster G. L. McKim says, "We're terribly old-fashioned. We insist our boys work hard"**

music appreciation, sailing, dramatics, highway safety, model crafts and 19 others. But club activities are strictly extracurricular and cannot bump the basic academic subjects off a student's schedule.

While it strives to turn out well-rounded individuals (an early alumnus, Benjamin Franklin, is a prime example), the school has no illusions about its part in the rounding process. Its job is to *teach.*

Boston Latin's Purpose Explained

"We believe in training the intellect, training boys how to think, training boys to become leaders," said the headmaster. "We give them the proven wisdom and intellectual skills of mankind—something they'll have the rest of their lives.

"We don't want them to learn vocations here. We teach them how to apply themselves, how to think, work, study. The businessmen tell us, 'You give us boys with trained minds—we'll show them the trade.' "

McKim concluded: "Of course, the 'project' approach of some modern schools—for example, a class undertaking to solve the city's traffic problem—is more showy. But we stress individual application and concentration. We do not try to make education 'palatable.' We are convinced that a good part of education is learning to do things you don't like to do. It pays off later in life."

In line with its reputation for slave driving, the Latin School also is regarded as a miser about grades. One new boy who had done excellent work—and knew it—complained to his mother, "What's the matter with that school? They don't give 100s." His mother checked with the school office and was told, "Madam, at the Boston Latin School if your boy gets a mark in the 70s, get down on your knees and thank God for giving you a good son."

Though admittedly old-fashioned, Boston Latin feels that it is more effective in education than the pedagogical ranch houses which have become fashionable. The school does not point only to its academic laurels (one of its boys, seventeen-year-old Thomas J. Hegarty, was named the nation's brightest high-school senior in the National Honor Society scholarships last May). It points also to its production of liberal-minded world citizens.

Boston Latin has its own method of making students world-conscious. It has no course in the United Nations as such (the subject is dealt with only as it arises naturally in modern history studies). Instead, the school teaches every boy three languages.

"We are opening the windows on Europe," said Max Levine, head of the French department. "We are giving these boys a liberal education. One speaks today of world citizens. We are giving these boys three cultures. They are going to be world-conscious."

As for antiquity, the school makes no apologies for Latin and Greek. Its best spokesman was one of its graduates, philosopher George Santayana, Class of '82, who wrote for the school's 300th anniversary in 1935:

"In spite of all revolutions and all the pressure of business and all the powerful influences inclining America to live in contemptuous ignorance of the rest of the world, and especially of the past, the Latin School, supported by the people of Boston, has kept the embers of traditional learning alive, at which the humblest rushlight might always be lighted; has kept the highway clear for every boy to the professions of theology, law, medicine and teaching, and a window open to his mind from these times to all other times and from this place to all other places. . . .

"The merely modern man never knows what he is about. A Latin education, far from alienating us from our own world, teaches us to discern the amiable traits in it, and the genuine achievements; helping us, amid so many distracting problems, to preserve a certain balance and dignity of mind, together with a sane confidence in the future."

A few years after the tercentenary, the director-general of schools in Tasmania, Australia, visited Boston Latin School.

"Do you give Greek?" he asked the headmaster.

"Certainly. What year do you wish to see?" the headmaster replied.

"What year?" asked the director-general incredulously.

"We teach three years of Greek," explained the headmaster.

The director-general sighed, "I'm in heaven." Then he told of his visits to other American schools. In California, a high-school principal had told him, "We're the last word," and led him into a gymnasium full of card tables and chairs. A boy and a girl faced each other across each table.

"What's this?" the director-general had asked.

"This is our class in social contacts," the principal proudly explained.

"What for?"

"It's hard for boys and girls to meet one another. Here they develop social skills."

"And you *give credit* for this?"

"Why, certainly!" replied the principal, somewhat miffed.

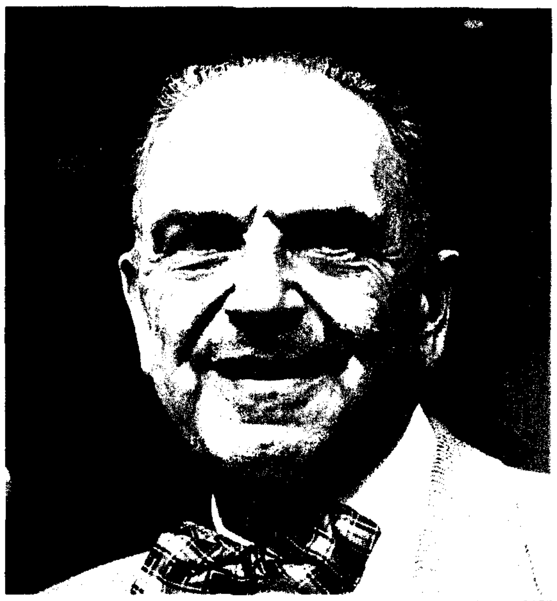
Many a ranking educator would agree with the Tasmanian that, intellectually at least, Boston Latin School is "heaven" compared to some high schools. They might also agree with Santayana's view of the school's old-fashionedness:

"New ideas in their violence and new needs in their urgency pass like a storm; and then the old earth, scarred and enriched by those trials, finds itself still under the same sky, unscarred and pure as before."

This pristine quality is what Yale President Griswold misses in many modern high schools. The emphasis on hobby-type subjects at the expense of solid education and the tendency to make mediocrity rather than excellence the standard have combined to turn out a kind of high-school graduate that makes many college educators shudder.

"We look at the high-school records of boys seeking admission to Yale to see what kind of courses they took. We find their curriculums loaded with such subjects as band music, auto driving, bookkeeping, social adjustment. These subjects are all very well, but where are the solid liberal arts?" Griswold asked.

One boy who ranked among the top three in his class in a large Indiana high school was refused admission. When instructor Walter King of the Yale English department inquired why, the admissions office replied, "Look at his subjects." On the boy's high-school record, such essentials as English, history, math and science were hardly discernible in the profusion of courses like band, shop, life planning, stagecraft, effective living and glee club. Instructor King agreed with the admissions office—"He'd never last to the end of the semester."



PAT COFFEY

Easy Credits: **At Denver Manual High, Principal William Miller says, "Anything that is a learning experience is a credit course"**

"We don't want to see the ablest students tied to the lock step of the weakest," President Griswold continued. "We'd like to see them all tied to the strongest—to get strength from them. The very essence of education is to stretch the mind, not to cushion it. Every boy and girl should be started up the path to solid education and carried as far as he and she can go. . . ."

A few weeks before, in his alumni report, President Griswold had warned that the country is threatened by "an educational collapse and cultural setback from which neither Yale nor any other university could escape"; that "if the schools cannot or do not send them [the colleges] properly qualified material the whole fabric of higher education becomes a bridge built upon rotten pilings."

Letter From an Indignant Parent

Many parents have been equally vocal. In 1950, while a group of Minneapolis citizens known as the Parents' Council was fighting a move to water down the academic curriculum in the city's high schools, one parent wrote:

"It is really tragic to realize that our boys and girls are not being taught the basic fundamentals these days. . . . I am a student of Lincoln and his life, and I will say that he was better able to meet life situations with less than two full years of schooling (in total) than many are today with twelve years of it. The reason is that Lincoln learned to think deeply and clearly out there in the Indiana wilderness. He didn't have to learn the latest steps in some folk dance."

Another parent criticized "educational side shows" in the curriculum and asserted, "The professional pedagogues have succeeded in making their students academically impotent."

A professor at the University of Minnesota told the Parents' Council that he believed modern education was "suppressing basic studies in favor of entertainment studies and lessons on 'how to be popular.' " And a veteran Minneapolis teacher wrote, "The standard in the high schools has sunk to a terrible level. I don't care whether a boy or girl is going to college or not. He needs mental

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Denver rebelled against modernists to demand solid education

discipline, basic knowledge and decent English. He doesn't need complete confusion, a lot of 'silly-busy' work, and a tragic lack of basic standards."

Parents pointed incredulously to the school system's own view of what high-school graduation means, as expressed in a Minneapolis Public Schools report of June, 1949: "The high-school diploma should be recognized as evidence of having completed a senior-high-school experience. It should not be regarded as the school's stamp of approval for having attained any particular degree of educational proficiency."

Criticism of "Common Learnings" Class

A major bone of contention was a junior-high and high-school program known as "common learnings." Composition, literature, geography and history were lumped together in one double-period class and sprinkled with such matters as community living, personal problems and social relations. The course sounded impressive, but some parents protested the solid diet of learning was all but lost beneath the whipped cream and icing.

One Minneapolis father told me, "I was flabbergasted to find that my daughter, who was supposed to be getting a high-school education, was actually studying how to get on and off a streetcar and how to care for pets."

After 861 parents sent a strong petition to the Minneapolis Board of Education, the "common learnings" program was made optional rather than compulsory. Then students could take their education straight if they or their parents preferred. Today the course is known simply as the "double period" program.

In Denver, Colorado, School Superintendent Kenneth E. Oberholtzer turned the tables on parents who questioned school policies. He asked *them* questions.

A number of citizens had accused the Denver schools in 1950 of going overboard on modernist notions. These schools, too, had lumped fundamentals together in a "common learnings" potpourri (though they called the double-period course "general education"). They had eliminated grades on report cards, substituting teachers' comments and expressions such as "progressing normally" and "exceptional growth." Basic education was being snowed under in a blizzard of class projects, field trips, activities, "group experiences" and lightweight courses.

Fumed the Citizens Committee for the Improvement of the Denver Public Schools: "The Denver general education program, by refusing to teach, and depriving our students of a thorough knowledge of fundamentals and a knowledge of our cultural and democratic heritage, has violated a duty almost sacred, and is actually destroying the basis of American culture, government and science. We cannot and will not stand by and watch such disaster overcome us."

The Denver Post also examined the schools and reported they were missing the boat. In their headlong enthusiasm for making school a happy place, the Post said, "the schools are conditioning many children to expect life to be forever carefree and happy; to expect that higher authority, in later life, will protect them from the need for hard work and the danger of frustration as the school protects them now."

Here Superintendent Oberholtzer moved in. In the summer of 1950 he launched a public survey to find out just what the people really wanted public education to be. Many a modern educationist would be surprised by the people's response:

- 87 per cent said English (reading, writing, literature) was among the most important subjects to teach.
- 78 per cent said mathematics should rank high.
- 62 per cent said history, geography, civics must be taught.

These were the top choices. They left no doubt that the people of Denver wanted their schools to teach fundamentals.

"Are there any subjects which you think the Denver public schools are neglecting or not spending enough time on?" the people also were asked. Again the insistence on fundamentals was unmistakable. Among parents of children in school—

- 37 per cent said English was being neglected.
- 28 per cent said mathematics was being neglected.
- 24 per cent said history and geography were being neglected.

There were other questions. The over-all response clearly called for solid education in the public schools. Oberholtzer took the hint. Report cards with standard grading (A,B,C,D,E) were restored. "General education" was laid to rest in favor of the specific education people wanted. New 12-year integrated curriculums were drawn up in English, math and social studies (history, geography, civics)—the fundamentals which the citizens wanted.

Result: Last spring a repeat survey was conducted. This time only 24 per cent of the parents thought English was being neglected, 15 per cent mathematics, and 13 per cent history and geography. Oberholtzer felt a substantial improvement had been made in three years.

A Visit to a "Boys' Foods" Session

But Denver still has far to go.

The class in "boys' foods" which I visited at Denver's East High School would still hardly rate in anyone's book as education. High-school boys, wearing aprons, were making fudge the day I stopped in. On other days, I was told, they had made soups, stews and cakes. "Are you planning to be chefs, or restaurateurs—or are you going into the candy or food business?" I asked some of the boys.

"We just horse around here," one replied frankly.

"I'm training to be a bachelor," another quipped.

Ruth Lambdin, the teacher, put in with a candid twinkle, "They don't want to work too hard."

The boys get regular high-school credit for cooking classes, though.

In other classrooms I saw students getting course credit for making posters for dances and bulletin-board displays (the course was called art service). Other pupils were getting course credit for working on the school paper or the annual, playing in the band, singing in the glee club or serving on the student council. By academic standards, all these are basically club activities and should be extracurricular rather than equated with essential education.

"Anything that is a learning experience is a credit course," said Principal William Miller at Denver's Manual High. Yet when you ask "What *isn't* a learning experience?" you get no satisfactory answer. You could take students out in the schoolyard and teach them how to break rocks. That's a learning experience, of sorts. Should high-school credit be given for it?

Miller and I walked into a large room at the end of a hall where boys were hauling stage wings about and working with saws and paintbrushes. They were taking another credit course—stagecraft. The boys operate the auditorium stage, build scenery for school plays or, as their teacher put it, "do

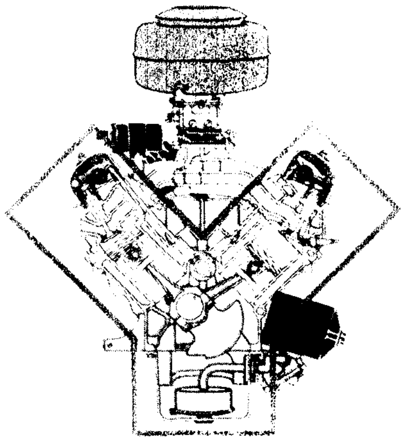
PAT COFFEY

Denver **School Superintendent Kenneth E. Oberholtzer initiated reforms after citizens showed they wanted a return to fundamentals**

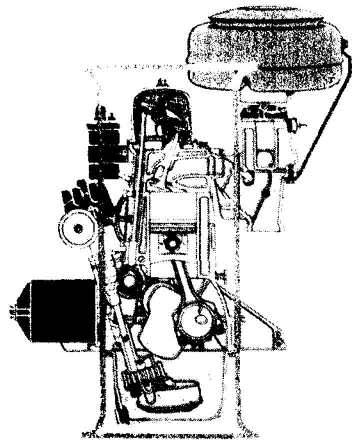
Ruth Lambdin, cooking teacher in Denver's East High School, tastes piece of fudge made by aproned student Tom Goodyear. Denver gives boys scholastic credit for attending food class

PAT COFFEY

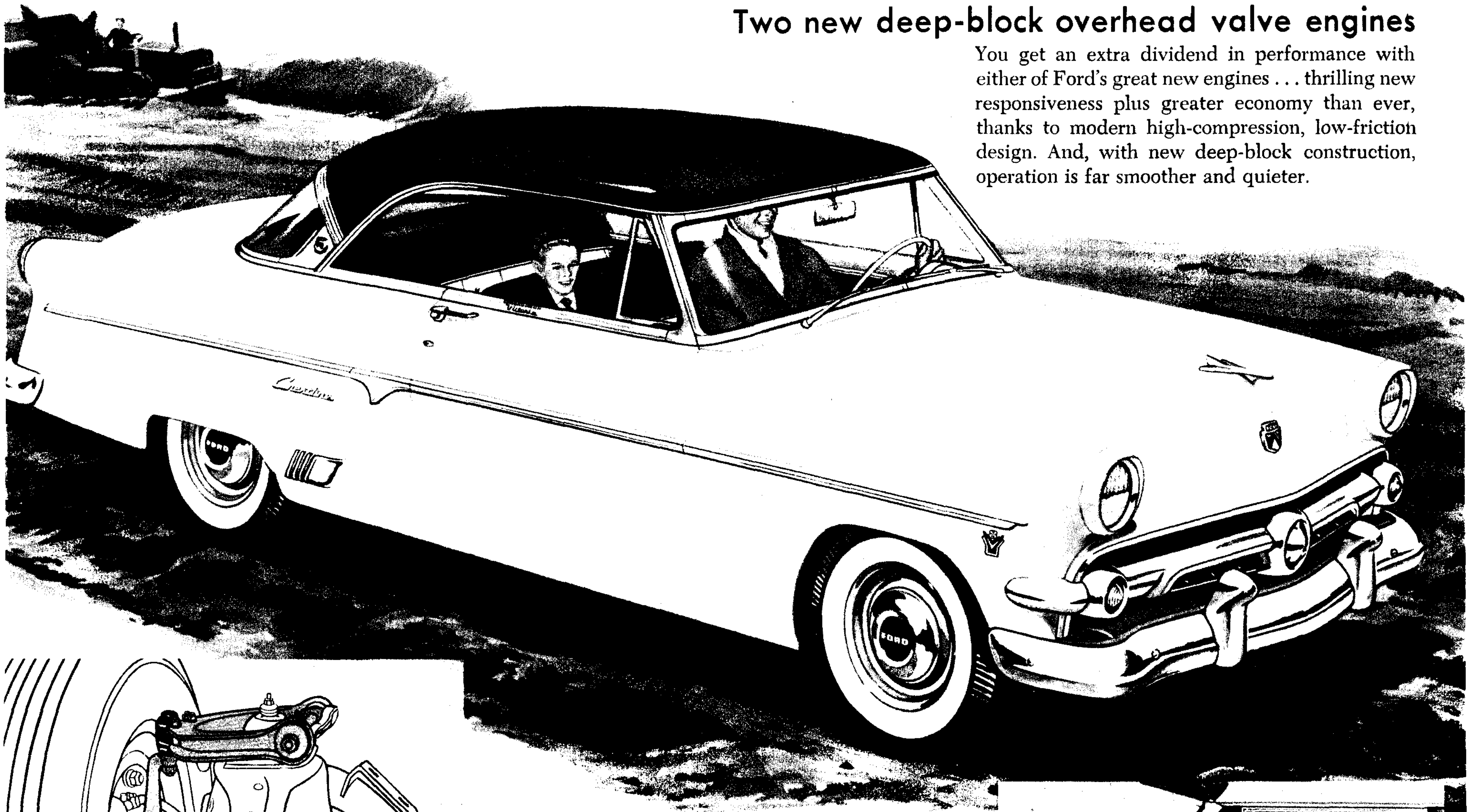
Extra Dividends at no extra cost in the '54 FORD



New 130-h.p. Y-block V-8

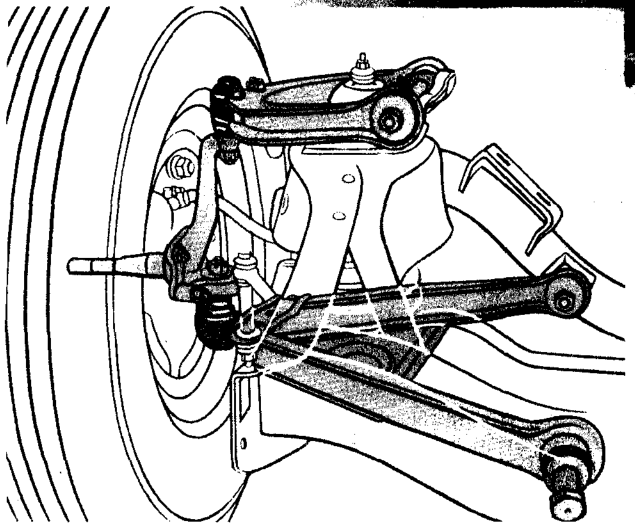


New 115-h.p. I-block SIX



Two new deep-block overhead valve engines

You get an extra dividend in performance with either of Ford's great new engines . . . thrilling new responsiveness plus greater economy than ever, thanks to modern high-compression, low-friction design. And, with new deep-block construction, operation is far smoother and quieter.



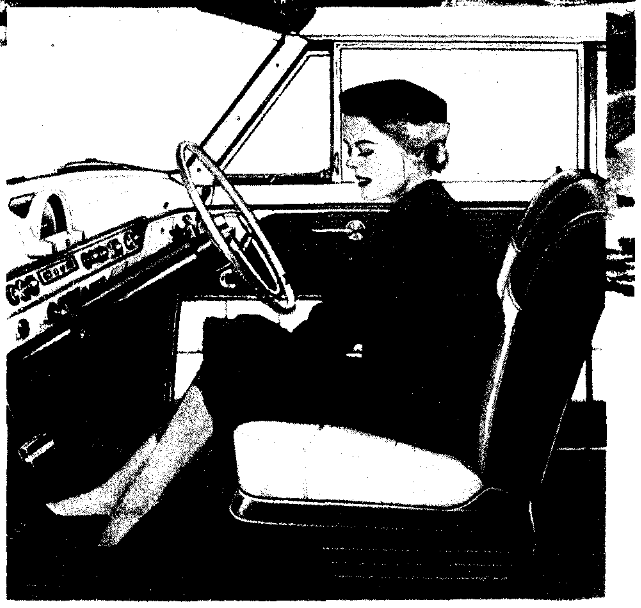
New Ball-Joint Front Suspension

This unique suspension, exclusive to Ford in its field, rings you extra dividends in more comfortable riding nd consistently easier handling. Self-aligning ball-oints replace conventional hinge joints and king pins. This new system allows increased up-and-down wheel ravel which smooths out even the roughest roads. all-joints are sealed against dirt and water. They are pring-loaded to compensate automatically for wear. nd lubrication points are cut from sixteen to four.

The '54 Ford, with its many value "extras," is recognized everywhere as an *extra special* buy. Look at the extra dividends you get in styling. Nowhere else will you find such clean, distinctive lines.

Look inside. No matter which '54 Ford body style you choose—and there are 14 of them—its stunning new upholstery is color-keyed to the smartly tailored interior trim . . . harmonizes perfectly with the body color of your choice.

And there's an extra dividend in Ford's beautifully designed easy-to-read Astra-Dial Control Panel. In fact, in the '54 Ford you get extra dividends in styling, ride and performance such as no low-priced car has ever offered before . . . and all at no extra premium in price.



Plus 5 optional power assists*

★ Master-Guide power steering does up to 75% of steering work . . . ★ Swift Sure Power Brakes do up to one-third of your stopping work . . . ★ Fordomatic Drive does *all* your shifting for you . . . ★ Power-Lift Windows open and close at a button's touch. And ★ 4-Way Power Seat adjusts up or down, forward or back, at a touch of the controls.

*At extra cost.

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Omaha's conservatism pays off; colleges welcome its graduates

STEWART B. DALE

Principal Kenneth Burkholder talks with his students on steps of Omaha's North High. The school, says the author, is a fine model of educational institution doing a sound teaching job

what needs doing." There are no tests, no requirements—and a student can take the course year after year and keep getting credit.

A group of Denver parents this winter demanded better English teaching, even beyond what has been achieved since 1950. They felt that Denver's high-school fare was pap which failed to sustain the youngsters when they got to college. Mrs. Walter W. Garnsey, a parent, said at a school meeting, "Our children arrive at college with a string of straight A's on their high-school English record and suffer a rude shock the first time they are asked to write an essay-type examination or a thoughtful commentary on something they have read."

She and other parents believe that more emphasis on straight intellectual growth would do more for the youngsters than many of the uncertain and highly debatable approaches to "life adjustment" and "social problems." Said Mrs. Garnsey, "My oldest daughter came home from school not long ago in uncontrollable giggles because she could not decide how to answer the test question, 'Does it worry you if you have big feet?' "

Denver has far to go mainly because it swung so far from down-to-earth education during the 1930s and '40s. During those years it was a darling of the modernists and progressive educators.

Not so the schools of Omaha, Nebraska. Like Boston Latin School, they never left home. They tested the wisdom of each new trend. They tasted much but swallowed little. They have had virtually no mention in professional education journals because, like the Latin School, they are unapologetically conservative.

School Superintendent Harry A. Burke summed up the Omaha philosophy: "We don't think it's high-school education when students sit around and discuss how to make a date. We don't believe in the whimsical approach—we don't ask our students, 'What would you like to do today?' What we do believe in is every boy's and girl's right to a good education which will stand by them all their lives. We don't soften and dilute the curriculum just because everyone isn't a scholar. We believe in giving each one the opportunity to try."

Of course, not every Omaha child sees it that way at the moment, as Burke well knows. Many would like to coast through on snap courses and fun, just as many prefer candy to green vegetables and messing up a room to straightening it. But in a long pedagogical career Burke has tried both ways. "The students I've been firm with are the ones who look me up later in life and thank me for it," he said. "The ones I let coast by I never see again."

Modern educationists often seek to justify their soft approach to education by citing that in 1900 only 11 per cent of our youth (the elite) went to high school, whereas by 1950 the total had risen to 77 per cent. "You can't make scholars of them all," the modernists say. Omaha won't buy this philosophy. It believes even the humblest are entitled to the best education. Its philosophy is: *up*grade the students, don't *down*grade the schools.

"A Sound, Down-to-Earth School"

North High in Omaha is not a Boston Latin School. Such an academic Utopia would be impractical in the average community. But North High is a sound, down-to-earth school specializing in the undiluted art of teaching, and doing—as President Griswold prescribed—"more of what Boston Latin School is doing." Any community high school could do the same.

To graduate from North High—a four-year school—a student must have taken at least three years of English, a year of math, a year of world geography, a year of world history, a half year of American government, a year of American history, and a year of natural science. Of 16 units required for graduation, eight and a half must be in required academic subjects.

Unlike the Minneapolis pronouncement that graduation does not mean the attainment of "any particular degree of education proficiency," at North High School it not only does, but *must.* If a student cannot pass an achievement test in English after taking three years, he must take fourth-year English. If he cannot pass an achievement test in math in his junior year, he must take a review course in his senior year.

North High doesn't want to turn out graduates who cannot write a grammatical sentence or an intelligible letter. Nor does it wish to deprive superior students of the speed they're capable of; swifter, broader English courses labeled "A" for academic are offered from the sophomore year on. Likewise, advanced sciences and mathematics are provided for the swift in place of general science and math.

"For students who have the capacity, we're holding the line," said Principal Kenneth Burkholder. "We haven't had to blunt the point. We haven't leveled everyone."

Though it gets a cold shoulder from modern educationists, North High collects kudos from other sources. Recently both Colgate University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology wrote to Burkholder that North High graduates were number one in their classes. In an era when colleges are screaming about miserable high-school preparation in English, Northwestern University exempted North High graduates from freshman English; they didn't need it. The head of the English department at the University of Nebraska wrote, "We are particularly glad to receive students so well prepared for higher education." And one English instructor at Nebraska exclaimed, "God bless the teachers at North High."

In the growing battle over education—turning so largely on whether schooling should be mainly work or fun, on whether it should insist on training the mind or simply following the students' interests, on whether it should stress fundamental knowledge or social adjustment—much of the future of American culture will be determined. As Robert Maynard Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, put it:

"To destroy the Western tradition of independent thought it is not necessary to burn the books. All we have to do is to leave them unread for a couple of generations." ▲▲▲

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The ALL-AMERICA

Selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches

By BILL FAY

DON SCHLUNDT of Indiana was the Player of the Year in college basketball. Schlundt, six-foot 10-inch center, polled 18 more votes than his closest rival, Bob Pettit of Louisiana State, in the balloting for the 1954 All-America basketball team selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

A total of 184 coaches took part in Collier's annual All-America poll. In addition to Schlundt and Pettit, the coaches' first team included Cliff Hagan of Kentucky, Tom Gola of LaSalle and Frank Selvy of Furman.

The coaches also picked a formidable second team, listing Bob Leonard of Indiana, Dick Ricketts of Duquesne, Bob Mattick of Oklahoma A&M, Togo Palazzi of Holy Cross and Arnold Short of Oklahoma City University.

The South dominated the balloting by placing three spectacular shotmakers—Pettit, Hagan and Selvy—on the first team. Every other major basketball section except the Far West contributed at least one outstanding player to the All-America line-ups. However, the Far West produced 1954's most promising sophomore, stratospheric Wade Halbrook, Oregon State's seven-foot-three-inch center. According to Western coaches, the twenty-year-old Halbrook lacks nothing but experience; and he's a cinch to develop into college basketball's best big man since George Mikan starred for De Paul in the middle 1940s.

Coach Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman of the N.A.B.C. selections committee, reported that four players—Schlundt, Pettit, Hagan and Gola—received overwhelming voting support. "But there was a real battle for that fifth and last position on the first team," Hobson revealed. "Selvy finally won a hairline decision over Leonard."

The selection of Don Schlundt as Player of the Year scarcely will surprise fans who read about Schlundt's remarkable basketball skills in a recent Collier's article (He Gets 'Em on the Hook, January 8, 1954). Schlundt, the ambidextrous master of the hook shot, consistently scores upwards of 25 points per game even though Indiana's Big Ten opponents invariably rig special defenses.

Like most big men, Schlundt is most effective close to the basket. However, Don can score from outside. Example: last month, when Wisconsin jammed the pivot area with a collapsing defense, Don moved into the corners and netted three quick one-handed push shots.

As a sophomore in '53, Schlundt established a Big Ten scoring record by netting 459 points in 18 games; he also spearheaded Indiana's drive to victory in the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament.

Schlundt continued to operate with record-breaking efficiency in '54. Against Ohio State, for instance, Don set a Big Ten single-game record by pouring in 16 field goals and 15 free throws for 47 points. Commenting on this performance, coach Branch McCracken of Indiana said:

"Schlundt was all over the court. He scored three field goals as the end man on fast-break maneuvers, five field goals on tip-ins under the basket, and eight field goals on one-handed hooks from eight to 20 feet out. He broke the record with a 15-foot left-handed hook, then followed up a moment later with a 10-foot right-handed hook. I can't imagine a more versatile shooting performance."

Schlundt, who's twenty, enrolled at Indiana after starring at Washington-Clay Township High School in South Bend. He's a junior majoring in business.

Bob Pettit, Louisiana State's six-foot-nine-inch center, was rated the most effective under-the-basket operator on the All-America first team. Coach Cliff Wells of Tulane reported: "Pettit's scoring gets the headlines, but the value of his defensive work just can't be overemphasized. Bob grabs from 15 to 20 rebounds per game. He's a fighter who goes up there and takes charge of the backboards."

There never was any doubt about where Pettit would go to college. Bob grew up in Baton Rouge within a 10-minute bus ride of the Louisiana State campus; and he first attracted the notice of Southern basketball fans while playing at Baton Rouge High School in 1950.

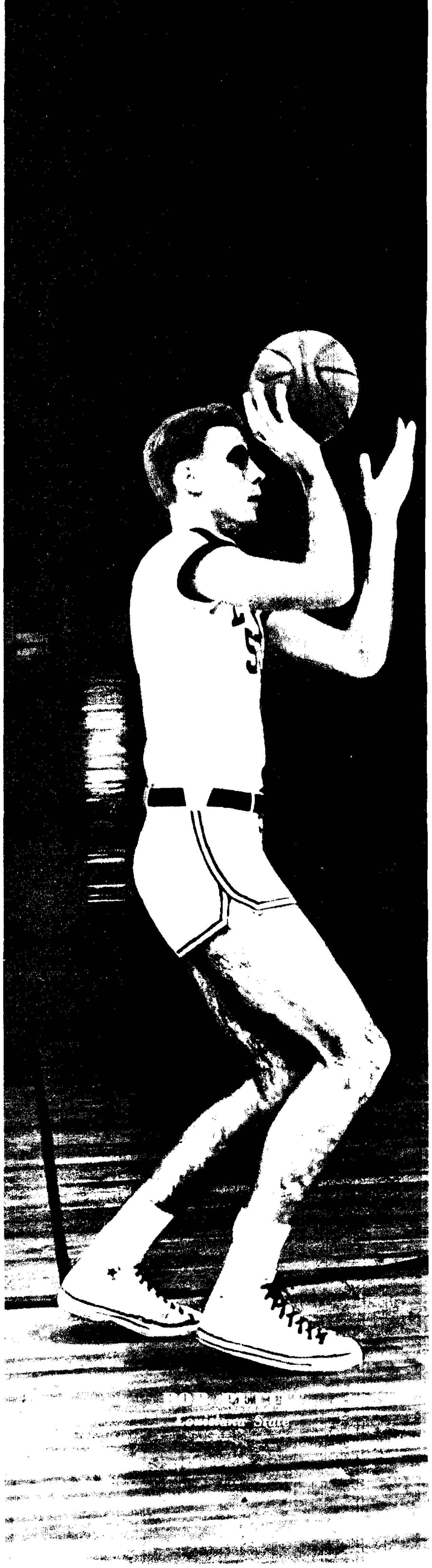
That was the year Pettit contracted what has been described as the most widely publicized case of mumps in the history of the South. While Pettit was convalescing, Baton Rouge lost nine consecutive games; but when Bob returned to action, Baton Rouge promptly won 17 consecutive games *and* the state championship.

At Louisiana State, Pettit broke into the starting line-up as a sophomore and quickly obliterated the Southeastern Conference scoring record by

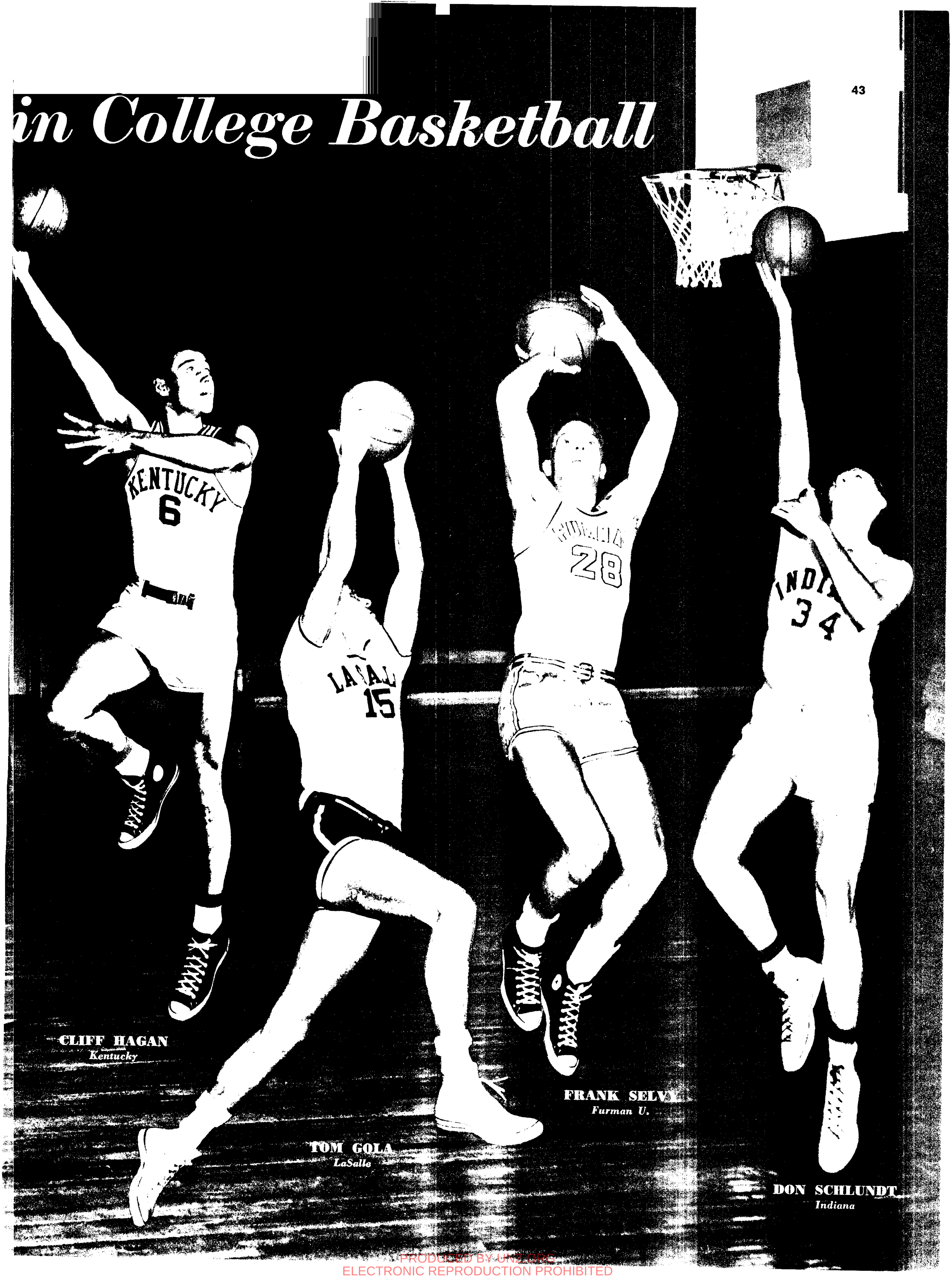
All-America Selection Committee

HOWARD HOBSON

Voting for the 1954 All-America basketball team was supervised by a board of outstanding college coaches representing each of the eight National Collegiate Athletic Association districts. The All-America board included the following: Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman; John Bunn, Springfield, District 1 representative; Ben Carnevale, Navy, District 2; Tom Haggerty, Loyola (New Orleans), District 3; John Jordan, Notre Dame, District 4; Ralph Miller, Wichita, District 5; Thurman Hull, Texas, District 6; Hoyt Brawner, Denver, District 7; and Clarence Price, California, District 8. In all, 184 coaches voted


BOB [illegible]
[illegible] State

in College Basketball



CLIFF HAGAN
Kentucky

TOM GOLA
LaSalle

FRANK SELVY
Furman U.

DON SCHLUNDT
Indiana

KENTUCKY
6
LASALLE
15
FURMAN
28
INDIANA
34

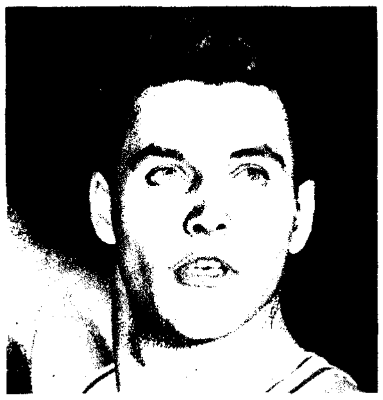
FIRST TEAM

FRANK SELVY
Furman

TOM GOLA
LaSalle

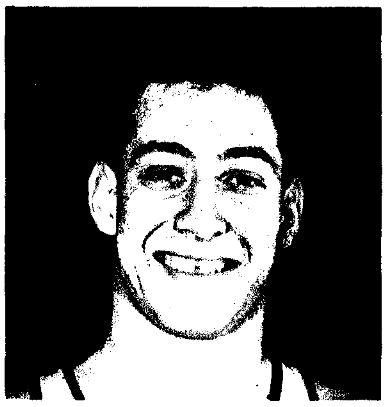
DON SCHLUNDT
Indiana

BOB PETTIT
Louisiana State


CLIFF HAGAN
Kentucky

SECOND TEAM

ARNOLD SHORT
Oklahoma City


TOGO PALAZZI
Holy Cross

BOB LEONARD
Indiana

BOB MATTICK
Oklahoma A&M

DICK RICKETTS
Duquesne

1954's first team is so good that Selvy, wh

amassing 612 points in 24 games. A virus infection kept Pettit from peak efficiency for a three-week period last season; but, even so, Bob collected 573 points.

When Bob Pettit's scoring average soared over the 30-point mark this season, his coach, Harry Rabenhorst of Louisiana State, enthused: "No player in college basketball can match Pettit's sensitive touch on tip-ins. Bob never slaps at the ball. You never even see his elbows move. He does it all with his wrist and fingers. Just a flip—and the ball goes in."

Pettit also is a high scorer scholastically: he maintains a B average in business administration. Following graduation next June, he hopes to play at least two seasons of professional basketball.

When Cliff Hagan was named to the 1952 Collier's All-America, coach Adolph Rupp declared: "We've had about 20 All-Americans in the 21 years I've been at Kentucky, but this Hagan could be the greatest of them all. Remember, Cliff's only a junior. His best year is still ahead of him."

Of course, Rupp's optimistic pronouncement was delivered *before* the NCAA dealt Kentucky a one-year suspension from collegiate basketball for pursuing overenthusiastic recruiting policies. As a result, Hagan had to wait until this season to fulfill Rupp's prophecy.

No doubt about it, it has been Hagan's best year. Cliff moved smoothly into the pivot post and spearheaded the devastating attack which enabled Kentucky to displace Indiana as the nation's No. 1 team in the early weeks of the season. He averaged 25 points per game.

"Actually," Rupp stated, "Cliff Hagan isn't big enough to play the pivot. He's only six four and weighs about 200 pounds. If we'd had a big man, Cliff would have played forward—his natural position. But Cliff made up for his lack of height with clever ball handling and faking. I've never seen a smoother ball handler."

Hagan, who lives in Owensboro, is one of the two native Kentuckians on the '54 All-America. The other is Frank Selvy, a resident of Corbin. How Selvy evaded Coach Rupp's talent scouts and escaped to Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, is one of college basketball's major mysteries.

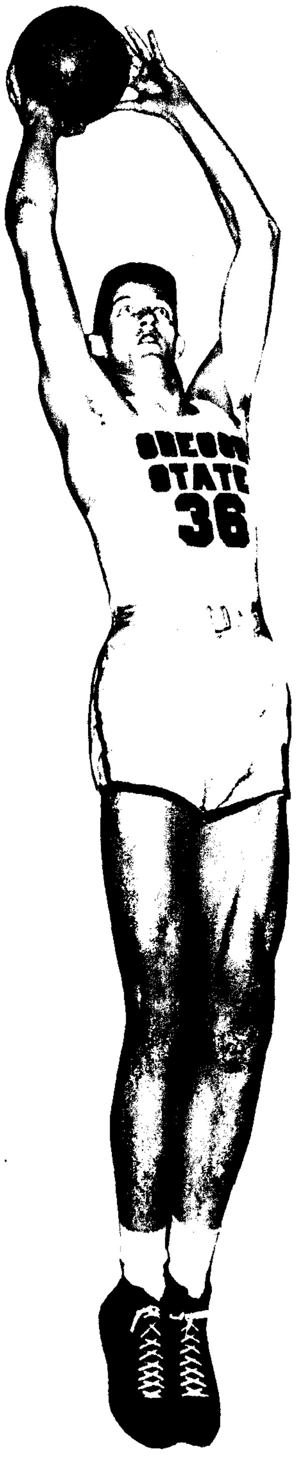
Starring against Newberry a couple of weeks ago, Selvy poured in 100 points to set a new all-time individual scoring record for major college players; he breezed past the 2,154-point total piled up by Jim Lacy in four years at Baltimore Loyola. As a sophomore in '52, Frank ranked fifth among the nation's top scorers with 591 points for a 24.9 average. Last season, he jumped to the No. 1 position with 738 points for a phenomenal 29.5 average, which surpassed the 29.2 major college record established in 1951 by Bill Mlkvy of Temple.

Selvy (six feet three and 180 pounds) specializes in jump shots from outside the foul circle. "No matter how closely Selvy is guarded," coach Lyles Alley of Furman explained recently, "he gets his shot off. He simply jumps straight up in the air—holding the ball at arm's length over his head—and releases the ball at the height of his jump.

"To block Selvy's jump shot," Alley added, "an opponent has to execute a *perfectly timed and higher* jump. That isn't easy, because Selvy is a great faker. He has a neat trick of faking his jump; then, if his opponent goes up, Frank drives around him and dribbles in for a lay-up."

In addition to his scoring records, Selvy is an honor student and president of Furman's senior class. Not bad for a fellow who just turned twenty-one last November.

Tom Gola of LaSalle was the only sophomore on last year's All-America, which included four senior sharpshooters: Bob Houbregs of



WADE HALBROOK
Oregon State

olds the four-year scoring mark for major colleges, just made it on the ballots

Washington, Johnny O'Brien of Seattle, Ernie Beck of Penn and Walt Dukes of Seton Hall. By earning first-team honors again this season, twenty-year-old Gola placed himself in position to become college basketball's first three-time All-American.

Gola (six feet seven and 207 pounds) first broke into national prominence as a freshman when his clutch shooting and robust rebounding paced LaSalle's drive to the 1952 National Invitation Tournament title. "Tom had all the shots even then," recalls coach Ken Loeffler. "There wasn't anything I could teach him."

The coaches rate Gola the fastest big man in collegiate competition. Tom has run the quarter mile in 49.6 seconds. "What's equally important," Loeffler points out, "Gola can sustain his speed over a 40-minute game and he's springy as a jumping jack. In addition to leading the team in scoring, he's our playmaker and just about the best rebounder in the country. What else can you ask one player to do?"

Gola, an accounting major, also sustains a rapid classroom pace. He carries 19 hours of studies during the season and holds a B-minus average.

Now, let's look at the All-America second team—another talent-packed quintet. Big Ten coaches rated Bob Leonard of Indiana the nation's most accurate long shot. Example: Leonard dropped seven of 14 field-goal attempts against Wisconsin at distances varying from 20 to 40 feet.

Dick Ricketts, Duquesne's six-foot-seven pivot ace, piled up substantial voting support in all eight NCAA districts. Ricketts is only a junior. He should move up to the first team in '55.

Togo Palazzi, Holy Cross forward, averaged better than 20 points per game with driving lay-ups and accurate set shots from the corners.

Bob Mattick, Oklahoma Aggies' center, and Arnold Short, Oklahoma City University forward, dominated the Southwest. Mattick (six eleven, 220 pounds) was a tip-in artist, a tireless rebounder. Short (six three, 175 pounds) specialized in jump shots.

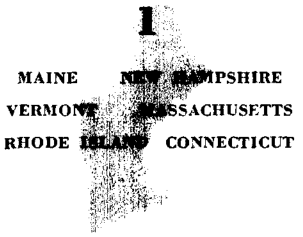
The competition for first- and second-team positions was so intense that many sectional stars barely missed All-America recognition. The Honorable Mention list includes such standout performers as Frank Ramsey of Kentucky; John Kerr, Illinois; Paul Ebert, Ohio State; Tom Marshall, Western Kentucky; Dick Hemric, Wake Forest; Gene Schwinger, Rice; Bob McKeen, California; and Dennis Stuehm of Colorado A&M.

The fabulous and controversial Bevo Francis of Rio Grande College (O.) was awarded Honorable Mention by coaches in District 4, even though Rio Grande did not play a major college schedule. Many coaches believe Bevo will prove himself an outstanding star—if he ever gets an opportunity to play consistently against topflight opposition.

And there should be some sort of award for guard Bob Poole of Furman, who was averaging 3.8 points per game recently when his All-America teammate Frank Selvy was shooting at a phenomenal 38.3 rate. "Furman," quipped Poole, "has the highest-scoring pair of guards in the country." ▲▲▲

N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS

1



TOGO PALAZZI	Holy Cross
RON PERRY	Holy Cross
ART QUIMBY	Connecticut
TONY DAUKAS	Boston Coll.
AL DENNIS	Middlebury

Honorable Mention

Worthy Patterson, Connecticut; Lou Murgo, Brown; Pete Geithner, Dartmouth; Bob Moran, Providence; Tom Heinsohn, Holy Cross; Harry Sacks, Harvard; Paul Wisdom, Dartmouth; Bill Pappas, New Hampshire; Tony Moro, Williams; Jim Houston, Brandeis; Dick Watson, Connecticut; Bill Dennis, Harvard; Bob Young, St. Michaels (Vt.).

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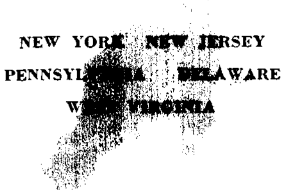
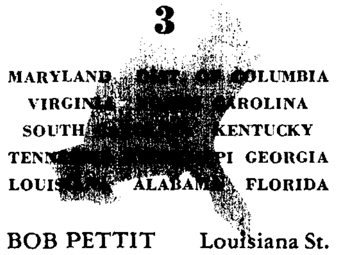


TOM GOLA	LaSalle
DICK RICKETTS	Duquesne
LARRY COSTELLO	Niagara
ED CONLIN	Fordham
JOHN CLUNE	Navy

Honorable Mention

Sihugo Green and Jim Tucker, Duquesne; Lee Morton, Cornell; Don Lange, Navy; Bob Schafer, Villanova; Boris Nachamkin, NYU; Jesse Arnelle, Penn State; Walt Walowac, Marshall; Charlie Hoxie, Niagara; Hank Daubenschmidt, St. Francis (Bklyn); Harry Brooks, Seton Hall; Richie Guerin, Iona; Clarence Burch, Pitt.

3



BOB PETTIT	Louisiana St.
FRANK SELVY	Furman
FRANK RAMSEY	Kentucky
CLIFF HAGAN	Kentucky
DICK HEMRIC	Wake Forest

Honorable Mention

Tom Marshall, Western Kentucky; Hal Cervini, Tulane; Lou Tsioropoulos, Kentucky; Gene Shue, Maryland; Art Spoelstra, Western Kentucky; Jerry Harper, Alabama; Dan Finch, Vanderbilt; Johnny Mahoney, William & Mary; Bob Jarvis, Mississippi; Ed Becker, West Virginia; Howie Crittenden, Murray State; Dick Wilkinson, Virginia.

4

OHIO
MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN
MINNESOTA

DON SCHLUNDT	Indiana
BOB LEONARD	Indiana
PAUL EBERT	Ohio State
JOHN KERR	Illinois
CHUCK MENCEL	Minnesota

Honorable Mention

Dick Rosenthal and Joe Bertrand, Notre Dame; Ed Kalafat and Dick Garmaker, Minnesota; Bevo Francis, Rio Grande; Al Bianchi, Bowling Green; Jack Twyman, Cincinnati; Dick Howard, Western Reserve; Jim Lamkin, De Paul; Al Ferrari and Julius McCoy, Michigan State; Phil Martin, Toledo; John Dalton, John Carroll; Robin Freeman, Ohio State.

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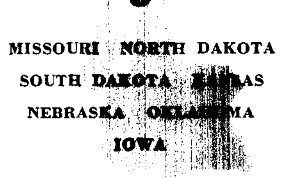


BOB MATTICK	Okla. A&M
CLEO LITTLETON	Wichita
B. H. BORN	Kansas
A. SHORT	Okla. City U.
FRED SEGER	Nebraska

Honorable Mention

Jesse Prisock, Kansas State; Allen Kelley and Harold Patterson, Kansas; Les Lane, Oklahoma; Dick Boushka, St. Louis; Bob Reiter, Missouri; Bob Waller, Oklahoma; Dick Nunneley, Tulsa; Eddie Cole, Creighton; Paul Scheer, Wichita; Frank Bigham, Oklahoma A&M; Bill Johnson, Nebraska; Bob Kriegshauser, Washington (Mo.).

6

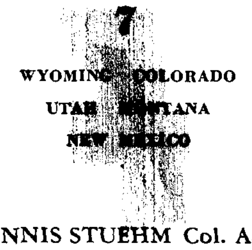
ARIZONA
TEXAS
ARKANSAS

GENE SCHWINGER	Rice
DERRELL MURPHY	SMU
DON LANCE	Rice
GIB FORD	Texas
RAY WARREN	TCU

Honorable Mention

Troy Burrus, West Texas State; Fred Saunders, Bill Powell and Bob Waggener, Texas; Jim Reed, Texas Tech; Art Barnes, Southern Methodist; Gerald Barnett, Arkansas; Henry Ohlen, Texas Christian; Carl Ince, Texas Tech; Hadie Redd, Arizona; Gene Majors, Texas Western; Ken Morgan, Baylor; Dick Daugherty, Arizona State (Tempe).

7

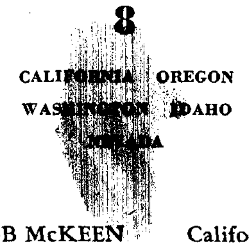


DENNIS STUEHM	Col. A&M
BILL SHARP	Wyo.
HARRY JORGENSEN	Wyo.
KEITH PATTON	Denver
RON RIVERS	Wyo.

Honorable Mention

Bob Harbertson, Utah State; Nick Mateljan and Dean Larsen, Brigham Young; Toby Roybal, New Mexico; Bob Betz, Colorado A&M; Tom Rhone, Denver; Keith Edwards, Colorado State; Hal Kinard, Colorado A&M; Tom Karren, Brigham Young; Ed Anderson and Ritch Johnson, Montana; Bill Maxwell, Utah; Russell Nystedt, New Mexico.

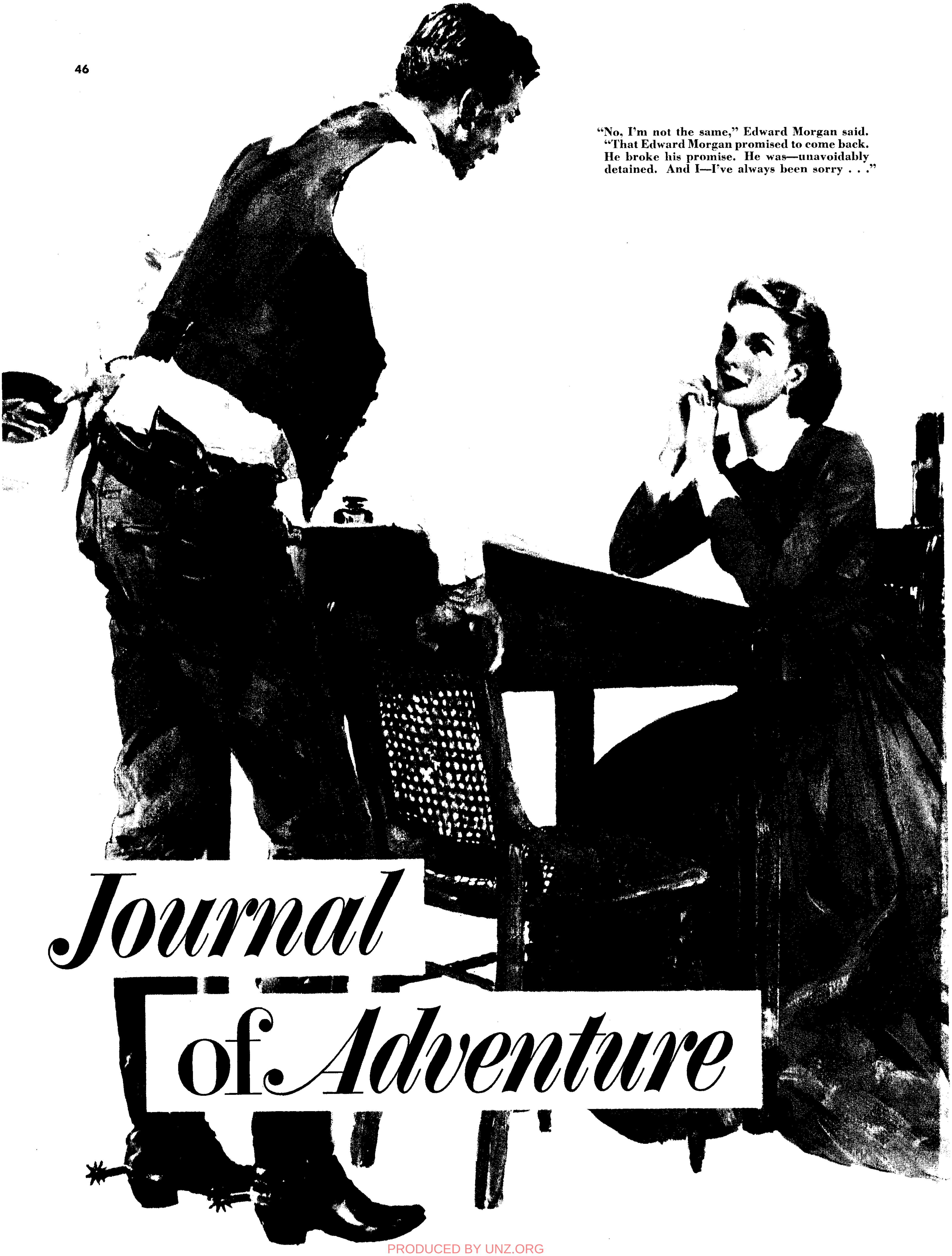
8



BOB McKEEN	California
R. MATHENY	California
KEN SEARS	Santa Clara
W. HALBROOK	Oregon State
BILL RUSSELL	San Francisco

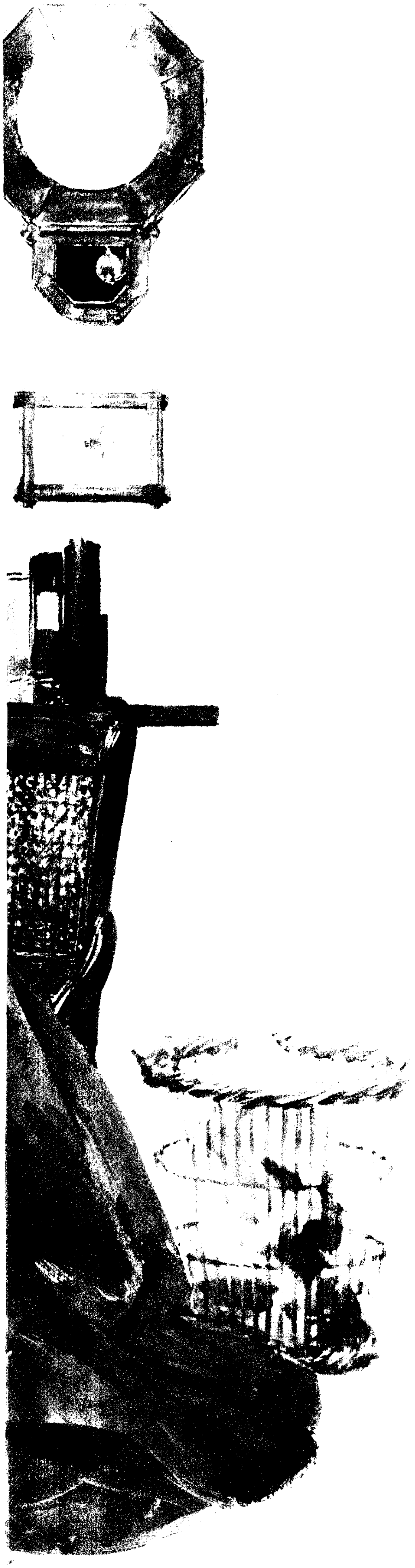
Honorable Mention

Ron Bennink, Washington State; Don Bragg, UCLA; Ken Wegner, Oregon; Russ Lawler, Stanford; Bob Albo, California; George Selleck, Stanford; Jerry Vermillion, Gonzaga; Jim Young, Santa Clara; Tom Flynn, Idaho; Bob Cox, Loyola (Los Angeles); Bob Hopkins, Pasadena Nazarene; Dwight Morrison, Idaho; Ron Livington, UCLA.



"No, I'm not the same," Edward Morgan said. "That Edward Morgan promised to come back. He broke his promise. He was—unavoidably detained. And I—I've always been sorry . . ."

Journal of Adventure



By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

The Indian girl had saved Morgan's life, and now he was expected to marry her. Never again would he see the girl he really loved

WHEN he had done everything he could to prepare the shallow cave under the roots of the fallen pine for winter, when he had made every effort to save his own life, he faced the fact that he might fail. But he could not bear the thought that he might be only unnamed bones when someone found him, years hence. A man has identity, and he would save *that* even if he could not save his life.

He had set and splinted his broken leg as best he could; he had shot his crippled horse and salvaged as much meat as he could carry while crawling. He had even hung a part of the horse's hide to dry and stiffen where he could reach it. Anyway, he could reach it if he did not become completely helpless.

He had dragged tree branches for firewood close to his shallow shelter; and he had planned how, after snow came, he would burn a part of the tree so as to make the cave deeper.

But he was not at all sure he could live through the winter.

So he got out the blank book that, with higher spirits, he had entitled Journal of Adventure. If the book were found with his body or his bones by some Indian—who would think it was medicine or magic—it would be left to rot. But if a wandering white man came upon the book, he would read it, or else take it to someone who could. The book would let it be known that the man who had died there had had a name and once had had a future.

He propped himself up and wrote on a blank page:

November—1868. I am Edward Morgan, age twenty. Was traveling with a party of friendly Crows when attacked by Cheyenne. Got separated and in crossing this creek my horse fell on me, breaking his leg and mine. I have done the best I could. Please notify . . .

He crossed out the last two words. They were too brutal. He had been about to write: Please notify Miss Victoria Willis that Edward Morgan will not return to marry her because he died of starvation and cold under the roots of a tree somewhere in Montana Territory. No, he could be gentler than that. He thought for a time with his eyes closed, and then he wrote:

I, Edward Morgan, being sound in mind but in danger of death, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to Victoria Willis, East Waterford, Vermont, all the goods and property, real and personal, of which I die possessed, including my books. There being no witnesses because I am alone in the mountains, I sign myself, Edward Morgan. This is my last will and testament.

If someone found the book with the will in it, perhaps the book would go to Vicky with his property. Then she could read the journal that began with his departure for the West and mentioned every letter he had received from her in the year and a half he had been away. So there was no reason for writing that he loved her. There was no need for a message like that, to be seen by strangers.

He leafed through the journal. So much of it was still blank pages, like his life. He had expected to fill many pages. He had expected to finish his college education and to become a teacher of Latin and Greek, and he had expected to marry Vicky.

If he ever got home again, he would be content to chronicle the small events of tranquillity. But now he wrote what he thought would be the last entry in the Journal of Adventure: *Farewell, Adventure! Thou'rt a fickle jade.*

That was a gallant flourish, he thought, though he realized that it did not sound much like Edward Morgan. Yet while he was dying, if he did die, he was not going to keep a record of horror for Vicky to read if she ever saw the book.

But before he closed the journal, he had to send her one more message: *Vicky, I tried to come back to you.* Then he leaned back with his eyes closed. There was nothing now to write. Henceforth he had only to endure. . . .

He had found adventure in three or four gold camps, though he reached them a little too late for the gold. It was planned adventure, and he preferred to stay on the side lines—an observer, not a partaker.

He joined a village of Crow Indians because he wanted to see how Indians lived and the Crows were friendly. He had money enough to buy impressive presents for them, so they were willing to have his company. He was hardy and adaptable, but theirs was not a life he would have cared to live for very long. Many of their customs shocked him, and he did not learn their language well enough to talk just for the pleasure of conversation.

His curiosity satisfied, he had decided to leave the Indians and he was riding with half a dozen of the men toward the nearest trading post when his whole life changed. The party of Crows was ambushed and attacked by a larger party of Cheyenne. The Crows and Edward Morgan rode for their lives. He was separated from them in broken, wooded country.

This will be something to tell Vicky! he thought, just as his horse, plunging across a creek, fell.

His horse lunged half a dozen times before it got up. Each time the animal fell back on him, Edward Morgan groaned and thought he might faint. When the horse at last staggered to its feet, trembling and blowing, Morgan pulled himself out of the icy water and knew that his left leg was broken.

At first, he thought that in spite of the pain he might manage to mount and ride to find the Crows. But the horse had a broken leg too. Neither of them could travel. He immediately faced the fact that he would have to spend the winter in that place.

THERE was a shallow shelter, a crumbling cave, under the roots of a great fallen pine. He stared at the shelter and recalled a Bible quotation: Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. There might never be any mourners for Edward Morgan.

He did the best he could for his injured leg; for splints he used straight branches that he had padded with moss and creeping vines, and then he had tied them snugly with a rope he had carried on his saddle. Night was falling then, so he built a frugal fire, not daring to waste wood, for what he could reach must last a long time.

He warmed himself and ate some pemmican from his saddlebags. After making sure the horse could not hobble away, he slept fitfully in the cave until dawn came.

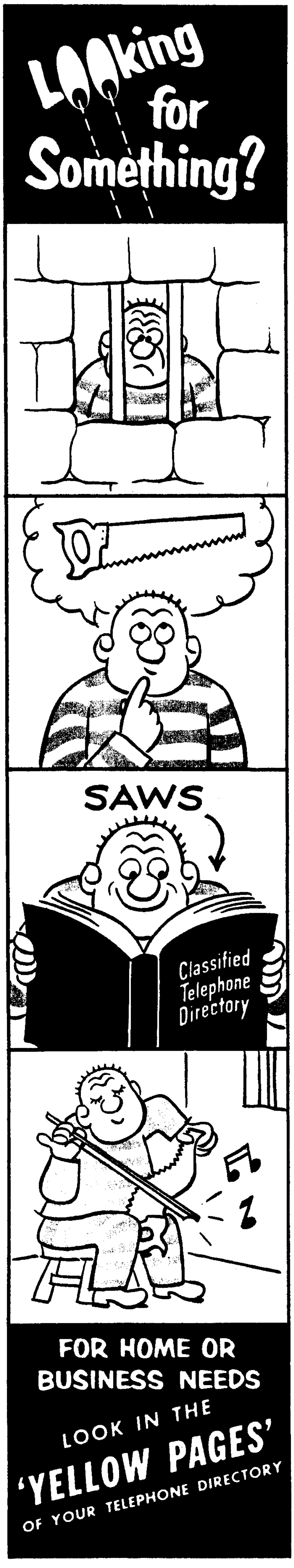
That day he had a great deal of work to do. He crawled to where the horse stood and with great effort he got the saddle off. Then he shot the horse in the head and set about skinning as much of it as possible. He would need the hide to hang in front of the shelter; it would keep out some of the snow that would come later. Some of the hide he cut into smaller pieces, which he might need for purposes he had not yet figured out.

All this he did hastily, awkwardly, in pain. The hide would be useful, but the meat would be life itself to him. He cut some meat into strips as he had seen Indian women do, and he hung it up, hoping it would dry and be preserved. He ate cooked meat that night beside his small fire.

He awoke from restless, pain-shot sleep in the dark night, hearing some animal eating on the horse carcass, and he fired a shot that scared it away.

He did not sleep any more, and at dawn the

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES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animal was there again—a mountain lion. He waited with patience and cunning until there was daylight enough and then shot the big cat.

That day had been the worst of all, because his leg hurt so much as a result of the crawling he had done and had to do. He skinned the mountain lion and hauled himself wearily back to the shelter, where he laid the hide, fur upward, on the cold, damp earth. He gnawed some raw horsemeat for supper because he was too exhausted to build a fire.

IN THE morning he awoke to the sound of groaning and found he was making the sound himself. Without moving, he looked up at the dirt roof of his shelter, his long home. Was there reflected light? He turned his head and saw pale sunshine on new snow within arm's reach.

So he need not go thirsty if he became unable to crawl the few feet to the creek. He could eat snow. If winter cold came soon enough, it would make his meat supply last longer—but cold might kill him as he lay there. The air was not really cold that morning, and he noticed, sniffing, that the carcass of the horse was beginning to stink.

He was the loneliest man in the world. He was primitive man in savage wilderness. But primitive man was not alone, he remembered. The Indians lived among unseen beings and told long, frightening stories about them. Most of the spirit beings were cruel; only a few meant well.

Feeling ashamed, but comforting himself with the assurance that nobody would ever know his shame, he made a little sacrifice to the heathen spirits the next time he ate. When he roasted horsemeat on a stick over his small fire, he dropped a bit of the meat into the flames.

That night the cold was cruel. He dreamed of being lost, of trying to escape from danger—wolves, grizzly bears, painted Cheyenne—and of being too slow. Even in sleep he was surrounded by enemies, as waking he was tormented by cold and pain and terror. Sometimes in a dream he moved just fast enough to take refuge in his shelter under the tree roots, only to find that he was trapped there.

When he awoke, it was true. He was too stiff and pain-racked to move.

He began to think his message to Vicky in the journal was a lie. *I did the best I could.* That was brave enough when he wrote it, but an injured man did not have to go on being valiant while slow death approached, not while he had a gun and ammunition.

If whoever came upon his bones found a bullet hole in the skull, Edward Morgan thought, he would have the decency not to mention it in sending the journal on to Vicky. But he was not ready to use a bullet yet. . . .

Four or five days later he was ready, but by that time he was too sick. His chest was torn with coughing, he was very feverish, and he was quite sure he had pneumonia. He realized that he must be delirious, because once he opened his eyes and saw a horse standing by the creek. A horse that was dead and skinned and partly eaten should not be standing there with its hide on. Edward Morgan was weakly angry at the unreasonable horse.

"Get along, there!" he shouted, and fell back, coughing.

Then Vicky was there. Vicky? Who else would have come? She murmured and reached out, kneeling, to put her hand on his forehead. She built a fire. He peered between his eyelids to see her moving about it.

She gave him soup to drink from a cup of some kind. She tried to make his injured leg more comfortable, but she hurt him and he shouted in anger, trying to strike her away.

Fevered and vastly bewildered, he passed the night in periods of cold and warmth. When he was warm, it was because she was lying beside him, protecting him from winter and death.

Uncounted days later, he knew she was not Vicky. She was a Crow Indian girl whose name he could not even remember. The horse he sometimes saw was the one she had ridden in her search for him after the returning riders told how they had lost him.

He wanted to ask why she had come, but until he got well of his fever he did not dare for fear she might vanish. During his worst sickness, he often woke, panting, trembling like a cobweb, and cried hoarsely for her and reached out—and found her there.

When the pneumonia was mercifully gone, he dared to ask her. He was weak and stinking with sweat; he lay in the shallow cave with the fire roaring in front of it—how many miles had she trudged through snow with loads of firewood on her bent back!—but his head was clear. He could not remember the Crow words for "Why did you come?" so he asked in English.

Conscientious Objector

With bores you know
Just where you're at:
It's plain because
Their feats are flat.

—MARY ALKUS

She murmured something, smiling, and went on with her endless toil. She had even moved the carcasses of the horse and lion off into the woods, salvaging some of the smaller bones for tools and dishes.

In midwinter, they came close to starvation, but the Indian girl set ingenious traps and caught enough small animals to keep life in their bodies. He had learned her name by that time—Blue Wind Woman—and why she had come to save him. He knew why, but for a long time he did not want to face the fact of the debt he had incurred. For her, a white man meant prestige. She was willing to gamble. She had staked her life on him.

In early spring—he guessed it was March—he could walk, though he limped badly. He would always limp, but he had not died.

Blue Wind Woman then announced, "Tomorrow we will go to look for my people."

For the first time since he had written his will, he took out the Journal of Adventure to make another entry. The girl huddled in her blanket and pressed against his shoulder, watching with admiration as he wrote. Sometime, he thought, I will read this, or my children will. There must be no bitterness. He smiled wryly at a recollection of something his grandmother used to say in admonition when he was too noisy as a little boy: "Edward, let us comport ourselves with dignity."

And so he wrote not what he wished to say, but what he would wish someone else to read:

March—, 1869, cave by the creek. A few days after the last entry in this journal, I became desperately ill and would surely have died had it not been for the arrival of a young woman of the Crow tribe.

She came, with great danger to herself, expressly to find the white man who her tribesmen said had been lost in their retreat.

She has worked unceasingly through these winter months to save my life. We have been near to starving, and that we did not starve is entirely owing to her constant efforts. Her patience and fortitude never falter. She is unfailingly good-humored, no matter how cold or tired or hungry. I owe her a debt that only my lifelong devotion can repay. Her name means Blue Wind Woman, but I call her Jane. Tomorrow we start from this place to find her people. The horse she brought has fared ill through the winter and is no more than bones held together with hide. But she says he is strong enough to carry me (for I can as yet walk only short distances), and she will travel on foot, carrying a pack of our necessities on her back. Until this winter, I never really understood the meaning of that word necessities.

When he stopped writing, she pointed at the page, looked up into his face with an eager, inquiring expression, and laughed.

He smiled and said, "It's about you." Then he kissed her.

"We will go where you want to go," he promised. "We will be married by a preacher." He took her rough, cold hand in both his hands and said solemnly, "I will be good to you and true to you so long as we both shall live, so help me God."

So Vicky was only a faraway sweet memory and a name that would appear no more in the Journal of Adventure.

THEY stayed for a few weeks with the Crows so that Blue Wind Woman could show her man to her people. But she had seen from a distance how white men's women lived in settlements, and she wished for that grandeur. Edward Morgan did not think that he could endure the Crow camp much longer anyway.

He rented a cabin on the edge of a town and went with his wife to a store where furniture could be bought. She was overwhelmed beyond speech, and at first would not point or touch but hide her face in her blanket.

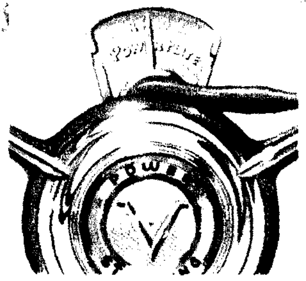
Their cabin was furnished with real chairs, a painted table, an iron cooking stove and a brass bedstead. And then Edward Morgan made another entry in his journal:

July 3, 1869. This morning, I, Edward Morgan, and Jane or Blue Wind Woman, daughter of High Elk of the Crow tribe, were united in holy matrimony by the Rev. Walter Wickersham, a Methodist circuit rider. My bride wore a black satin dress that the wife of a departing citizen kindly sold me. I intend to do all in my power to make her life a contented one. Brother Wickersham baptized us both.

The baptism—Edward Morgan's second—made him feel better. His conscience had irked him about that pagan sacrifice he had made to the heathen spirits.

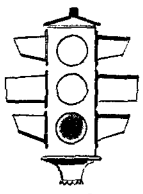
I am looking for a business connection in this region, he wrote. *A partnership is available in a mule freight business. I am now twenty-one years of*

New '54 Dodge Royal V-8 Four-Door Sedan in Berkshire Green and Sunsand. PowerFlite is optional equipment.



Thrill To New Dodge ***PowerFlite!***

Newest, smoothest, most powerful of all automatic transmissions!



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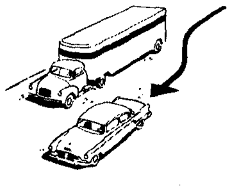

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Easiest to handle in snow, ice. The matchless smoothness of PowerFlite lets you start without wheel spin. You "rock" out of snow drifts with an easy back-and-forth motion of the selector lever—so natural you could do it with your eyes closed! PowerFlite is simpler—sturdier, too! Holds more official AAA performance records than any other automatic transmission.

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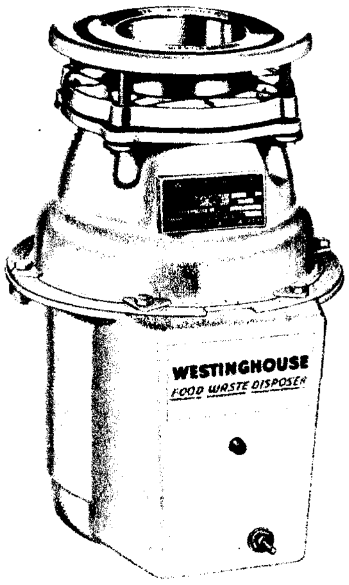
If you hate the mess of

garbage

Messy sinks . . . smelly sink strainers . . .
garbage wrappings and toting . . .
unsightly, unsanitary garbage cans . . .

You'll love the Westinghouse FOOD WASTE disposer



It does away with all that, so easily! Just scrape all food waste, including bones, off the plates into the sink drain, turn on the cold water and flick a switch. Presto, it's gone, for good, down the drain.

The Westinghouse Disposer has superior capacity and operates quietly. Reversing switch and double-edged shredders give it double life. Uniform shredding keeps drain lines clean. Now you can easily afford a Westinghouse Disposer at this low price.

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YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

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age and can claim the money that is waiting for me in a Philadelphia bank.

So Edward Morgan became a mule skinner and a boss of mule skinners, instead of being a professor of Latin and Greek.

His wife was proud of her house, though she had no interest in keeping it clean as Edward urged. She sat more easily on the floor than on a chair. She built a brush shelter outside the door and did her cooking there over a fire rather than on the stove indoors. Sometimes he thought she was lonely, but she never said so.

HE WROTE seldom in the journal except to note business transactions he wanted to record. But in May, 1871, he made a jubilant entry:

At four o'clock this morning a daughter was born to my wife Jane. She is a perfect baby but finds this world less than perfect, I judge by her loud objections to it. We will name her Elizabeth for my mother. Jane is agreeable to this name and is practicing the pronunciation. My wife is in good health and spirits, though she wished for a baby boy. May God shower blessings on my little Elizabeth.

They were in another settlement, a hundred miles south, when he entered another birth two years later:

A son, who will be named for me, was born this morning to my wife, Jane Morgan. Edward Morgan the younger objects less strenuously to his new surroundings than his sister Elizabeth did. He is a beautiful baby, and I trust we will rear him to be an admirable citizen.

But they did not. Edward Morgan the younger, half-blooded son of Edward Morgan, was not yet two years old when he died with his mother. This was so harsh a tragedy that it was not entered in the battered Journal of Adventure until some three weeks later.

Elizabeth Morgan, not quite four years old, slept sweetly after she had said her Now I Lay Me. Her father moved quietly about the cabin, packing the belongings he would take when he left it. When he came upon his journal on a dusty shelf, he held it for a while, unopened, and then sat down at the table where a kerosene lamp gave light for reading. *My wife and son are dead,* he wrote and for a few minutes could go no further.

She was a fearless woman and impetuous. Six years ago these traits of hers saved my life, but now they have lost two others. Wishing to visit her own people, who had been camped some miles from this settlement, she took the boy and set out on horseback, but they were caught in a sudden blizzard and did not survive.

My little Elizabeth is spared to me, having been left behind with a neighbor. A search party of which I was a member found the two bodies in a snowdrift after my wife's horse came back to our cabin.

Let us comport ourselves with dignity, he thought, putting down the pen. No need to tell the whole of it for Elizabeth to read someday. Blue Wind Woman must have been homesick, lonely. Her family had visited often, looking on Edward's household with pride and curiosity, always expecting a feast and always getting it. But perhaps, he thought, his wife had been tired of trying to live like a white woman.

She had left Elizabeth with a good woman nearby who had a house full of children and had not objected to a visit from one more. But Elizabeth's visit had lasted for a week, because Edward Morgan, freighting supplies from Salt Lake City, had been delayed by snow. He had come home to find his cabin empty and cold, to find the neighbor woman frantic with concern.

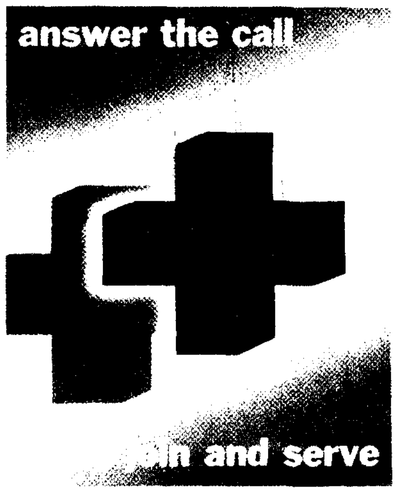
There was no need to tell those details in the journal, or how unwilling his acquaintances had been to set out to search for an Indian woman and her baby who were no doubt settled safely in a tepee miles away.

"They are my wife and child," he had repeated grimly and had recruited three men to help in the search. He found the bodies himself and stayed there while the others rode back for shovels to dig a grave.

Tomorrow, he wrote, *my little daughter and I will leave this place. She will be cared for by Mrs. Clough, a rancher's wife in the Tumult Valley. I will continue my freight business, but with headquarters at Elk City.*

He felt more solitary than ever before—excepting the time when he had lain with his leg broken in the shelter by that distant mountain creek. And now he could admit to himself that he had been lonely for a long time. He wished mightily to confide in someone to ease his grief, but there was no one.

He wrote a short letter to the bank in Philadelphia, where he still had a few hundred dollars on deposit, and gave his new address, Elk City.



FOUR years later, Edward Morgan rearranged his life again, so that he might make a home for Elizabeth. He sold his freight outfit and bought a livery stable that would allow him to stay in town, and during the summer he brought his daughter home from the Clough ranch to let her get used to him before school started.

She is willing to try anything, he wrote proudly in the journal, which no longer related anything adventurous about himself. *She even volunteered to make bread, but was satisfied when I said we could buy it from a neighbor, who also does our washing. Elizabeth and I keep house very well. I cook and she wipes the dishes. She attempts to sweep with a broom far taller than herself. She can read a little, even without schooling. My daughter is a more than average bright child.*

She came home jubilant after her first day at school.

"Put your dark apron on," her father admonished, "but never mind peeling the potatoes. You tell me all about school while I get supper."

She sat on a chair, with her feet swinging and her hands clasped. "Well, it was real nice," she reported happily. "I've got a lady for my teacher! Mrs. Bishop, her name is."

"Not Professor Emery? How nice

to have a lady! But Missus? Married ladies don't teach school."

"Why not? Oh, I guess they stay home and look after their children. But she said Missus. I sit next to a little girl who has curly hair."

He opened her lunch pail, and said, "Why, you ate both your sandwiches. Good girl."

"Two's too much, but I had one. The other one, there was a boy didn't have any, so Mrs. Bishop said I could give it to him."

"That's fine, my dear." (Oh, proud little Elizabeth, who could be bountiful! She would have two sandwiches every day.)

"Teacher sent a paper for you to write on. I don't know all the answers." She giggled. "She asked what your first name was. I said it was Papa."

LYING in his bunk that night, waiting for sleep, he was amused that his daughter had not known his first name. Still, when had she ever heard it? Men called him Morgan. Blue Wind Woman (she was Jane on the paper he had filled in for the teacher) had called him a pet name in her own language. But now his daughter, or perhaps her teacher, had made him whole again, Edward Morgan, as he had been when he was a boy in the country that Elizabeth, with awe and respect, called Way Back East.

A week later, when Elizabeth skipped in with her book and lunch pail, she said, "Teacher says please she would like to see you."

"Did she say what for? My little girl hasn't been bad in school, has she?"

Elizabeth searched her soul. "Well, I don't think so. If you're bad, she calls you down, like if you talk when you shouldn't. Some of the children are real bad," she added with conscious virtue. "But teacher likes me fine."

Getting slicked up enough to meet the teacher was a problem. He left a clean shirt and his good boots at the barbershop in the morning, and in the afternoon went back there for a bath and a shave. It was a long time since he had been so shined up.

He left his saddle horse at the hitch rack in front of the school and noted Elizabeth's little pinto grazing with a dozen other ponies nearby. When the youngsters surged out with a roar of release, he told Elizabeth to play a while. He tugged at his collar as he limped into the school. The teacher's back was turned and he cleared his throat and said, "Mrs. Bishop?"

When she turned, he heard his own voice saying, "Why, Vicky!"

She stared at him with honest curiosity and then sat down at her desk and said, "I wanted to know whether it was the same Edward Morgan."

He thought of the last seven years. "I guess it isn't," he said. "That Edward Morgan promised to come back. He broke his promise. He was—unavoidably detained. I'm sorry, Vicky. I've always been sorry."

She toyed with a pencil, not looking up. "Vicky Willis promised to wait. But she married a man named Forbes Bishop. He was drowned."

"So Vicky Bishop, forced to earn her own living, came to the frontier to teach school."

"I don't have to earn my living," she said frankly. "It's no coincidence that I came to Elk City. My second cousin works in a bank in Philadelphia. He told me you were here. Getting the information out of him was almost as hard as the journey west. I hope you realize," she added with a trace of a smile, "that this explanation is embarrassing to me."

Unaccustomed laughter rose in his throat. "You've still got the devil in you," he said.

"Devil is a bad word, and we don't say bad words in school," she warned him primly. "I came to find out two facts. You are alive; that's one."

The other was obvious: Why hadn't he come back?

I incurred a debt, and I paid it. He might say that, but he would not, even to save Vicky's pride.

"I married a Crow Indian woman," he said. "Her name was Blue Wind Woman, but I called her Jane. She died four years ago, and my son with her, trying to get back to her own people."

"Yes," Vicky said softly. "Yes, that's what I've heard. Good-by, Edward Morgan. Your daughter is waiting for you. She is a very sweet little girl."

Vicky's back was turned as he answered, "Good-by. Good-by."

That night he opened the Journal of Adventure and wrote, *Today I saw Vicky! She is teaching—* He did not finish. Now he knew for what reader the journal had been intended in the beginning. It was not begun for his descendants, or for the boy who had been Edward Morgan, or for the unknown wanderer who might have found a man's bones in a shallow cave beside a creek.

He did not finish the sentence he had begun, but wrote a new one: *Vicky, this is what became of Edward Morgan.*

He wrapped the book carefully in newspaper and tied it with grocery string. Elizabeth was delighted to take it to school the next morning when he explained, "It's something for your teacher."

ELIZABETH was not yet home from school when he reached their cabin that evening. The kettle was boiling before he saw her coming on her pinto pony, and with something close to terror he saw that she was not alone. Vicky walked beside her, laughing. I should go to welcome her, he thought, but he was frightened and trapped. He watched as Elizabeth slid down into Vicky's reaching arms. He could not move until they neared the doorway, walking hand in hand. And then he was able only to say, "Good evening, Mrs. Bishop."

"I asked teacher to supper and we took turns riding," Elizabeth said.

"She is very welcome," Edward Morgan answered. "Vicky, come in."

"I brought back your book," said Vicky Bishop.

They looked at each other across lost years.

"Elizabeth, go gather up some chips for kindling," Edward Morgan ordered. "Hustle!" The child went with lagging feet.

"And what did you find in the book?" he demanded.

Vicky considered. "I found a boy I used to know. And then I found a man, a man of honor."

He could not speak for a moment. At last he said, "Was he there? That man? I hadn't thought of him that way. Vicky?"

She was clutching the door casing with one hand, holding the book with the other. She said, "And I remembered how his grandmother used to say, 'Let us comport ourselves with dignity.' "

Then Vicky was in his arms, weeping softly, with her face pressed against his shoulder. —DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

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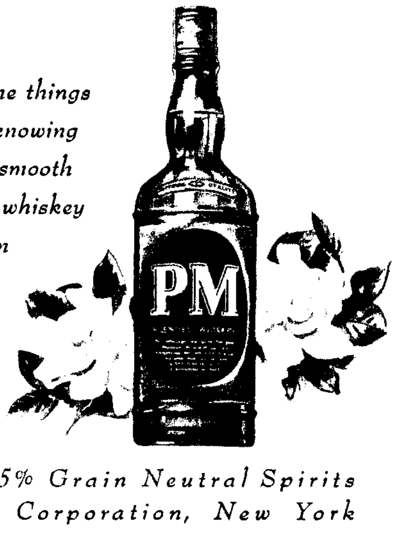

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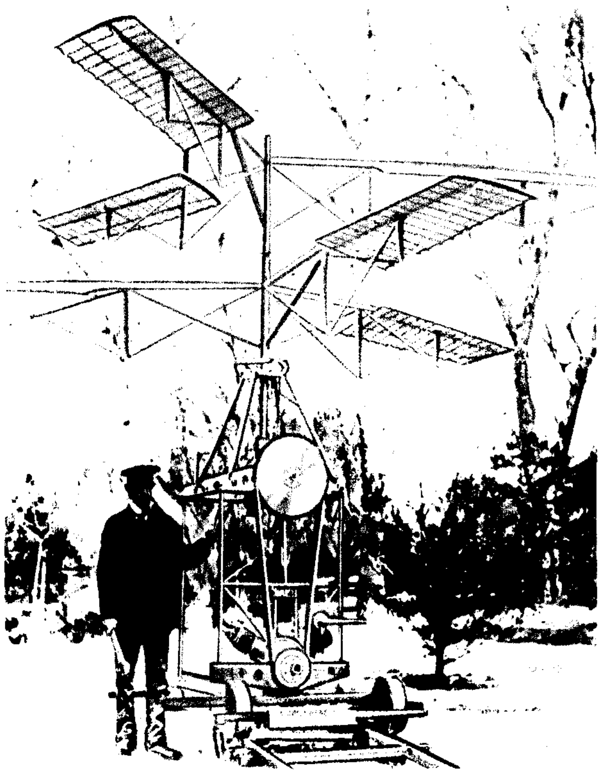
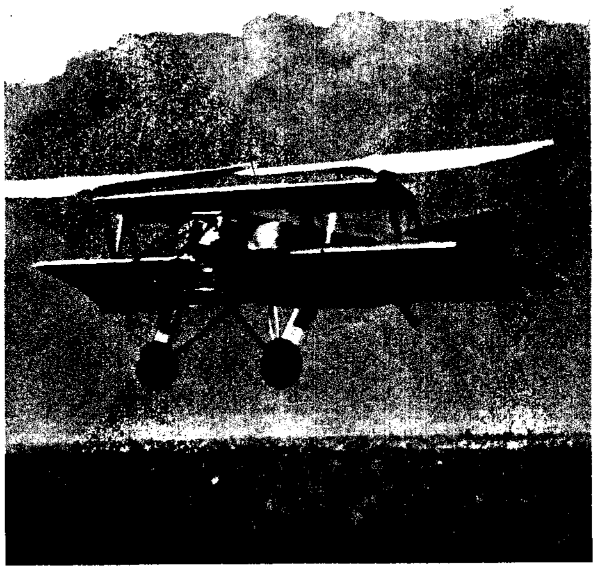
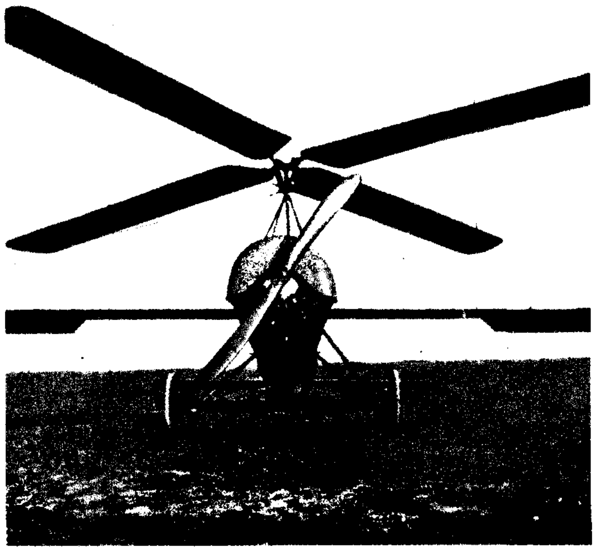
As THE PLANES on these pages show, the American aircraft industry has led the world in helicopter development. Development and production of superior helicopters,



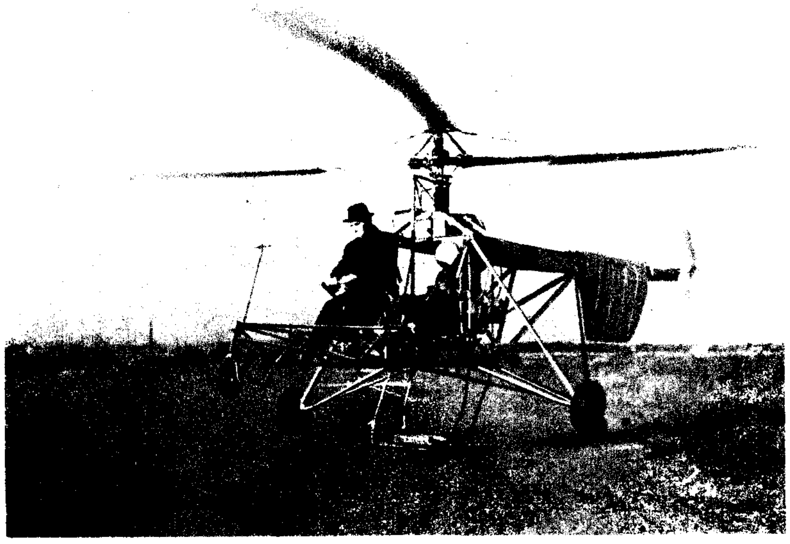
1. As early as 1500, Leonardo da Vinci sketched a helicopter. Over the years, many machines, like this 1910 Sikorsky, were built. None were really successful, and few could rise more than several unsteady feet.



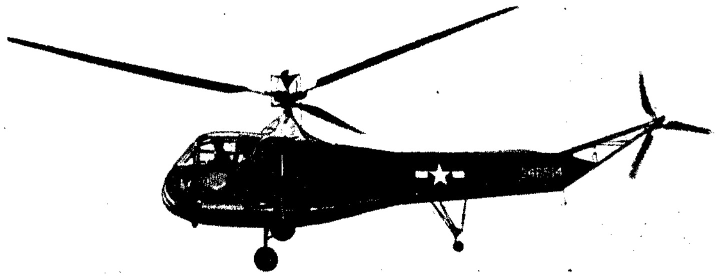
2. Problems of control, stability and movement baffled early designers, and little real progress was made. This Berliner machine of 1923 rose 12 feet, and could be guided slightly. But the problems remained.



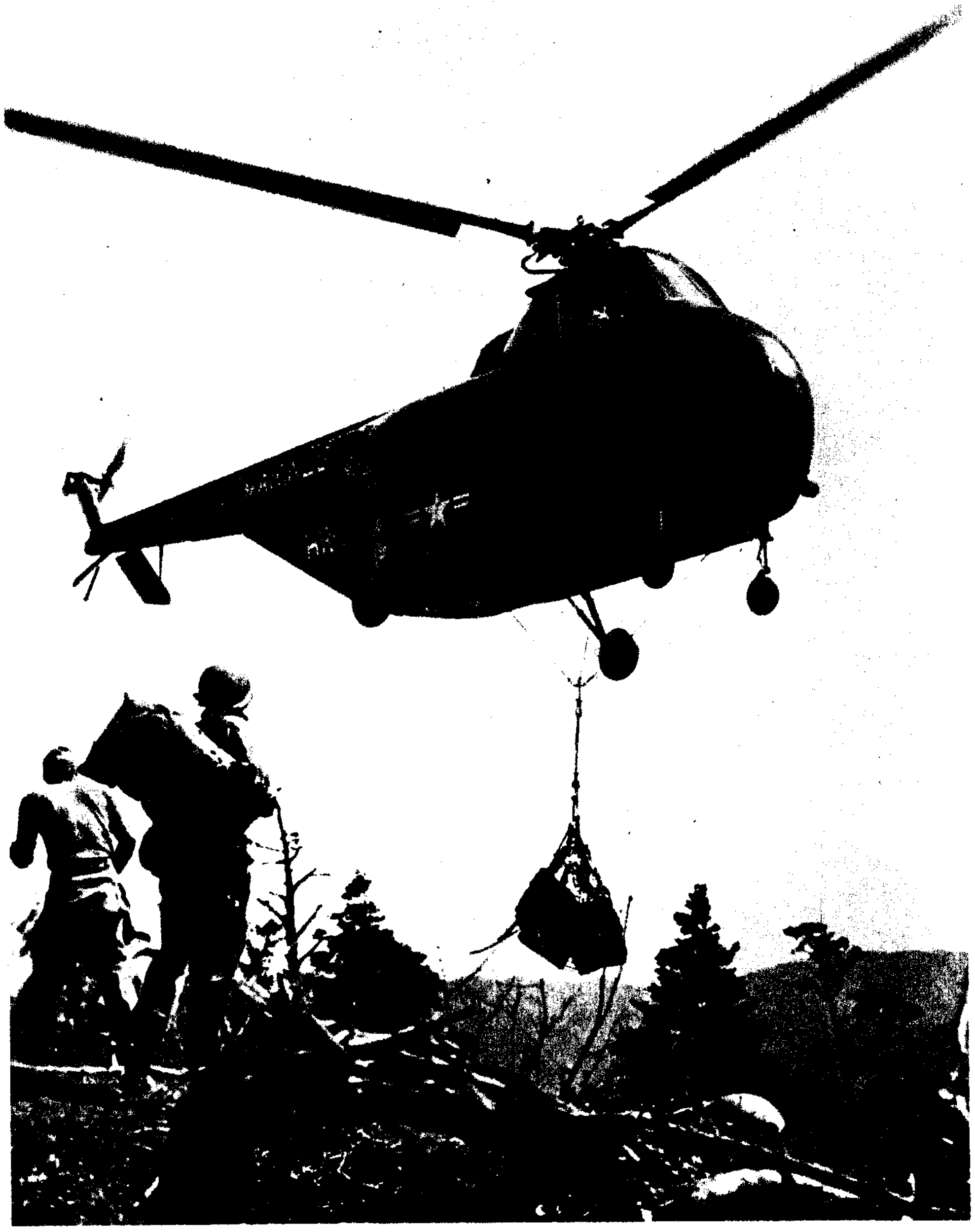
3. The Autogiro was the intermediate step between fixed-wing aircraft and the helicopter. Although it demonstrated successful use of rotating wings, as early as 1923, it needed the propeller of the airplane.



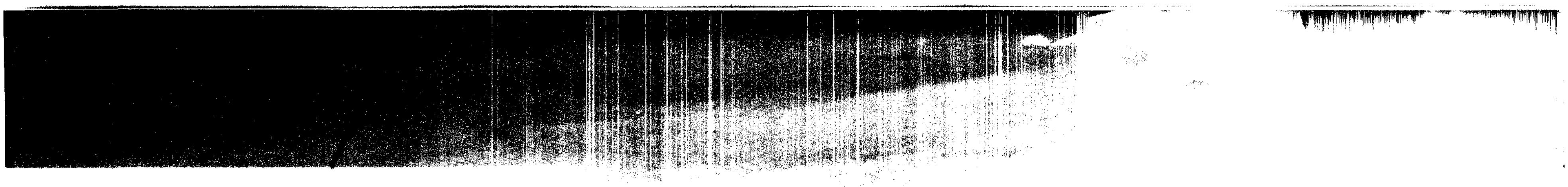
4. America's first successful helicopter, the Sikorsky VS-300 of 1939 brought answers to problems which so long had been unsolved. It could fly up, backward, sideways, forward, in circles or hover for sustained periods. Its full controllability opened a bright new chapter in world aviation.



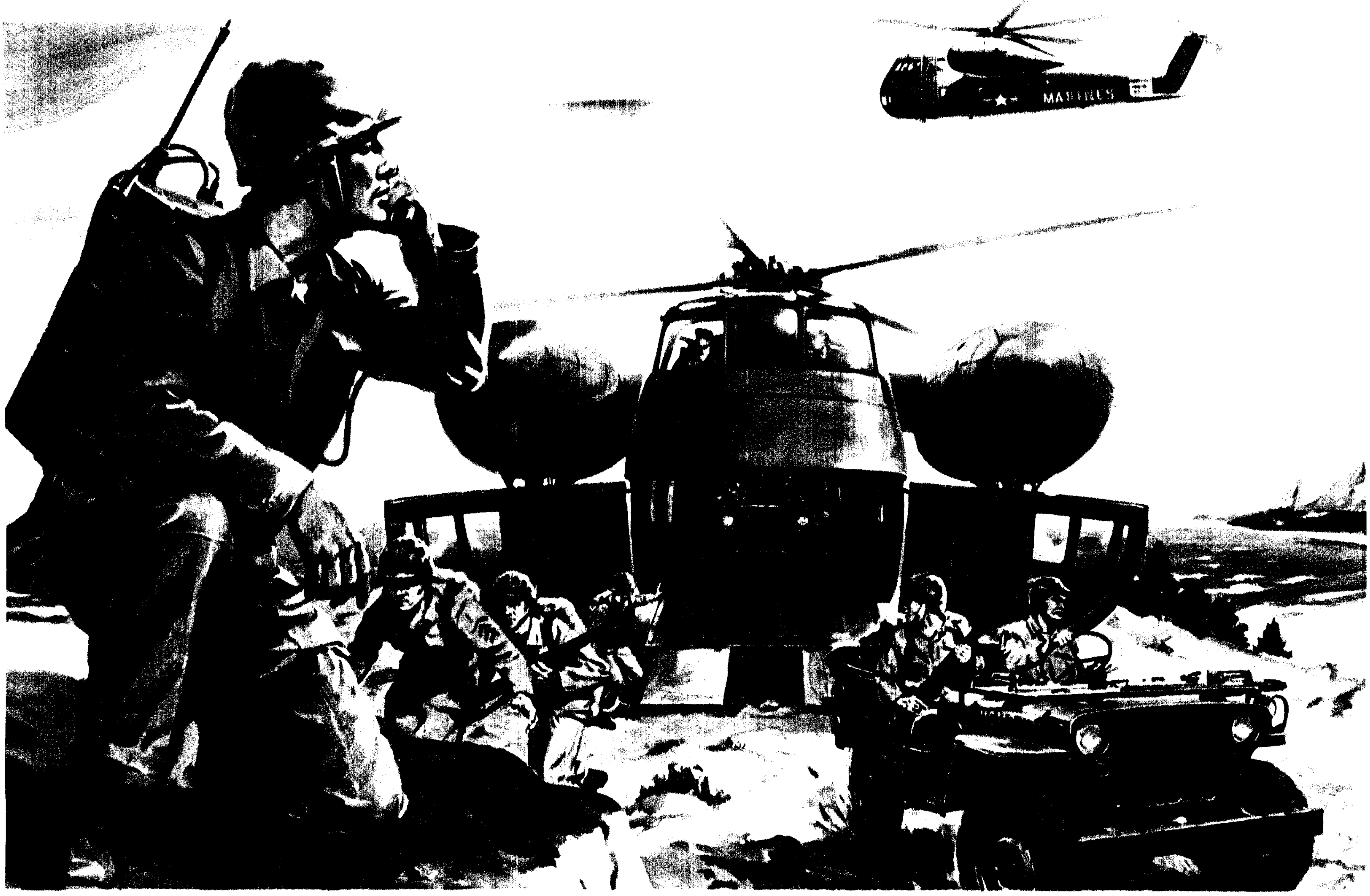
5. First production helicopters in America were the 80-m.p.h. R-4s. These Sikorskys, built for the Army Air Force and the Navy, saw considerable service in World War II. Constant development of the basic R-4 design led to today's family of versatile Sikorsky helicopters.



6. With the big Sikorsky S-55, helicopters came of age as military vehicles. They performed airlift miracles for every branch of our armed forces in Korea, rescuing thousands of wounded, carrying troops to battle, and supplying armies when all other means failed. From the 3½-ton S-55, much larger helicopters are being developed by Sikorsky Aircraft.



and aircraft in every other category of Air Power, must be continued year after year without interruption if American Air Power is to be an effective instrument for peace.



7. Sikorsky's huge twin-engine S-56 type, built for the Marines, will be a powerful new instrument of American Air Power.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues a sound peacetime Air Power policy

If any one thing can prevent the outbreak of global war, it is U. S. Air Power—provided America stays far enough ahead in the development and production of every proven type of military aircraft.

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To succeed in preventing a war, our aircraft—in *every* category of Air Power—must be second to none in *performance* and strong enough in *numbers* to discourage aggression before it starts.

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Al Capp

Academy Award

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

everybody would be at Ackie's because three out of the five up for the Best Actress Oscar had been Ackman stars: Lise Delahaye, Bunny Morrison and Judith Windslow, though only Bunny was still under contract to Sonor.

It would create quite a stir, Tod pointed out, for Judith to wait at Ackie's after the party, not to go to the theater right away. Everybody would be talking, wondering where she was. Then, shortly before the winner of the Best Actress award was to be announced, Tod would slip out and rush back to Ackie's to get her—and bring her into the auditorium triumphant and quite unconscious of having kept hundreds of people guessing all evening.

WHEN Tod had finished, Judith said, "That's lovely, just lovely. And what am I doing all that time? Packing a basket lunch?"

That, Tod had said delightedly, was the pay-off. "You are in Ackie's library reading your new script. You're so lost in the wonder of it, you forget everything. And to show how sorry you are, you will tell the dear people the name of the script that kept them all waiting, the script that will make them forget even such past Windslow successes as the incomparable Lily Toresco . . ."

Tod paused and made a face.

"Ha!" Judith had said scornfully. She had stridden across to the mantel and pointed at one of the two Oscars that stood at either end. "That, little man, was my second Oscar; I got it for doing Lily Toresco—the script you said made no sense, the part you said was all wrong for me!"

"Your performance got the Oscar," Tod said. "Not the script."

Judith's gray eyes were baleful. "The man who wrote the script is upstairs right now," she said. "He's my husband, remember? And he'll be very happy to explain it to you!"

"Sam MacGill is too drunk even to explain the only thing he ever wrote," Tod said. He got to his feet and started striding up and down. He also started a series of remarks that began with "What I think—" and had to do with Sam MacGill and how he was a no-good, one-shot, self-styled genius who was ruining Judith's life. He got about four of these sentences out before Judith said, "Tod!"

He turned, and that was when she heaved the Oscar at him—the one she had won for Lily Toresco. . . .

After Tod had left, Judith put the statue back on the mantel. Tod had no right to say those things about Sam, she thought. There were times when even the best of friends kept their mouths shut. So Sam McGill drank—so did a lot of people. So Sam had written only one important script and then dried up—it wasn't permanent, the drying up. He'd snap out of it.

Judith went upstairs and into her husband's room. Sam was flat on his back, asleep in the gray satin bed. His blond hair clung damply to his head, and the whole room reeked of bourbon—very cheap bourbon, meaning someone had sneaked it in for him. The little that was kept in the house was bonded and under lock and key. Sam was lying there looking, as he always did in sleep, very defenseless and young. Judith always wondered whether Sam assumed that look deliberately, knowing it would make her think twice before bawling him out.

She sat down in the chintz armchair by the side of the bed, remembering Sam as he had been eight years ago—tall and gangling, with a sweet face and his heart in his eyes. He had written a script, Lily Toresco, and the studio had bought it for their Academy Award-winning actress, Judith Windslow.

As always, when she thought of those early days with Sam, Judith remembered how odd it had been that they had got together at all. She had started out in the early thirties in New York, appearing in plays that ran, on the average, about ten performances each. And then, discouraged, she'd gone to Hollywood and into a long series of Westerns.

Then, in 1935, Ackie Ackman had "discovered" her and given her the leading role in Behold This Woman, a sleeper that cost $300,000 to make and had grossed, over the years, more than three million. There was talk that she should have an Oscar.

But what she got was a fat new contract, a script called Treacherous and a new agent. The agent was Tod Burrell, and when he took Judith on, he also began a career divided between worshiping the ground she walked on and wishing to see her buried six feet under the same ground. But between the two of them, Judith thought now, they had put her where she was today—professionally, that is. They got her the two Oscars: one for Treacherous and one for Lily Toresco. They got her the right to pick her directors, her casts, her writers. They had got her to the point of being acclaimed America's First Lady of the Screen, and now, with her recent performance in The Truth about Terry, they had got her nominated for her third Oscar.

She and Tod had not, however, got her married to Sam MacGill. That had been her own idea, though Tod was best man. Nor had she and Tod come up with any reason why the shy blond kid who had written Lily Toresco had turned into a failure and a drunk.

Judith got up from the chintz chair, threw a comforter over Sam and went into her gray-and-blue bedroom to dress. She took a long, hot bath, trying hard to think about nothing at all. Then she got out, dried herself slowly, and started to think ahead with pleasure to wearing the new blue lace she'd had made for tonight.

She went to the closet where her evening gowns were, but when she opened the door, she didn't see the new blue lace. Instead she saw the old dresses—the ones that made her recall certain evenings with Sam. She thought they all ought to be placed in a little showcase—like loving cups or maybe no-loving cups.

Then she felt Sam's arms come around her from behind, felt his chin, still bristly and unshaven, dig into her shoulder. He kissed her behind the ear and she closed her eyes, forgetting everything else. Then he swung her around to face him, and said, "Must've fallen asleep. Do we get a drink before we go to Ackie's?"

She opened her eyes then and the present came back again, and she stepped lightly away from him to go over to her dressing table. "Can't you wait?" she said. "You know how it flows at Ackie's."

He watched her sullenly as she wrapped a towel around her brown hair and started creaming her face. "I know indeed how it flows," he said. "It flows right past me because I am naughty and all the nice people are determined not to let me drink. So Sammy does his drinking before he gets there." He was silent for a moment, waiting for Judith to reply. When she didn't, Sam said, trying to be light about it, "So I give up. Where did you put the key?"

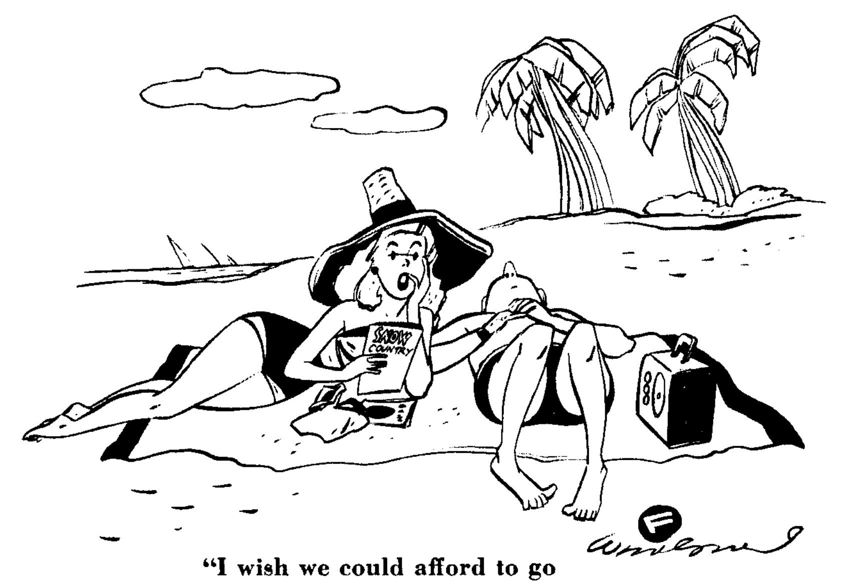
JUDITH'S hand stayed briefly on her face, then dropped to her lap. She said, "No, Sam. Not this time. Let's celebrate, shall we? This time you get to a party sober."

All he did was hold out his hand and snap his fingers. "Come on," he said, "the key to the liquor cabinet."

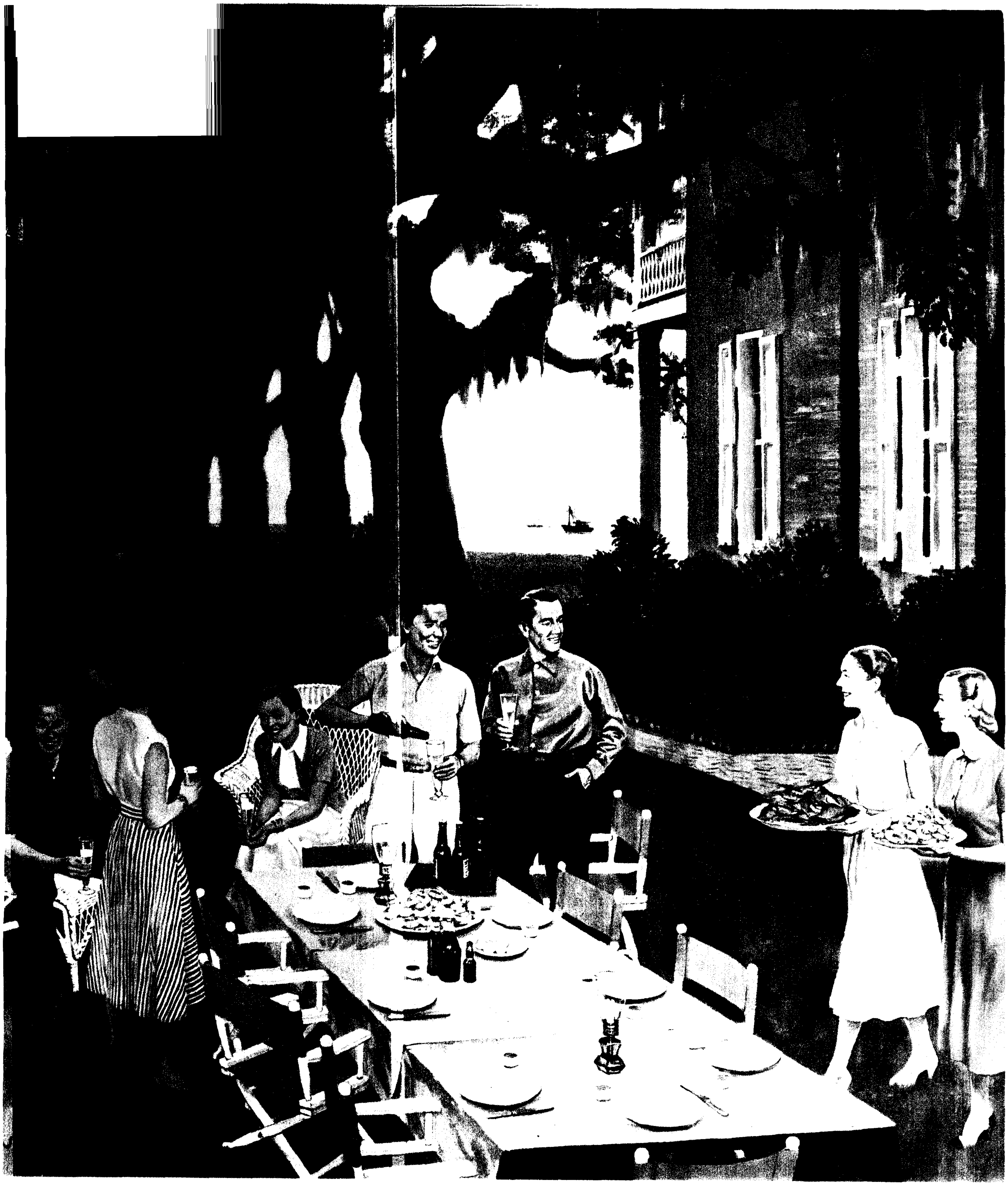
Judith shook her head.

He gave her a funny little half-smile and turned and went out. She sat there a few seconds, hearing him go down the carpeted stairs, hearing the click of his heels on the stone floor of the hall, not hearing but imagining the sound of his feet on the living-room rug. There was silence for a moment and then a splintering, tearing sound of breaking wood.

Judith got quickly to her feet, took


SNOW COUNTRY
Wilkinson

COLLIER'S "I wish we could afford to go north for skiing this winter!" FRITZ WILKINSON



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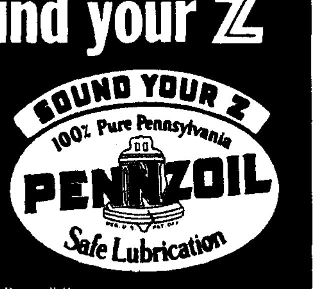

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a couple of steps toward the bedroom door and stopped. Then she went back to the dressing table, sat down limply and reached for another scoop of cleansing cream. She couldn't, she thought as she saw her face in the mirror, look any further from thirty than she did right now.

She thought: I don't have to stand for this. I'm Judith Windslow. I've got two Oscars and a third coming up tonight. What's to keep me from walking out? He's no good, never will be any good. Tod was right: I'm wrecking my life. Sam wrote something great once and he hasn't been able to do anything since. So that's why he drinks. Well, my life is hard work and pushing ahead and I haven't time to waste on failures—not even when I think I love them.

She thought all that because she believed it. Some of it she even murmured aloud to herself, as if she were rehearsing a script. Then, when she'd finished dressing except for putting on the blue lace dress, Judith realized she was finally hearing what her ears had been waiting to hear ever since Sam had gone downstairs: the sound of his feet, quicker now, lighter, gayer, on the stairs. She put on her negligee, and turned her back to the door, so that when he opened it, she was able to swing around at him.

Even before she started to speak, she knew she shouldn't. She knew she should wait to cool down, wait till this hot eagerness to hurt him had left her. But she didn't wait. Words seemed to come out spontaneously—words she had been thinking all through the long bitter days of the long bitter years with Sam, words that flayed the tender hide of his self-respect, or what little of it there was, that stripped him emotionally bare and left him white-faced and gasping. Then, for the second time that day, someone looked right at her and said, "Okay!" and walked out.

EVER since Ackie's parties had become a Hollywood institution, people had tried to figure out why he gave so many of them. "He feels insecure," some said, or, "His last picture wasn't so good, so he wants to know who his friends are."

"He's lonely," one or two said. "There's no Mrs. Ackie. There's not even a Miss X, who is going to be a great little actress one of these days."

Nobody, you might say, knew Ackie's real reasons for giving parties, though everybody went to them. And when she got to Ackie's that evening, Judith thought this party might have been going on continuously since his last one a month ago. There were all the same faces, even if different people were wearing them. There were the NAMES and the Names and the names. She knew most of the first group, had heard of or vaguely met the second, and didn't care about the third. The first group, the one Judith entered immediately, was clustered around Ackie.

Judith kissed a lot of people, all called "darling," and hugged and kissed the tall, gray-haired, grinning man called "Ackie darling." It was the kind of kiss a columnist had called the "seven-year, no-option, star greeting." The difference was, in Judith's case, that she meant it.

Ackie gave her a hug, said something about the way she looked, and then pointed out a group of people gathered around someone in the far corner. "Your competition tonight," he said. "Or some of it. Have you two met?"

Judith saw, in the cluster of people, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed woman with a dark, wide mouth, her famous shoulders the color of old ivory above her scarlet taffeta dress. The gauntly beautiful face was so familiar that Judith almost said, "Why, of course we've met," before she realized that she had never been actually introduced to Lise Delahaye.

AT THAT moment the two women made exactly the same gestures, though neither was conscious of it. Their shoulders straightened a bit, their heads came up, smiles were allowed to flicker gently on their lips, and silently—though there should have been trumpets—they advanced to meet each other. Their hands touched, and they looked into each other's eyes. Then Judith made a little gesture, Lise gave a little laugh, and they kissed warmly.

"My dear, I just had to," Judith said. "It's like meeting a long-lost sister or something."

"My dear," Lise said in a low voice, rolling out the "dear" with an ever-so-faint accent, "I feel exactly the same way."

Then, from behind her, Judith heard voices, one female, the other male. "I don't," said the female, "see Sammy boy anywhere."

"Why, darling," said the other voice, "he hasn't been sober enough to see the light of day since the winter of aught four!"

Lise Delahaye was saying something, but Judith didn't hear her. She gazed at Lise Delahaye's face, realizing that some of the cold, sudden anger she felt must be showing: anger at the snide voices and at herself. There was a faint, puzzled frown on Lise Delahaye's face as she said, "I've always wondered why we never met."

"Why we never met?" Judith said. Her voice was clear, her diction perfect. "But we have, my dear. Your last personal appearance in my home town—centuries ago, of course. I was one of fifty grammar-school kids who had a mass interview with you—but naturally you don't remember me," she said.

There was a pause. They looked at each other, and Judith asked herself why she had started this. Then Lise's eyes widened. "But I *do* remember you," she said. "You were forever scratching yourself."

Then a lanky, perspiring man carrying a camera pushed his way through the people gathered around and got down on one knee in front of Lise and Judith. "Please," he said, aiming the camera, "one of the two of you together, huh?"

The two women turned to face the cameraman, both suddenly smiling. "Ready?" asked the photographer. The two of them nodded. But there was no blinding flash. Instead, there was a series of loud chords from the piano at the opposite end of the room and a husky, nasal, but infinitely pleasant voice began to sing. The photographer said, "Bunny!" and got to his feet. "Wait right there, girls!" he said, and was gone.

So, in fact, was everyone else, gone to hear Bunny Morrison sing I Defend Myself, the song that had made her famous three years ago. Lise and Judith looked at each other. "Wouldn't you think," Lise said, "that everybody in the world would have heard that song by now?"

"It just shows what we lack by not being able to sing," Judith said. "Of course, it shows what she lacks by not being able to sing, too, but that doesn't seem to stop her." She looked at Lise maliciously. "I suppose you might say *she* has the confidence of youth."

"In that case," Lise said, "it's too late for you to take up singing." She turned abruptly and began working her way through the crowd. . . .

Lise went into the powder room and closed and locked the door. She turned on all the lights around the big dressing-table mirror, sat down and began examining her face carefully. This, she thought, was the great Hollywood gesture. Whenever one actress talked to another, each one would be forever glancing around to check how she looked in a mirror. When another woman looked you right in the eye, you knew she was either very sure of herself or else a character actress.

It was Zoltan who had taught Lise how to use a mirror, many years ago, back in Paris, when they were making their first movie together. "Remember, Lise," he had said, "your face is truly your fortune. Know your weak points and how to hide them. Every woman will be looking for those weak points when she sees you on the screen. You have to anticipate them. And never, remember, never show anything on your face. Keep it always the mysterious mask. Emotion makes lines."

Lise could see him as he had been then—Zoltan Nordaly—short, with a scraggly mustache, chewed nails and a mane of uncombed hair. His eyes had been his most compelling feature—eyes that had been well-deep and thunder-dark, eyes that had held her, bent her will to his. People had said he was like Svengali, and he had been. He had taken a sullen, earthy French farm girl and slimmed her down, tamed her shaggy mop of black hair, made up her face, and lo, he had created Lise Delahaye, the grave, white-skinned beauty who played DuBarry, Bovary and Moll Flanders in the movies he directed, first in Paris, later in Hollywood.

Then, eventually, the public had got tired of Lise. Whatever character she played, it was always the same woman. So the public got tired of her.

THAT had happened about five years after Zoltan had tired of her. But sometime during their years of working together, Lise had become the woman Zoltan had made her play on the screen—frozen in ice, aloof, untouchable and untouched. And after that had happened, no one had been able to break through the ice, to bring out her real personality again.

There had been long years, then, when nobody wanted Lise Delahaye any more. Only Ackie would telephone and come to take her out. He would dance with her carefully and then bring her carefully home—like a statue being put back in its niche, she thought now.

There had been those years, and now there was the present, when suddenly everybody seemed to want her again because of the newly released Farewell Summer, the picture that was her own life story, and Zoltan's.

Lise had given the performance of her life in it, and for the first time in her career she had come alive on the screen. Now, when she knew that she had done in Farewell Summer what she might never have the chance to do again, she wanted her reward. She wanted this Oscar tonight as she had wanted few other rewards in her life.

Lise got up from the dressing table

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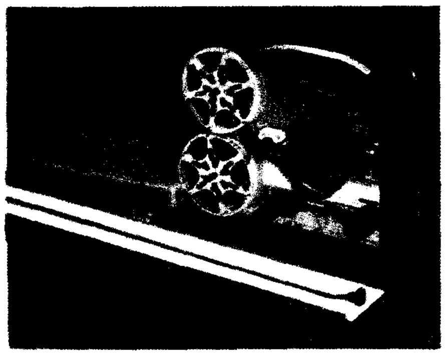

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slowly, unlocked the powder-room door and stood by it a moment, listening. All she could hear were party noises—no sound of Bunny Morrison's singing. Then, just as she was about to go out, Judith came in.

"They're ready for us," Judith said, crossing swiftly to the mirror.

Lise couldn't help laughing. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've just been doing the same thing, and thinking about how important mirrors are in Hollywood."

Judith studied her own reflection in the mirror. Lise said, "Does it give you pleasure to be able to look at me and think: At least *she's* older?"

"Look, Lise," Judith said, "wasn't forty a milestone for you too?"

"At the age of forty," Lise said, "I had to face the fact that I'd already been finished for five years." She spoke slowly, contemplatively. "So my fortieth birthday wasn't the milestone yours seems to be. Mine was," she added, "just six years ago, by the way."

WITHOUT knowing why, Judith was impelled to ask, "What exactly do we have left, afterward?"

Lise smiled. "I think," she said, "you have in your life after forty exactly what you put into it before. But sometimes," she went on, "what you think you put into your life comes back to you as something quite different. You put in love and it comes back as heartbreak. You put in people and find loneliness."

Judith started to speak and then hesitated, feeling strangely touched. Then she said, "How much does it all mean to you then—this business tonight, the Academy Award?"

"It means everything," Lise said slowly. "For the first time in my life I want to be paid in the only coin that really matters to me: applause from the people I work with. If I were married or in love, I might be content to have that applause from only one person—I don't know. But I'm not married or in love, so the applause will have to come from the members of my profession. Once I have that, I don't think I'll ever be really alone again. Do you see?"

"I don't know," Judith said. She felt suddenly very cold and alone, which was silly because the room was warm and certainly Judith Windslow could never be alone.

Then someone pounded on the door and Lise opened it. "Hey!" Ackie cried. "This is treason. You two are supposed to hate each other."

Judith raised one eyebrow. "We do," she said. Then she smiled at Lise. "Don't we?"

"Madly," Lise agreed, and the two of them laughed. Ackie laughed too, though he couldn't have said why.

After that Ackie took them out and introduced them to Bunny Morrison. He treated her the way everybody did, as if she were a ticking bomb. The columnists called Bunny Morrison "The Redheaded Dynamo" and "Miss Perpetual Motion."

So when Judith and Lise met a small, rather shy, copper-haired girl in a severely tailored green *moiré* gown, they couldn't have been more surprised. Her heart-shaped face was pink with the obvious pleasure of meeting them, and her "hello" and her handshake were firm.

Ackie called to the photographer and the three of them posed, Bunny between Lise and Judith. Their smiles were brave and wide, and their eyes carefully avoided the cameras.

Ackie inadvertently gave Bunny her cue. "Well, nobody expected Carol Barton to be here tonight, but it's too bad little what's-her-name isn't here—the other nominee for the best actress."

"Oh," said Bunny, grinning broadly, "I think Grey is the one who should be in this. Grey Terhune."

Everyone looked blank. Then Judith said, "Why Grey Terhune?"

"Because," Bunny said, laughing joyously, "we were married this morning in Las Vegas."

It was, as a columnist noted the next morning, *quite a moment. There was little Bunny Morrison standing between two of Hollywood's all-time greats, little Bunny Morrison stealing the scene from Delahaye and Windslow.*

It was an exaggeration of course. Judith and Lise were too well trained in scene stealing to show any surprise on the rare occasions that they were given cause to show it. Judith saved what was left of the situation. "Could we take the pictures now?" she said sweetly. Her voice rose clearly above the clamor Bunny had started. "They don't give Oscars for marrying," she said to Bunny. "If they did, Grey Terhune would have won three by now."

And the cameras snapped Bunny with her mouth wide open.

When the pictures were taken, the new Mrs. Greyson Terhune, her green eyes flashing, hurried over to her husband without another word to anyone. She got him into the library and closed the door. "You told me only two," she snapped.

Her husband shrugged. "Sweetie, my life is an open book," he said. "I never told you two wives or three or twenty. I never said you were my first love. What I *did* say was that you'd be my last."

"You should plant that line out in Iowa with the rest of the corn," she said. "Just how many times have you used it?"

Grey Terhune sighed wearily. "Four, up to now," he said. "Once on each of them and once on you. You're the first to call me on it, though."

"When I made that announcement just now," Bunny said, "I didn't do it to steal the scene. I was telling them something I was proud of. I also was announcing that Bunny Morrison is holding Grey Terhune against all comers. See? " Grey nodded. "Okay, now if you'll go get my coat, we'll be on our way."

Grey sighed again. "Where to?"

Bunny said, "This is my first honeymoon. It is also your last. It means more to me than a carload of Oscars. Oh, I'd like to win—it would look cute on our mantel. But if I do win, I'd just as soon read about it in the paper—tomorrow morning."

Grey went to get her coat and Bunny watched him go, her face deadly serious. It's going to be a battle to hold him, she thought, an awful battle. Harder than any I've fought up to now.

BUNNY MORRISON had fought a good many battles in her day. She had started out as Bertha Brezinska, a rowdy little tomboy in the Pennsylvania mining town where she was born. At fourteen, when other girls were discovering boys, Bunny had discovered music. She could play the piano by ear, and by herself she developed a tricky singing style that, by the time she was seventeen, won her a nightclub job in Pittsburgh.

Still the rowdy tomboy, Bunny had kept her singing at a minimum; the main feature of her act had been cavorting, wacky antics, boisterous good humor and practical jokes on the nightclub customers. She'd been ambitious and determined; and she'd been smart enough to know she was an expert clown.

From Pittsburgh she had gone up to clubs in Chicago and New York—and finally into a zany, noisy Broadway revue. From there she had come to Hollywood, to make zany, noisy movies.

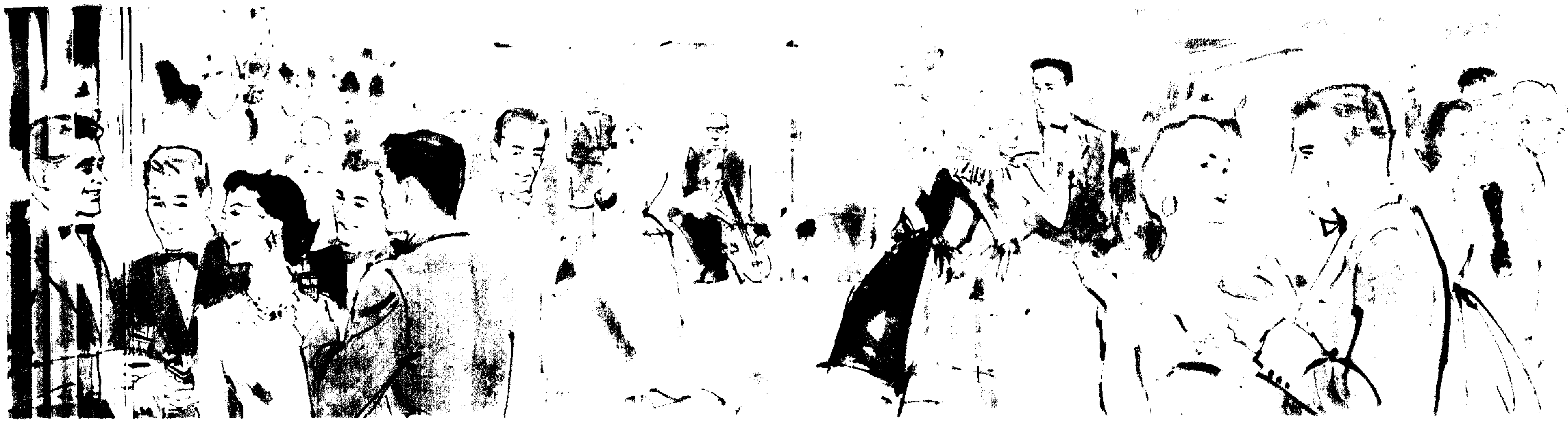
For a year or so her off-screen life had seemed dedicated to proving that Bunny Morrison in person was as wacky as she was in movies. She loved cigars that blew up in faces, glasses that dribbled over stuffed shirt fronts. She dyed half her hair black and went to a *première* in a gown that was half red, half black to match her hair. She became known as The Mad Miss Morrison, and people began to say it was such a pity, because she was really a nice girl. They began to wish she'd take up secret drinking or fall in love with somebody's husband, or anything to keep her home nights. They said there was a limit to good clean fun, after all.

THEN something happened to her: she made First Love, the film where she played an adolescent girl in love with an older married man. In this movie she sang no songs, played no practical jokes. She gave a sensational performance. The scene where she got on the telephone to say good-by to the man was a four-handkerchief tear jerker that got her nominated for the Best Actress award. Even Bunny herself cried when she saw the rushes of that scene. She suddenly realized that the girl on the screen was different from Bunny in person. That girl had at least been in love once, though it turned out badly. Bunny had not even had time to fall in love badly.

So when Greyson Terhune, Hollywood's playboy restaurateur, came into view, Bunny fell. But being Bunny, she had fallen in her own way. She checked back over the lengthy list of women Grey had been seen with, noticed they all had one attribute in common: they all had quiet good taste. So Bunny's clothes started to be plain and severely cut, her hair that had begun to be a pink-lemonade color went back to its natural copper. And she looked at Grey and weighed everything very carefully in the balance. When she married him, she knew exactly what she was getting into. She knew exactly what she was getting out of, too. She was getting into the battle of her life to hold her husband, and she was getting out of the movies—sooner or later, that is. For sooner or later she'd have to choose between Grey and a career, and in Bunny's mind there was no question as to which was more important.

Those were the conditions of Bunny's life on the night of Ackie's party. She had made her choice, and the Oscar didn't stand a chance for competition. As she and Grey drove down Ackie's driveway in Grey's Jaguar racer, Bunny wondered a little about the other two women back there—Lise and Judith—and about Carol Barton, who preferred Broadway to Hollywood, and about the other girl whose name no one could remember. She wondered if any of them were going to be as happy with or without the Oscar as she was going to be with Grey. She thought they probably wouldn't be. . . .

Ackie and Judith were in the library, where Ackie was explaining his tele-



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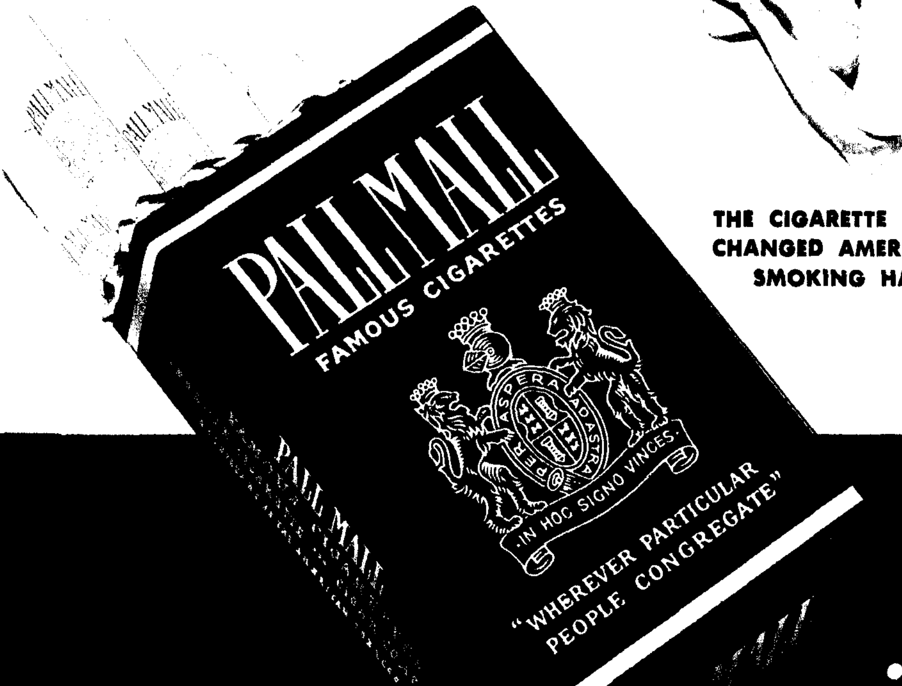
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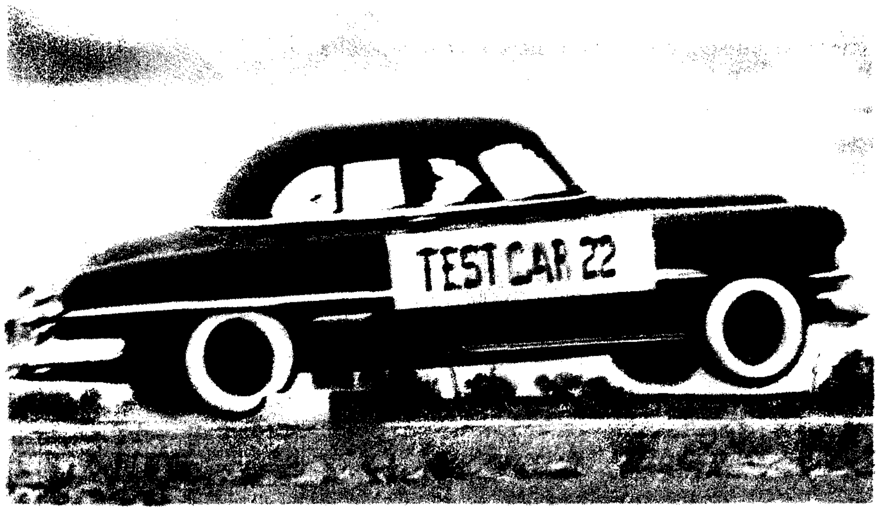

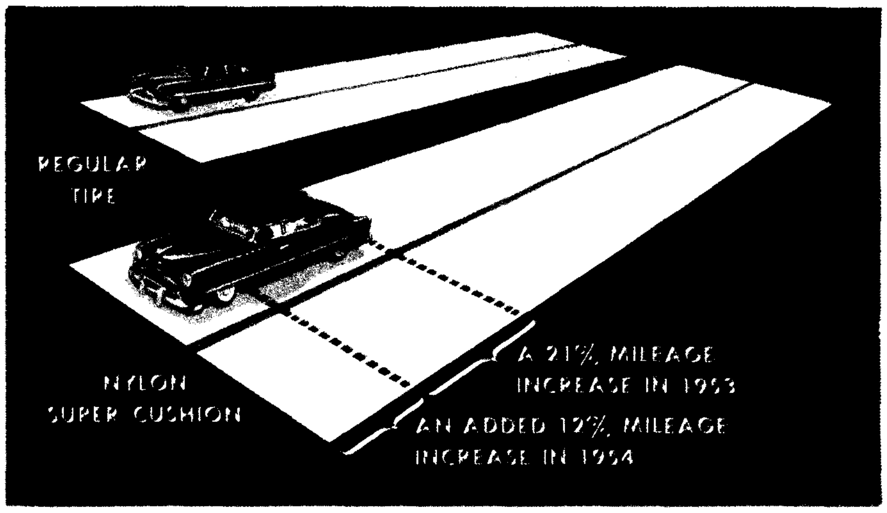
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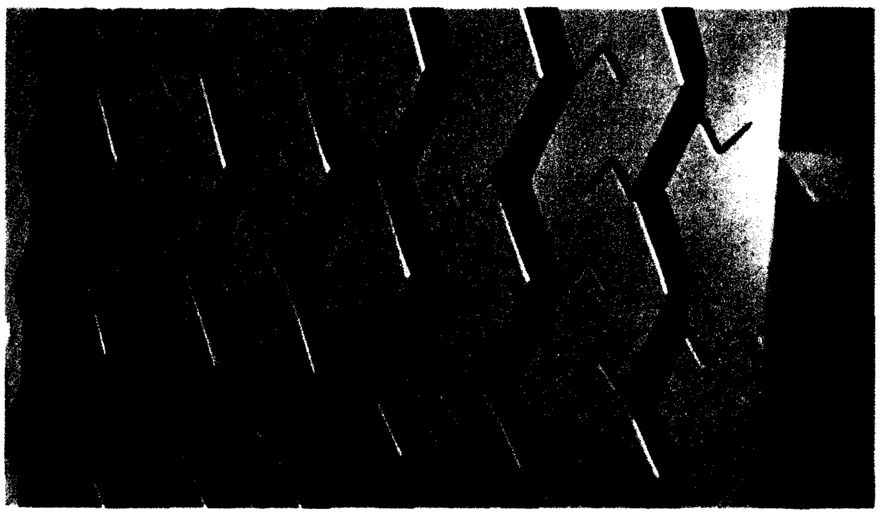

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vision set to her. This wasn't easy, because he knew almost as little of how it worked as she did, but he was very proud of it, so Judith tried to listen. It was something Ackie described as "life-size TV" and it had cost him twenty thousand dollars, and tonight Judith could sit and watch what went on at the Academy presentations and feel as if she were right there. "Which is where you should be," Ackie said, "but you know best why you want to stay here. Anyway, you'll probably see me. I'll be in the front row center."

"And whom will you be rooting for?" Judith asked, idly.

"Oh," Ackie said, shrugging, "you know me. I'm impartial."

He was too offhand, she thought. Nobody in Hollywood is impartial at Oscar time. "No, really," Judith said. "You must want one of your three girls to win. Is it Bunny?"

Ackie shrugged again. "Bunny's young yet," he said. "If she misses tonight, she'll try again next year."

"And I've won twice," Judith said. "But if Lise doesn't win tonight, she may never have another chance. So it's Lise, isn't it, Ackie?" She paused, startled, feeling as if a great light had just been turned on, revealing everything in sharp detail. "Ackie," she said, "have you ever told Lise you love her?"

His chubby face got very red, and for a moment she thought she was going to see a new Ackie—not polite and jolly and smiling, but thundering and furious. Then he took a deep breath and patted her hand and smiled. "For years," he said, softly, "men have been falling in love with the Mona Lisa and the Venus of Milo. But they never tell their love, because what good would it do? You can't say 'I love you' to a statue or a picture. If Mona Lisa and Venus loved anyone, they loved the men who made them immortal—as Lise loved and still loves Nordaly."

He leaned down, hiding the look in his gentle brown eyes, and began twirling the knobs on twenty thousand dollars' worth of life-size television. Ackie watched the screen at the other end of the room for a while, and then looked at his wrist watch. He got up and said good-by to Judith, and then went out to the theater.

JUDITH sat there in one of the big leather chairs and tried to concentrate on the show, but she soon gave it up and wandered out into the hall.

Much to her surprise, she found everyone had gone. There was a squad of servants in the living room and hall cleaning up party debris under the eagle eye of Ackie's butler. He didn't seem very glad to see her, and suggested that if she'd care to go back to the library, he'd send her in some coffee and sandwiches. So she went back into the library and sat down again. Then she got up, went over to the television set and turned it off.

She wished she knew what was wrong with her tonight. She wished, too, that Tod Burrell were undergoing very lingering tortures for putting her in the position of having to wait here alone for him. Even though they'd quarreled this afternoon, though she hadn't seen him since, she was meekly following his plans. Quarrels with Tod were like that. Quarrels with Sam, on the other hand . . . No, she told herself, don't start thinking about Sam. . . .

Half an hour later, and a few miles away, Lise Delahaye sat restlessly in her seat at the theater, only half aware of the Academy Award proceedings on stage. She smiled at the man on her left and said, yes, it certainly was a big turnout this year. She smiled at the woman on her right and said, of course she remembered meeting her at Palm Springs last year. Lise had never been in Palm Springs in her life, but she was in no mood to argue. As the interminable speeches went on, she started to run over in her mind her own speech—the one she'd be asked to make later on, when she accepted the Oscar.

AT THE same time, more than a few miles away, Mr. and Mrs. Grey Terhune finally got rid of the bellhop who had accompanied them up to their hotel suite. When the door at last closed behind him, the Terhunes looked at each other. "Well?" Bunny said after a bit. Grey came toward her slowly. Her head went up expectantly and she closed her eyes, but he stopped a few paces away and looked at her carefully. His eyes studied every detail of her rust-colored tweed suit and matching hat, of the brand-new alligator shoes. "I like that outfit," he said. "Yes, sir, I sure like the way my wife dresses!" Startled, Bunny opened her eyes. Then he stepped forward and swept her tight against him. "Tomorrow," he whispered, "remind me to tell you how much I like it." . . .

The butler came into the library and told Judith there was someone to see her, and would she receive him in here. Judith started for the table where she had laid her purse. "Tell Mr. Burrell I'll be right out," she said.

"It isn't Mr. Burrell, Miss Windslow," the man said. "It's Mr.—ah—your husband."

Judith whirled on him, her surprise suddenly turning to anger. "And just what the hell," she demanded, "do you mean keeping my husband waiting in the hall? Since when does a husband have to be announced to his wife?" She swept past him into the hall.

She caught sight of Sam standing in the broad hallway, trying to look interested in one of Ackie's statues. He was wearing a dinner jacket, and his blond hair was just beginning to curl away from his forehead where the brush had plastered it down. All her loneliness, all the dislike of other people, all the tension she'd been feeling since she'd last seen him suddenly left her. "MacGill!" she cried joyously. Sam turned and grinned and started toward her. But Judith knew that she must go to him, because then it could all start to be right again. "No," she cried, running. "Just stand there!" When she reached him, he caught her up in his arms. . . .

The chauffeur stopped the car in front of Lise's house. Ackie got out and turned to help Lise. He held her hand very tight. "Lise," he said miserably, "ah, Lise, what can I say to you?"

She moved away from him, forcing her lips to smile. "Nothing," she said. "There's nothing *to* say, Ackie—except maybe that the best girl won."

She began to walk slowly toward the front door of her house as if she were very tired.

Ackie watched her go, and thought: I never knew you could die for someone else. But here I am all dead inside because of what happened to Lise tonight. And there she is determined not to let me know how she feels—determined to be the mask and not the face behind it.

Lise closed the big front door behind her and leaned against it, too tired to go any farther. After a while, she became aware that her lips were moving, that she was saying something, repeating it without even knowing what it was: ". . . can't tell you in any words how much this means to me," she was saying. "This little statue is more than a symbol to me. It's a crown I want to share with all those . . ."

Wouldn't you know, Lise thought, that I'd remember every word of it now that I don't need it. She began to laugh, and then suddenly she was crying too, and her legs wouldn't hold her any more and she slipped down to the floor.

The speech kept running through her head—the speech that she hadn't needed for the Oscar she didn't get. . . .

"What?" Bunny said into her telephone. "I can't hear you." She tried to rub the sleep from her eyes. "What? I can't hear you."

There was a pause at the other end of the wire and then the agent said something very clearly. He spoke for quite a while as Bunny listened. Then she said, "Did you wake me out of a sound sleep to tell me that?" The agent said he had. Bunny said, "Look, Joe, it hasn't ever come up before, but you don't get ten per cent of my honeymoon!" And she hung up.

An arm reached out of the darkness and hugged her. "Whazzat?" Grey's sleepy voice demanded.

Bunny nestled down till her head was on his shoulder. "Nothing," she said, "except that I didn't get the Oscar."

Grey's lips touched hers. There was a long silence. And then Grey said, "Oscar who?"

Bunny giggled and cuddled even closer. "Yeah," she said, "Oscar who?"

WHEN the butler showed Tod into Ackie's library, Judith was at one of the French windows. She looked somehow different, though Tod didn't know just how. There was a warmer, more radiant look to her as she smiled at him. "Tod," she said, as she came forward and kissed him, "that's an apology. I suppose we have to hurry, but come and sit for a second before we go to the theater. Sam and I want to talk to you."

Tod said, "Judith, I . . ." and then he realized what she'd said. He looked over and saw Sam leaning against one of the bookshelves. Sam looked somehow different too—probably, Todd thought, because he wasn't holding a drink. Then he listened to what Judith was saying.

". . . I've been an awful fool, Tod," she said at one point. "I should have known what was wrong before Sammy and I had this talk tonight. It isn't easy for him to be married to someone like me. It wouldn't," she admitted, "be easy for anyone to be married to me." She looked across at Sam and they both smiled. "I think I've weighted him down with the responsibility of being my husband, stifling him with my own career and making him feel he was getting nowhere with *his* own career. I suspect," she said, flashing another smile at her husband, "that that was what made Sammy drink."

Tod thought it was all very pretty. He was very happy that Sam and Judith had come to some sort of understanding. He thought, but did not say, that it would take a whole barrelful of understandings before Sam straightened out, but that was Judith's business. He also thought he would like, for once, to have life be a little more like it was in the movies—with Judith rushing to him, suddenly realizing where her true happiness lay, while the orchestra went into mood music and a flock of pigeons flew across the screen. But all he said was, "I'm very glad for both of you." The sincerity in his voice, he thought, should have won him an Oscar on the spot.

"We're going away, Sam and I," Judith said. "For six months or maybe a year. Sam has this book he wants to write, and we're going to do it together. Sam feels that if I'll sort of help him with it, he can do it as a novel and as a screen play for me at the same time."

She stood up and began walking toward the door. "We can start telling you the plot of the book," she said, "on the way over to pick up the Oscar. . ."

THE clock in the corner chimed twice. Judith looked at it in amazement. "Why, it's two o'clock in the morning, Tod!" she said. "Surely—" She stared at Tod, who looked away. "I see," she said finally. "I didn't get it after all. Well."

Neither Tod nor Sam spoke. Then both of them looked up quickly as Judith began to laugh. There was no hysteria in her laughter; it was full and happy. "Oh, really," she said. "All your plans, Tod!"

She walked over and took Sam's arm and then reached out for Tod's. Together they went out of the library into the hall. "Who did get it, Tod?" she said. "Was it Lise?"

"No," Tod said, and stopped as Ackie came in the front door.

"Ackie," Judith cried, "what are you doing here?"

He tried to be light about it. "Where else would I be?" he said. "Is this my house or is this my house?"

"Oh, stop it, Ackie," Judith said. "You mean you left Lise alone at a time like this?"

"Judith," Ackie said wearily, "I'm very tired. I love you very much, Judith, but there are times—"

She strode angrily over to him. "May Heaven give me strength," she cried. "Jules Ackman, you are the world's biggest bubblehead, yapping to me about Mona Lisa and Venus of Milo. Lise Delahaye is no statue. She's lonely and hurt and very tired, and she needs you as she's never needed anyone in her life before. We all need someone, someone just to *be* there. Don't you see?

"Maybe she doesn't even know she needs you," Judith went on. "In that case, you'll have to tell her, Ackie. You'll have to shout her down, because the heart gets very stubborn and deaf at times." She glanced over at Sam. "But shout, Ackie!" she said. "Tell Lise you love her. Now. Tonight. There won't ever be another chance, Ackie. She'll close herself in again . . ."

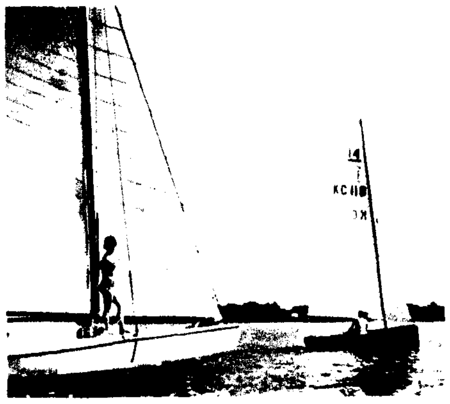
She stopped then, because there didn't seem to be much point in talking to Ackie when he was no longer there.

The three of them walked toward the front door as Ackie's car sped down the driveway toward Lise.

"Tod!" Judith said. "I nearly forgot. Who *did* get the Oscar? Bunny? Surely they didn't give it to Carol Barton?"

Tod shook his head. "No, it was that little what's-her-name girl," he said. "You know. The other one."

—JAMES CARHARTT AND NICHOLAS WINTER



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She got a $600 dependency credit for mule named William—until tax agents got wise

Some people do the craziest things for

INCOME TAX REFUNDS

A N ANGRY housewife in Los Angeles wrote the U.S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington, D.C.: "I wish to know why everyone else but myself can get a check for overpayment of income taxes. I have never received a single check. All I can get from you is forms."

A harried husband in Philadelphia addressed this appeal to the commissioner: "Please tell my wife I have received no refund on our income tax. All her friends have received refund checks. She accuses me of cashing our refund check and spending it. Please write her, as she won't speak to me."

From Michigan came this blast: "What do you think this is, your birthday? Keeping my money down there to have a good time? You had better wake up! I am through with this monkeying around. Let's have that refund check by return mail—or else . . ."

By JOHN LEAR

Letters like these rain upon Uncle Sam's tax collectors at income tax time every year. This year is no exception. There are few more widely and warmly argued questions in the life of the common citizen than: Who gets an income tax refund? Why? What determines the amount?

Roughly half the nation's 55,000,000 to 57,000,000 taxpayers stand to get refunds on the taxes withheld from their pay checks during 1953. The other half are grumbling over the prospect of having to fork over to Uncle Sam even more tax money. And nearly all taxpayers are bewildered by the system that determines the category into which they fall.

One of the few persons who were never in doubt about where they stood was John E. Hannon. He had a very remarkable record: he got every refund he ever sought—not only for himself, but for all his friends. What made his performance most unusual was that all these refunds were for taxes that had never been paid.

Prisoner John Hannon collected refunds on taxes that had never been paid

Hannon operated a unique tax-consultant service in the late 1940s behind the walls of the state prison at Florence in the Arizona desert, where he was serving a term for forgery. His clients were his fellow inmates, whom he charged 20 cents on each dollar they collected. He invented fictitious incomes and fictitious employers for himself and for them, then used published official tables to calculate the income that supposedly had been withheld for income taxes by each employer. After listing phony dependents, he completed the forms and mailed them to Internal Revenue offices throughout the West and South.

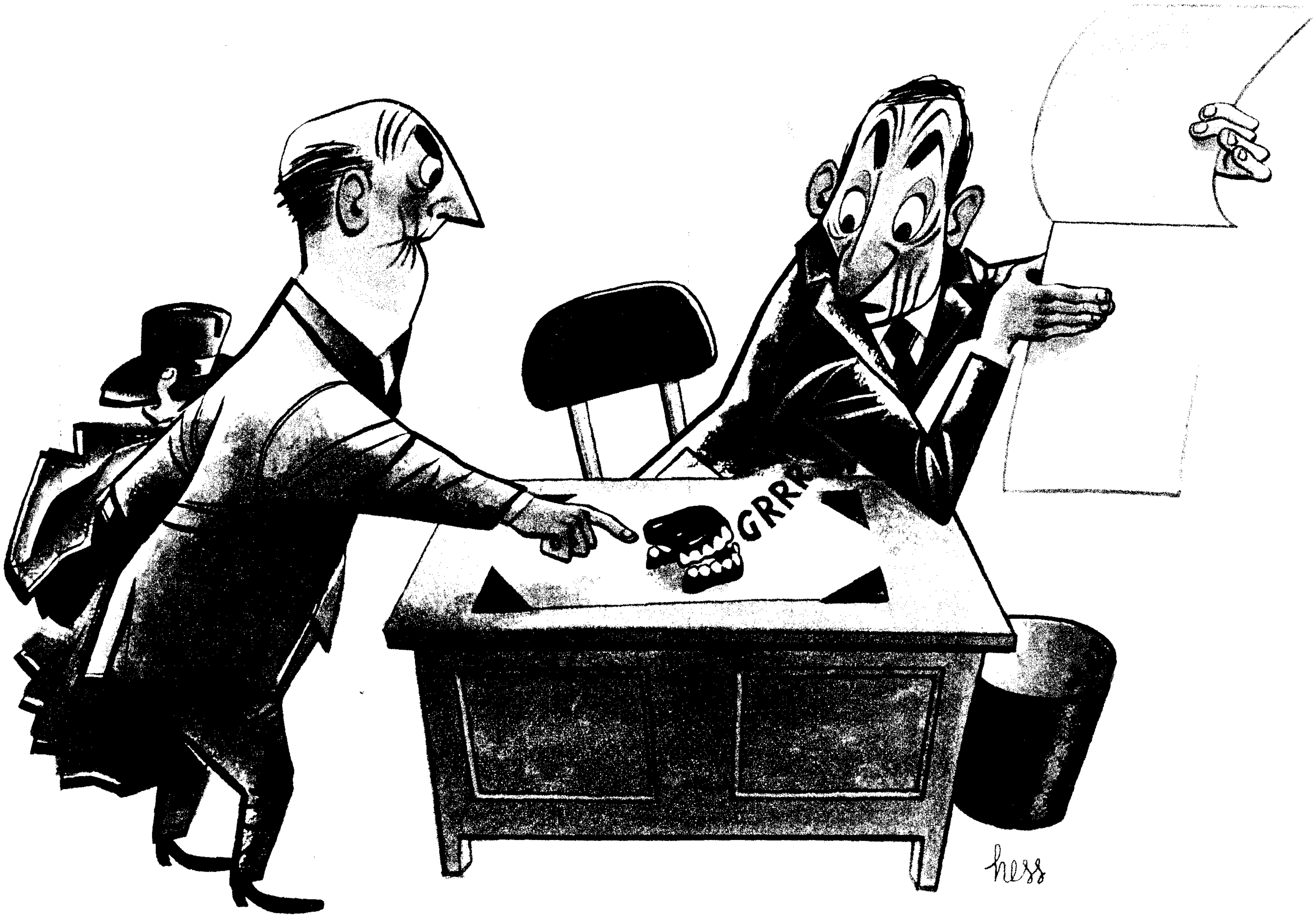
As the refund checks came in from the U.S. Treasury—they ranged from $200 to $600 each—they were credited to Hannon and his clients on the prison commissary books. Hannon's fame as a tax expert spread on the underworld grapevine and his exploits were copied in prisons in Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas before Lon Walters, the warden at Florence, became suspicious about the number of Treasury checks addressed to his prisoners. Walters tipped off Internal Revenue officials at Phoenix, Arizona, and the golden flood ended.

Hannon, who finished his term for forgery during the investigation that followed, was rearrested, tried and convicted of tax fraud.

Few people are as brazenly organized in their pursuit of refunds on their income taxes as John E. Hannon. Yet minor refund frauds are practiced by hundreds of otherwise honest citizens every year. Items of income are conveniently forgotten; items of expense are opportunely discovered. The sums at stake are too small to be worth the shame of detection. The motive is often nothing more sinister than keeping up with the Joneses—"If they're smart enough to figure how to get some money back, we will be too!"

But whoever proceeds on that theory is the dupe of a delusion. Income tax refunds rarely result

Trying to outwit Uncle Sam, taxpayers brazenly invent children, revive dea



The taxpayer did more than tell the dubious Internal Revenue Bureau examining officer just what his medical expenses were—he showed him

from deliberate calculation by anyone. Usually they arise by chance.

Under the law, employers must withhold taxes from the wages and salaries of their employees. But corporation accountants would go mad if they had to calculate every tax transaction on the payroll individually. To bring their work within reasonable bounds, the Internal Revenue Service has drawn up tables of withholding to fit daily, weekly, biweekly and monthly pay periods. The withholding figures are all reckoned on the assumption that the employee will receive the same income continuously. If sickness, strike, mechanical breakdown, fire, flood or market depression lays a man off temporarily, he can expect a tax refund.

So, too, can countless working children and older students who spend vacations in part-time jobs. They collect their refunds under a proviso exempting from payment of income tax all who earn less than $600 a year. Wary parents cut short an offspring's spare-hour labor before the year's pay hits the $600 ceiling. If the income passes that mark, the offspring must pay a tax on all the excess—and his elders can't list him as a dependent with a deduction of $600 on their own returns.

Dependency is the most likely reason for tax refunds. With each new life entrusted to his care, a taxpayer receives an automatic credit of $600—equal to a tax payment of $13 a week. He is entitled to the deduction for the full calendar year, even if a baby is born in the last minute before midnight of December 31st—and even if the life expires before that last minute is gone.

Ordinarily, at the beginning of the year following the arrival of an addition to his family, a taxpayer would report the increase on the annual dependency form all employees file with their employers. But if the taxpayer likes the idea of getting a refund he need not report the new child.

A handful of tax-wise people across the country have adopted this latter procedure as a method of Christmas or vacation saving. It is legal if you want to try it, so long as your employer knows and agrees. However, it is not possible to carry this banking operation as far as one Southern gentleman tried to do.

"You owe me a refund of $1,000," he wrote to his district Internal Revenue office. "I earned $2,600 last year. I have a wife and four children. When I include myself, I have six exemptions at $600 each. I multiply $600 by six and get $3,600. I subtract $2,600 from $3,600 and get $1,000.

"Please let me have my $1,000 at your earliest convenience."

Somewhat confused, that taxpayer was at least open and direct. Not all claims for refunds due to dependency exemptions fall in that category.

An Alabama woman got a $600 credit for a mule named William for three years before Treasury agents caught up with her. She insisted that William had helped support her while he was able; now that he was retired to pasture she had to support him.

A man in Stockton, California, listed nine children as dependents from 1943 to 1948; none existed. A North Carolina resident claimed to be supporting two of his aunt's six illegitimate children, his mother took exemptions for all six, and the scarlet sister herself assumed credit for four of the six.

"Sure Uncle Louie is a dependent," declared another taxpayer whose claim of exemption for a deceased uncle had been challenged. "He's depending on me to keep his grave decorated."

Any taxpayer can legally claim a dependency exemption for any living near relative (cousins are not near relatives) who earns less than $600 a year and to whose year-round support he contributes greater than a half share.

Alongside dependency, your other chances of getting an income tax refund are small.

For example, your chance of recovering with-

Man of Month: tax boss T. Coleman Andrews

HARRIS & EWING

relatives and even the family pets as dependents

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

Uncertain how much tax she owed, the nurse mailed in a blank check. The Treasury

held tax money because of heavy doctor bills is far less than most taxpayers think. Why? Because the 10 per cent standard deduction for personal expenses is actually above what the average person pays out for those expenses. When the standard was fixed in 1944 to simplify tax returns, the average expense deduction taken by all income tax payers was only 6 per cent. That leaves an extra cushion of 4 per cent—two thirds the average itself—to absorb abnormal bills. Hence you are less likely to get a refund for medical and dental costs than you are to get one for the interest you pay on a house. Still, people try, and sometimes succeed.

"Those medical expenses seem a little high," an examining agent told one claimant. "Would you tell me where you spent all this money?"

"I'll do better than tell you, buddy," the taxpayer snapped. "I'll show you."

Reaching into his mouth, he lifted out his upper and lower plates.

The chances that contributions to charity, which also enter into the 10 per cent standard expense deduction, will entitle you to a refund are slim, too. One man listed the purchase of a tombstone for his brother as a charitable contribution. Challenged, he said: "How come it wasn't charity? When he was alive, he never did anything for me." The claim was not allowed.

Finally, the Treasury's system of "rounding" out figures may determine whether you get a refund. "Rounding" is done in any simple tax computation table such as the one employers use to reckon withholdings from wages. To get the job done at all, they must "round" a tax to cover not only one wage, but a whole bracket of wages. The tax fate of any individual may depend on where he stands within his pay bracket.

A single penny of income separates the man earning $61.99 a week from the next higher withholding bracket. If he earns that extra penny, his tax withholding rises from $9.60 a week ($499.20 a year) to $10 a week ($520 a year). Meanwhile, his actual tax remains the same as before: $518. So, instead of having to pay $18.80 when he files his return, he gets a refund of $2.

Whether refunds ever come their way or not, the vast majority of taxpayers file honest returns. How many decide that falsifying a return for a possible refund (over the last ten years, the average refund has been $54) isn't worth the price of exposure? How many simply want to do right? Collection men don't know.

However, few honest taxpayers would go as far as a Los Angeles nurse, Miss Marie J. George. Anxious to avoid a possible penalty for underpayment of tax, she mailed a signed blank check with her return. The check was returned to her, still blank, along with a refund of $201.86.

It's Hard to Get Away with Dishonesty

Actually the risks of dishonesty are greater than most supposedly well-informed taxpayers think. None of the 55,000,000 to 57,000,000 individual income tax statements filed yearly escapes surveillance of some kind. Anywhere from three to a dozen examinations are made of each return.

The routine varies with local conditions. In the Boston office—I use Boston because methods developed there by scrappy District Director Thomas J. Scanlon are being adopted on a national scale—one set of examiners does nothing but compare the income figures set down on returns with the figures typed on the W-2 forms that employees must enclose with their returns to show wages paid and taxes withheld. Erasures or insertions of false digits are quickly detected by experienced eyes.

Verification of taxpayers' arithmetic as it appears on the returns is the exclusive task of a second group of examiners. In the Boston district last year, 17,423 mistakes were found in 708,000 refundable returns. Correction of the mistakes brought the district an additional $1,068,666.69 in taxes. One out of every five taxpayers who said the government owed them money ended up owing the government. An accountant who claimed a refund of $30 was called upon to pay $800 additional tax.

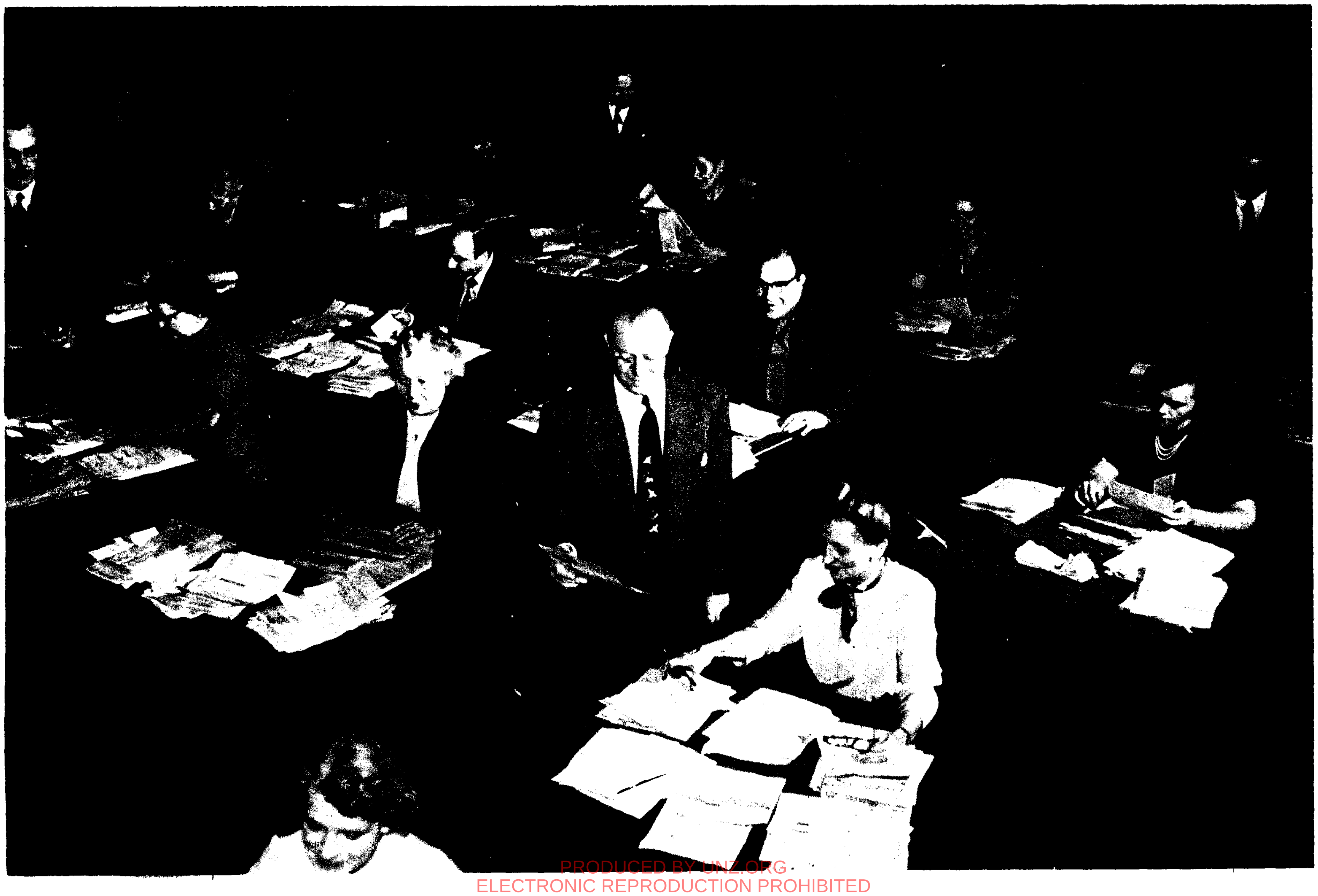
A third battery of examiners combs dependency exemptions for nonexistent or self-supporting uncles, nephews and stepmothers. Some agents are expert in cases of one dependent only, others in cases of two dependents, still others in cases of three, four, even seven or more dependents. At least one phony dependent appears in every five returns they scan. Not all dependency mistakes are fraudulent, however, and taxpayers sometimes cheat themselves. It is the revenue agents' duty to correct the record either way. But their best efforts are thwarted from time to time, as in the case of a dock worker in Hawaii.

This stevedore had 16 children by a common-law wife. He couldn't claim them as dependents for tax purposes under Hawaiian law unless he married. The tax agent pointed out that the cost of a marriage license would be repaid several times over by the tax refund that would result.

"She doesn't want to get married yet," the taxpayer explained. "She wants to look around first."

In addition to the hurdles every tax return must clear in the district office, random samples of returns are lifted each year—from different wage levels and different alphabetical categories—to be

Refund-checking methods developed by Boston District Director Thomas J. Scanlon (standing) brought government additional million dollars



ARTHUR GRIFFIN

audited. In an audit, revenue agents call upon the taxpayer to document the items entered on his tax return. While they are at it, they ask him to account also for items in his returns of the two previous years.

In Boston last year, the returns of 19,840 of 708,000 taxpayers claiming refunds were audited *before* any repayments were made. Only 2,321 claims survived without change. One fourth of the refund dollars claimed were disallowed.

Chiselers Must Pay Back—with Interest

Other returns on which refunds were claimed were picked out for auditing *after* checks had been mailed. The audit is still going on as this is written. Any chiselers who may be caught will be required not only to pay back the refunds they have received and cashed, but also to pay interest at 6 per cent on what they have owed since March 15, 1953. And (since three tax years are audited at once) the bill may date back to March 15, 1952, or even to March 15, 1951.

Taxpayers who escape these booby traps with their refunds intact may still have to deal with Kansas City. There is a tax office in Kansas City where people do nothing but compare tax figures. This office receives from all over the country the W-2 wage-and-withholding forms that employees mail with their returns. It also receives all the employers' carbons of these forms, called W-2As. By matching W-2s with the W-2As, Kansas City nabs those who report only fractions of their true income.

The matching job is often a staggering enterprise. In 1948 one worker, a freight handler, accumulated 104 different W-2s from 51 companies which employed him in seven states; he ran up an income of $4,415.78, had $481.96 in taxes withheld, and ended with a refund of $104.96. To check him alone, Kansas City had to compare 204 pieces of paper.

That freight handler holds the record. But it is common for fishermen, longshoremen, movie-projector operators, printers and journeymen mechanics to have 50 or more W-2s a year. And the patient persistence of the Kansas City staff startles hundreds of refund recipients one or two years after they have received and spent their refunds.

The Kansas City office also gets records of dividends paid by corporations to their stockholders and interest paid by banks to their depositors. Banks likewise frequently notify district tax offices when depositors withdraw unusual sums of money in bills of large denomination. In tracking down these items, as in scrutinizing all others, the rule of the Internal Revenue Service is: "Get from the taxpayer every cent he owes. Give to the taxpayer every cent he is due."

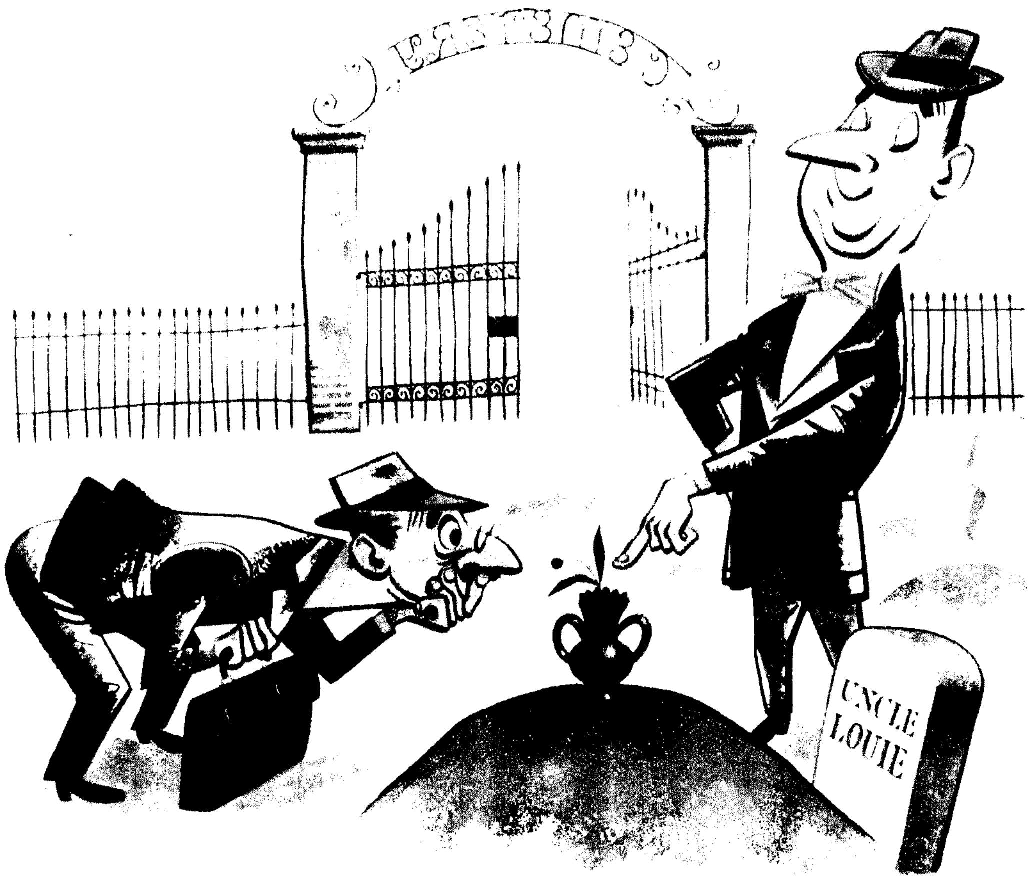
Five crisp new $1,000 bills were withdrawn from a bank by a wealthy retired industrialist, eighty years of age. It turned out that they were intended for the conscience fund of the U.S. Treasury. A curious tax agent looked up the old man, who readily explained.

The $5,000 was to cover any mistake the old man might have made in his tax payments down through the years. He had started his own business in a small garage and had built it into a prosperous establishment. He had always kept his own books; now that he had retired he wasn't sure whether he had kept pace with machine-age accounting.

An income tax examiner went over the books. After he returned them, the old man got back his $1,000 bills—plus a tax refund of $17,000.

The cumulative effect of such refund incidents has been to give the tax collector a better reputation. Long ago tax collectors themselves came to accept lack of sympathy as a qualification for their work, and they relied on fear to enforce their demands.

Those who collect the tax bills for Uncle Sam had no intention of taking any other view when



The taxpayer had ready answer when he was accused of listing dead uncle as dependent. "Sure Uncle Louie is a dependent," he replied. "He's depending on me to keep his grave decorated"

Congress adopted the principle of withholding taxes from wages in 1943. In fact, the principal argument for withholding was that it alone could assure collection of the huge sums needed to pay for World War II.

Congress recognized that withholding inevitably would entail thousands of refunds. It tried to assure prompt payment of the refunds by specifying that taxpayers should receive interest at 6 per cent per annum from the return filing deadline, March 15th, on all refunds paid later than 30 days after that date.

But because no refund was made until a return had been audited, unpaid claims piled up that first year—1944—like snowdrifts in a blizzard.

In June, Washington announced that the first million refunds had been paid and that the job would be completed "in several months."

Five Million Refunds Went Unchecked

But it wasn't until March 31, 1945, that the last refunds actually were mailed. And, even then, all efforts to check the last 5,000,000 refunds had to be abandoned to prevent a complete breakdown of the tax-collection machinery. Altogether, almost $22,000,000 in interest was paid on the 16,000,000 refunds for the tax year 1943—an average bonus of roughly $1.50 for every taxpayer concerned.

Some people grumbled that their refund bore no interest. Pooh-poohed at first, these gripes later proved true. They arose from an administrative decision—still in effect today—that no refund under $1 would justify the computation of interest. Complainers who made formal demands for interest as a requirement of the law got it on even the smallest sums, as they will now if they put their protests in writing.

The next year—1945—refunds were issued first and questions asked afterward. (It was this procedure which enabled John E. Hannon to carry on his nefarious business.) The Washington tax headquarters, which originally had insisted on reviewing every refund over $1,000, gave the district offices authority to pay up to $10,000, then up to $200,000 without checking with Washington.

The law still requires that refunds over $200,000 be reported and explained in writing to the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. But there has been only one individual income tax refund claim of that size in recent years. As this is written, final decision on the claim is pending. The claim amounts to $300,000 and has been in the works since 1945. If the taxpayer finally gets his money, he will collect interest totaling almost half the sum he sought originally.

On its tenth anniversary, the refunding system works with commendable dispatch. Of 30,000,000 refunds due on income taxes for 1952, nearly all were mailed within six weeks after the annual avalanche of claims descended on March 15, 1953.

Although the total value of the refunds—$2,250,000,000—was slightly higher than those on 1951 taxes, the interest paid on them was down 75 per cent to $1,000,000. Only 1,350 people got back more than $10,000 each; 29,899,000 got back less than that amount. The average refund for the year was $79, compared to $34 when tax withholding was introduced 10 years ago.

Even swifter service can be expected in the future, according to Internal Revenue Commissioner Thomas Coleman Andrews. If his present plans hold, this year may be the last for which 35,000,000 taxpayers need file an income tax return when paying their taxes.

That is the number of citizens who now earn less than $5,000 a year, take the standard 10 per cent deduction for personal expenses and file 1040A returns. Andrews' plan would offer an alternative payment system for such taxpayers. The Internal Revenue Bureau itself would offer to compute the tax or refund due. It would feed into an electronic brain the employer's withholding report and the number of the taxpayer's dependents. The machine would figure out the tax and either bill the employee for the amount due, or write a refund check for him.

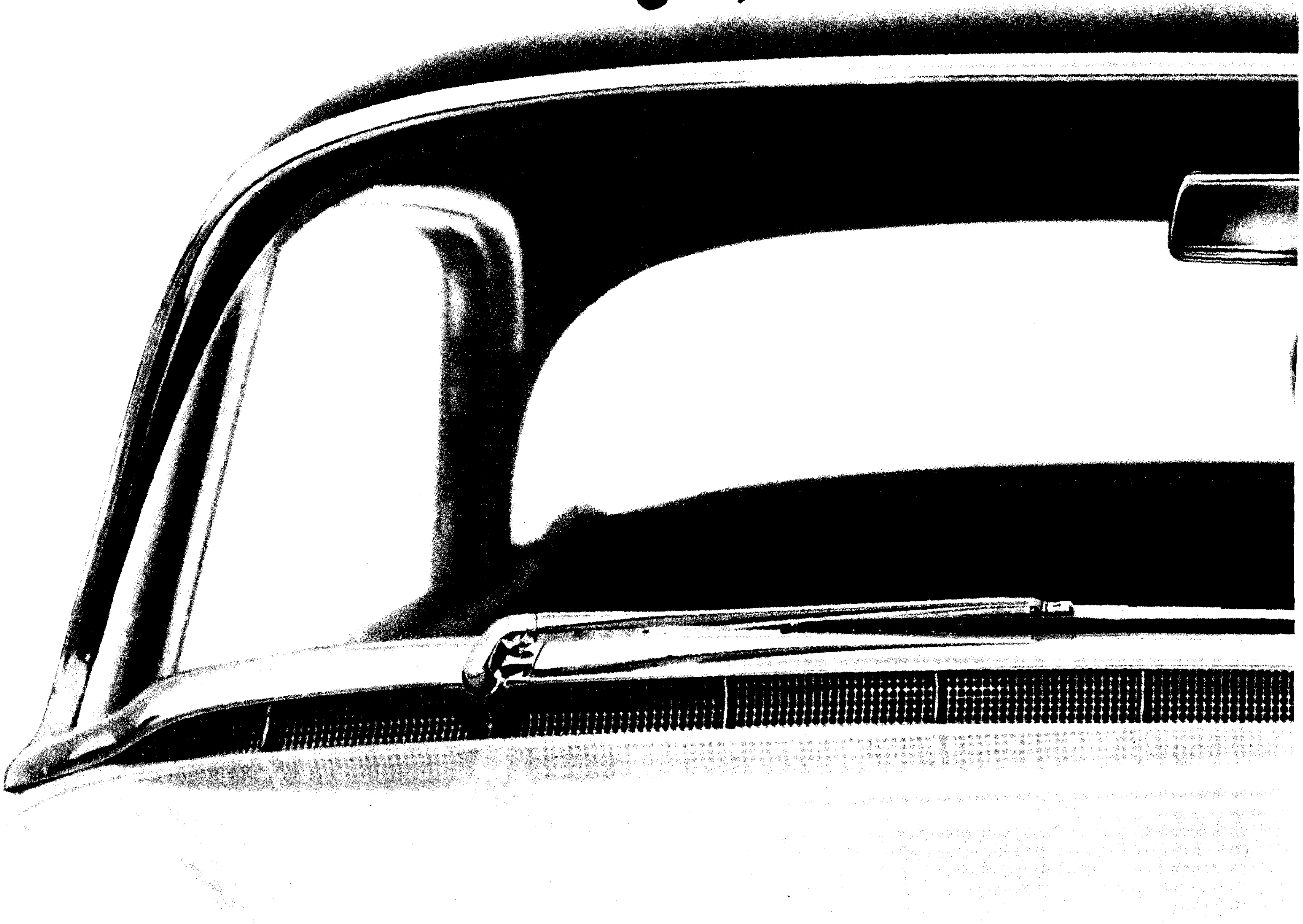
The mechanical brain would go to work full tilt with the arrival of the New Year. By what is now the tax-return deadline, March 15th, at least two thirds of the nation's tax-collecting job would be done.

But at least until 1956 rolls around, it's up to you to file an income tax return. Don't expect the federal government to bill you; the responsibility is yours. And evasions simply do not succeed. Very ingenious ones have failed, including the one devised by a man who attached this note to a blank return form:

"My son and I have studied the prospectus you sent us, and the application for membership. We have decided, however, that we do not care to join your organization at this time."

The father and son had no choice in the matter—and neither has anyone else who earns $600 or more in a year.

way, way



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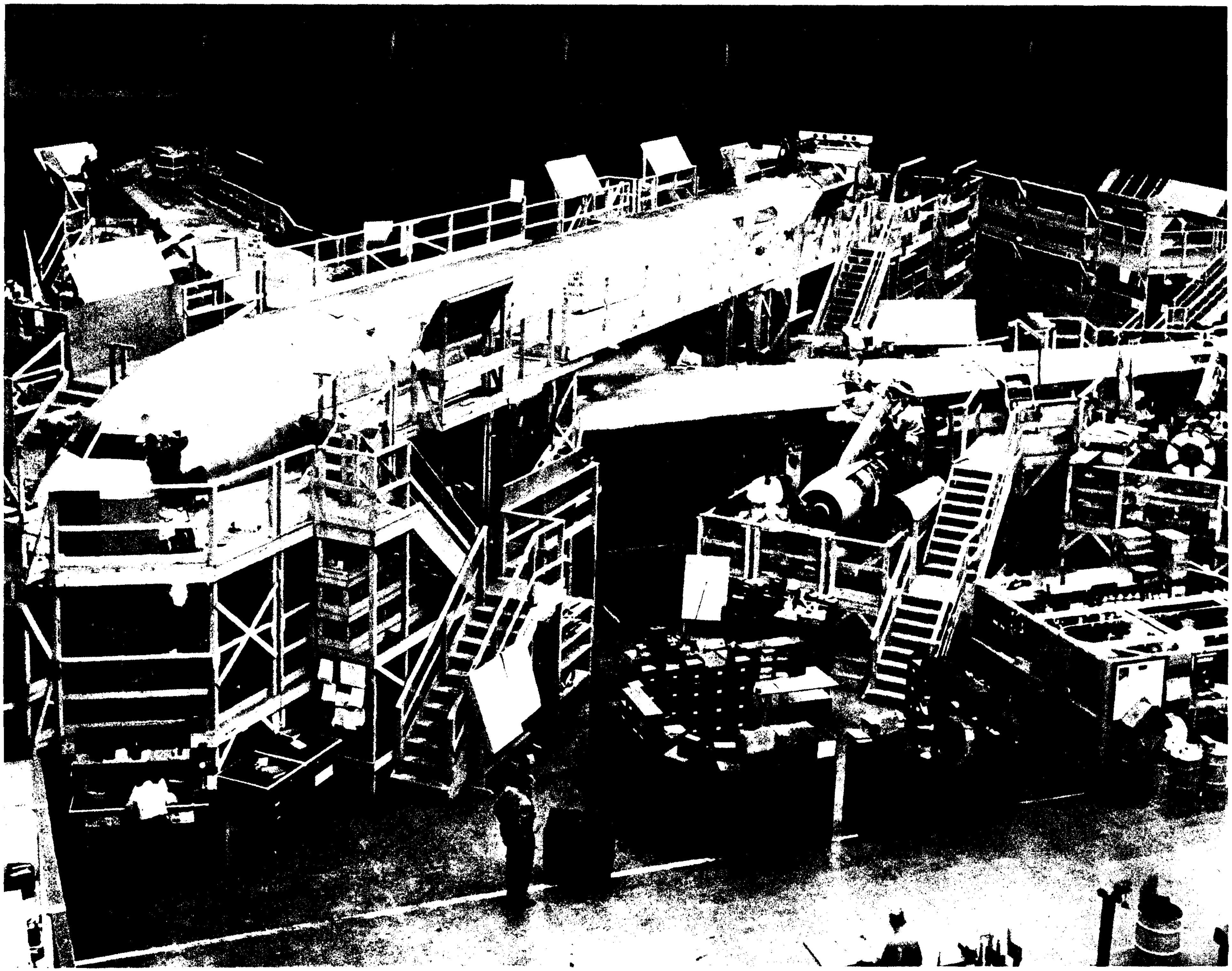
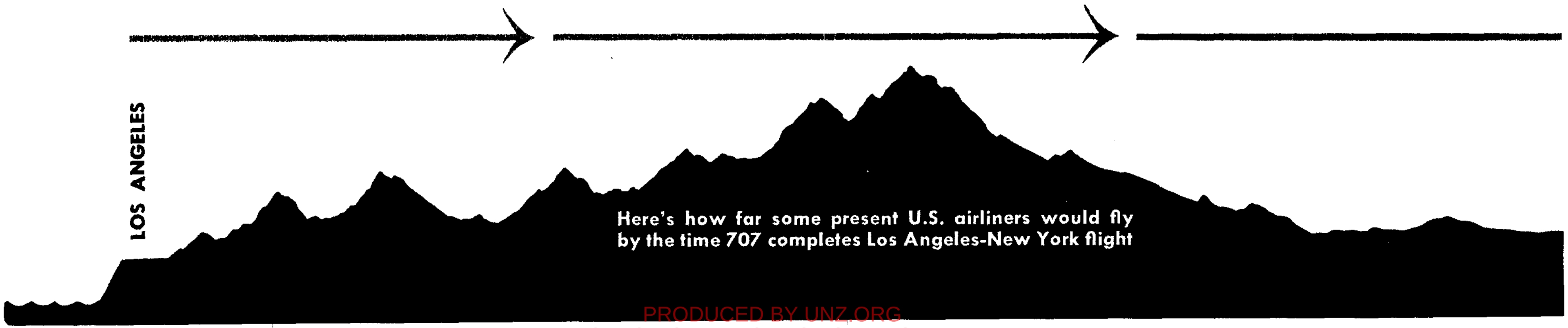


PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BICKEL

Boeing is building the new four-jet transport Model 707 behind a 30-foot-high board fence in a corner of its Renton, Washington, plant. Workers reach the fuselage and wings from a three-story scaffolding. The giant plane is expected to make its first test flight in August



Here's how far some present U.S. airliners would fly by the time 707 completes Los Angeles-New York flight

GAMBLE

Boeing President William Allen, holding a model of 707, got directors to okay the project

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

America's first jet transport—a 100-passenger, 550-mph job—is now nearing completion. Can it wrest the jet lead from Great Britain's Comet?

BEHIND a 30-foot-high board fence in a corner of the Boeing Airplane Company plant at Renton, Washington, the world's biggest and fastest airliner is rapidly taking final shape. It is Boeing's Model 707—a four-jet, 100-passenger transport designed to fly across oceans and continents at speeds up to 550 miles an hour. On it will ride America's first hopes to capture the lead in the jet-transport field from Britain.

The 707 is being built under company-imposed secrecy precautions approaching those at the government's atomic-energy installations. For the last two years, it has been spoken of in Boeing circles as Project X. It originally was given the model number of an older plane (367-80) to throw curious visitors off the track. Guards at the only entrance to the Walled Village—as the fenced-off construction area is known—still bar even the highest company officials unless they carry special red-and-white passes. Boeing is taking no chances that the transport's design and construction secrets will leak out to rival companies, American or foreign. (At least two other U.S. companies have jet transports in various stages of planning. Britain already has its Comet and is working on other jet airliners.)

But the 707 is now so far along that the full story of its development can be told. I have just spent 10 days at the Walled Village. Amid the clatter of drills and riveting machines, I watched coveralled workers swarm in and over a three-story scaffolding surrounding the 127-foot-long hull. I saw the four huge Pratt & Whitney J-57 engines that will generate a total of 75,000 horsepower. I talked with the men who conceived the 707, with some of the 1,000 men and women who are building it.

I found that the new plane—a prototype or demonstrator model—is scheduled to begin its taxi tests early this summer and make its first test flight in August. Unshackled from its jigs and scaffolding, the 100-ton 707 is expected to fly at speeds and altitudes now known only to military pilots. Its top speed—nearly 100 miles per hour more than the Comet's—approaches that of our standard fighter, the Sabre. Allowing for the three-hour time difference between coasts, the 707 will be able to take off from New York at 10 A.M. Eastern standard time and land in Los Angeles in time for lunch. Or a traveler could leave London aboard the 707 at the cocktail hour and arrive in New York in time to watch the curtain rise on a Broadway show.

Relaxing in parlor temperatures, passengers aboard the 707 will fly at an altitude of 40,000 feet in still, bright, frigid air from which, when lower skies are clear, they can see the earth's curve at the horizon. Because jet aircraft have no propellers or reciprocating engines, travelers will feel none of the usual vibrations in flight. Instead of the pulsating throb of propellers, they will hear only a faint whine like that of a distant generator.

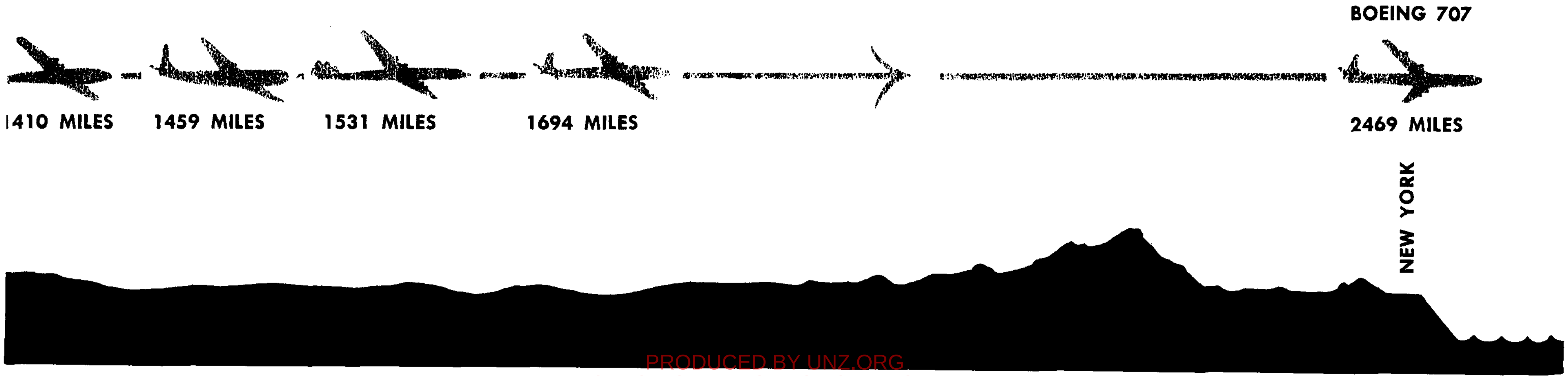
Britain's Advantage Can Be Overcome

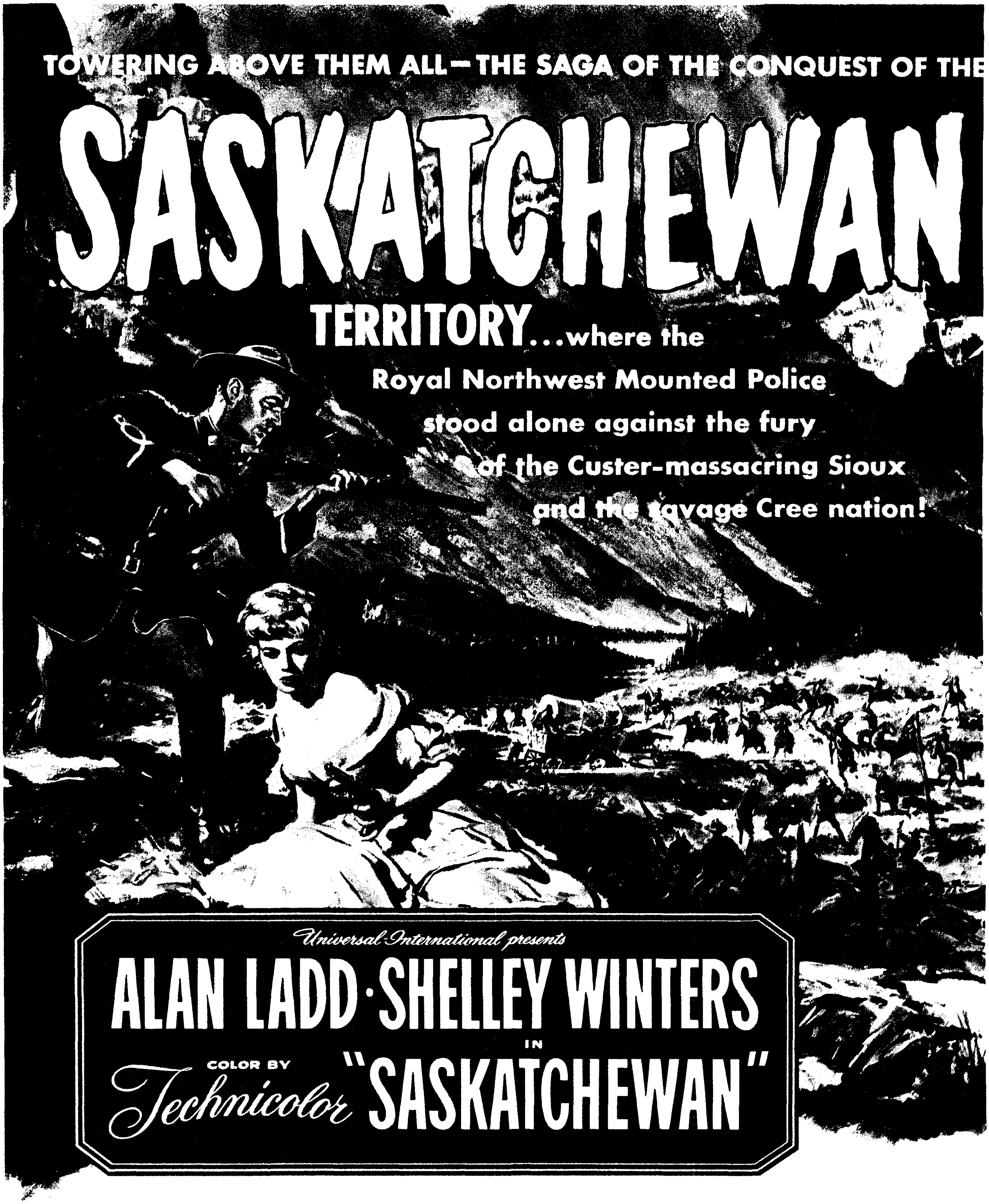
The 707 will have a far greater range than its smaller British rival, the Comet. It will be able to fly nonstop across the United States or the Atlantic. With the added advantages of American production-line techniques and knowledge gained in building B-47 and B-52 jet bombers, Boeing engineers are confident that they not only can overtake Britain's three-year head start on jet transports but can put the 707 into production before the British get their new, larger, long-range Comet III and other competitive planes in the air. (The Comet II, scheduled to go into service this summer, will carry only 44 to 48 passengers.) Boeing's confidence is based on two assumptions: first, that the plane will perform as well in the air as it does on paper, and second, that sufficient buyers will be found for it.

The second assumption makes the 707 one of the biggest gambles in aircraft history. Unlike the De Havilland Aircraft Company, whose development of the Comet was helped by advance orders from the government-owned British Overseas Airways Corporation, Boeing has shouldered the entire risk and expense of building the 707. As of today, with the prototype model almost ready to wheel out of the hangar and $15,000,000 already committed to the project, Boeing has not received a single order for the 707. The government has not appropriated any funds yet for the purchase of a jet transport or tanker, and until it does, Boeing hesitates to set a price for a commercial airliner.

The burden of this huge venture falls mainly on the shoulders of Boeing President William McPherson (Bill) Allen, probably the most reluctant man ever to risk $15,000,000 on a single chip. Tall, spare and balding, wearing rimless glasses and well-cut subdued clothing, Allen looks the antithesis of a swashbuckling tycoon. A canny businessman and a lawyer, governing a vast company with 63,600 employees in three big plants across the country, he finds his conservative instincts constantly assailed by the uncertainties and risks of the aircraft industry.

Not that Allen isn't sold on the future of commercial jet aircraft. He is. In 1949, he donned a Buck Rogers-type helmet and parachute and took a flight in the cramped bombardier's compartment of a Boeing B-47 six-jet bomber over Wichita, Kansas. It was his first jet flight, and he has been a jet enthusiast ever since. But Allen knows that enthusiasm doesn't build successful aircraft. That requires hard money—lots of it. And in 1949, his biggest potential customer, the U.S. Air Force, was concentrating on building heavy jet bombers; it showed no interest in fast jet transports for military





TOWERING ABOVE THEM ALL—THE SAGA OF THE CONQUEST OF THE

SASKATCHEWAN

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CULLMAN	CULLMAN
DOTHAN	MARTIN
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FLORENCE	NORWOOD
GADSDEN	PITMAN
GUNTERSVILLE	LAKE
HALEYVILLE	DIXIE
JASPER	JASPER
LANETT	LANETT
LOXLEY	VICTORY
MOBILE	DOWNTOWN
MONTGOMERY	PARAMOUNT
OPELIKA	MARTIN
OZARK	BRACKIN
SELMA	WILBY
SCOTTSBORO	RITZ
TROY	PIKE
TUSCALOOSA	BAMA

ARIZONA

GLOBE	APACHE DRIVE-IN
TUCSON	PARAMOUNT

ARKANSAS

ARKADELPHIA	ROYAL
BAUXITE	BAUXITE
BENTON	ROYAL
BLYTHEVILLE	RITZ
BRINKLEY	IMPERIAL
CAMDEN	MALCO
DARDANELLE	JOY
DE QUEEN	SEVIER
EL DORADO	RIALTO
FAYETTEVILLE	OZARK
FORREST CITY	IMPERIAL
FORT SMITH	TEMPLE
HOT SPRINGS	PARAMOUNT
JONESBORO	STRAND
LITTLE ROCK	CENTER
MC GEHEE	MALCO
MAGNOLIA	CAMEO
MALVERN	RITZ
MARIANNA	IMPERIAL
NEWPORT	STRAND
OSCEOLA	MURR
PINE BLUFF	SAENGER
RUSSELLVILLE	RITZ
SMACKOVER	JOY
STUTTGART	MAJESTIC
WILSON	WILSON
WYNNE	IMPERIAL

CALIFORNIA

ANTIOCH	STAMM
BERKELEY	OAKS
CHICO	VECINO
EUREKA	STATE
FAIRFIELD	SOLANO
FRESNO	WILSON
HANFORD	FOX
LOS ANGELES	HILLSTREET, PANTAGES
MODESTO	STATE
OAKLAND	T & D
PALO ALTO	VARSITY
SACRAMENTO	TOWER, ESQUIRE, DEL PASO
SALINAS	VOGUE
SAN DIEGO	SPRECKLES
SAN FRANCISCO	GOLDEN GATE
SAN JOSE	UNITED ARTISTS
SAN MATEO	MANOR
SAN RAFAEL	EL CAMINO
STOCKTON	ESQUIRE
VALLEJO	EL REY
VISALIA	FOX
WATSONVILLE	CENTER
WEED	WEED
YREKA	BROADWAY

COLORADO

ALAMOSA	RIALTO
BOULDER	FOX
BRUSH	EMERSON
CRAIG	WEST
CROOK	PINE
DELTA	EGYPTIAN
DENVER	DENVER
DURANGO	KIVA
FORT COLLINS	AGGIE
FORT MORGAN	COVER
GLENWOOD SPRINGS	GLENN
HOLLY	HOLLY
LA JUNTA	FOX
LEADVILLE	FOX
LONGMONT	FOX
LOVELAND	RIALTO
MONTROSE	FOX
ROCKY FORD	GRAND
STERLING	FOX
TRINIDAD	FOX
WALSENBURG	FOX

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT	LOEW'S POLI
HARTFORD	LOEW'S POLI
NEW HAVEN	PARAMOUNT
NORWALK	NORWALK DRIVE-IN
NORWICH	LOEW'S POLI
WATERBURY	LOEW'S POLI

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON	WARNER

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON	COLUMBIA

FLORIDA

CLERMONT	LAKE
FT. LAUDERDALE	GATEWAY
FT. MYERS	LEE
JACKSONVILLE	FIVE POINTS
KEY WEST	PALACE
LEESBURG	PALACE
MIAMI	MIAMI, MIRACLE, CARIB
NAPLES	NAPLES
PALM BEACH	CARLTON
PENSACOLA	FLORIDA
PLANT CITY	CAPITOL
QUINCY	LEAF
ST. PETERSBURG	PLAYHOUSE
TALLAHASSEE	FLORIDA
TAMPA	PARK

GEORGIA

ALBANY	ALBANY
ATHENS	GEORGIA
ATLANTA	LOEW'S GRAND
AUGUSTA	IMPERIAL
BOSTON	BEAN
BUFORD	ALLEN
BRUNSWICK	RITZ
CEDARTOWN	WEST
COLUMBUS	BRADLEY
ELBERTON	ELBERT
GAINESVILLE	ROYAL
HOGANSVILLE	ROYAL
JESUP	STRAND
LA GRANGE	LA GRANGE
MACON	CAPITOL
MEIGS	PALM
MOULTRIE	COLQUITT
NEWNAN	ALAMO
PELHAM	PARK
QUITMAN	ILEX
ROCKMART	ROCKMART
ROME	DE SOTO
ST. SIMONS ISLAND	CASINO
SANDERSVILLE	ARCADE
SAVANNAH	WEIS
THOMASVILLE	ROSE
TOCCOA	RITZ
WAYCROSS	RITZ
WEST POINT	RIVIERA

IDAHO

ALAMEDA	CREST
BLACKFOOT	NUART
BOISE	PINNEY
CALDWELL	ROXY
IDAHO FALLS	RIO
LEWISTON	GRANADA
POCATELLO	CHIEF
TWIN FALLS	ORPHEUM

ILLINOIS

ANNA	RODGERS
AUBURN	"R"
AURORA	PARAMOUNT
BEARDSTOWN	PRINCESS
BENTON	CAPITOL
BLOOMINGTON	IRVIN
CAIRO	GEM
CANTON	CAPITOL
CARBONDALE	VARSITY
CARMI	CARMI
CENTRALIA	ILLINOIS
CHARLESTON	WILL ROGERS
CHICAGO	ROOSEVELT
CHRISTOPHER	GLOBE
DANVILLE	FISCHER
DECATUR	LINCOLN
DIXON	DIXON
EFFINGHAM	HEART
ELGIN	CROCKER
FLORA	TOWN
FREEPORT	FREEPORT
GALESBURG	ORPHEUM
GREENVILLE	BOND
HARRISBURG	GRAND
HERRIN	MARLOW
HILLSBORO	ORPHEUM
JACKSONVILLE	ILLINOIS
JERSEYVILLE	JERSEY
JOLIET	RIALTO
KANKAKEE	LUNA
KEWANEE	WANEE
LA SALLE	MAJESTIC
LAWRENCEVILLE	STATE
LINCOLN	LINCOLN
LITCHFIELD	CAPITOL
MC LEANSBORO	MC LEAN
MARION	ORPHEUM
MATTOON	MATTOON
MOLINE	NEW ILLINI
MT. CARMEL	AMERICAN
MT. VERNON	STADIUM
MURPHYSBORO	MARLOW
NEWTON	STAR
OLNEY	ARCADIA
OTTAWA	ROXY
PEKIN	PEKIN
PEORIA	PALACE
QUINCY	WASHINGTON
ROBINSON	LINCOLN
ROCKFORD	CORONADO
ROCK ISLAND	FORT
SALEM	SALEM
SHELBYVILLE	ROXY
SPRINGFIELD	ROXY
STAUNTON	LABOR TEMPLE
STERLING	STERLING
STREATOR	PLUMB
SULLIVAN	GRAND
TAYLORVILLE	CAPITOL
WAUKEGAN	GENESEE
WEST FRANKFORT	ROXY

INDIANA

ALEXANDRIA	TOWN
ANDERSON	STATE
BATESVILLE	GIBSON
BEDFORD	VON RITZ
BLOOMINGTON	INDIANA
CONNERSVILLE	TIME
CRAWFORDSVILLE	STRAND
ELKHART	ORPHEUM
ELWOOD	VOGUE
EVANSVILLE	LOEW'S VICTORY
FT. WAYNE	EMBASSY
FRANKFORT	ROXY
FRANKLIN	FRANKLIN
GARRETT	GALA
GARY	PALACE
GOSHEN	GOSHEN
GREENCASTLE	VON CASTLE
HAMMOND	PARAMOUNT
HUNTINGTON	HUNTINGTON
INDIANAPOLIS	CIRCLE
JASPER	ASTRA
KENDALLVILLE	STRAND
KNOX	KNOX
KOKOMO	INDIANA
LA FAYETTE	LA FAYETTE
LA PORTE	LA PORTE
LOGANSPORT	STATE
MADISON	OHIO
MICHIGAN CITY	LIDO
MUNCIE	RIVOLI
NEWCASTLE	CASTLE
NOBLESVILLE	DIANA
PERU	ROXY
PRINCETON	PRINCETON
RICHMOND	STATE
ROCHESTER	TIMES
SOUTH BEND	PALACE
SYRACUSE	PICKWICK
TERRE HAUTE	INDIANA
VINCENNES	NEW MOON
WABASH	EAGLES
WASHINGTON	INDIANA

IOWA

ALBIA	KING
ALGONA	ALGONA
AMES	COLLEGIAN
BEDFORD	RIALTO
BOONE	RIALTO
BURLINGTON	PALACE
CEDAR FALLS	REGENT
CEDAR RAPIDS	PARAMOUNT
CENTERVILLE	MAJESTIC
CHARITON	RITZ
CHARLES CITY	CHARLES
CLARION	CLARION
CLEAR LAKE	LAKE
CLINTON	CAPITOL
CRESCO	CRESCO
DAVENPORT	CAPITOL
DES MOINES	DES MOINES
EAGLE GROVE	PRINCESS
ESTHERVILLE	GRAND
FAIRFIELD	COED
FOREST CITY	FOREST
FT. DODGE	DODGE
FT. MADISON	FOX
GRINNELL	STRAND
IOWA CITY	ENGLERT
KEOKUK	IOWA
KNOXVILLE	GRAND
MARSHALLTOWN	ODEON
MASON CITY	CECIL
MUSCATINE	UPTOWN
NEW HAMPTON	FIREMENS
NEWTON	CAPITOL
OELWEIN	GRAND
OSKALOOSA	MAHASKA
OTTUMWA	CAPITOL
SIOUX CITY	CAPITOL
VINTON	PALACE
WATERLOO	PARAMOUNT

KANSAS

ABILENE	PLAZA
ARKANSAS CITY	BURFORD
ATCHINSON	ORPHEUM
AUGUSTA	AUGUSTA
BELOIT	MAINSTREET
CHANUTE	MAINSTREET
COFFEYVILLE	MIDLAND
COLBY	COLBY
COLUMBUS	LIBERTY
CONCORDIA	STRAND
COUNCIL GROVE	RITZ
DODGE CITY	COOPER
EL DORADO	EL DORADO
EMPORIA	GRANADA
FORT SCOTT	FOX
GARDEN CITY	STATE
GREAT BEND	PLAZA
HAYS	FOX
HUTCHINSON	FOX
INDEPENDENCE	BOOTH
IOLA	IOLA
JUNCTION CITY	KAW
LARNED	ELECTRIC
LAWRENCE	GRANADA
LEAVENWORTH	HOLLYWOOD
LIBERAL	TUCKER
LYONS	LYONS
MC PHERSON	MAC
MANHATTAN	WAREHAM
NEWTON	REGENT
OAKLEY	CENTER
OTTAWA	PLAZA
PARSONS	WEST
PHILLIPSBURG	MAJESTIC
PITTSBURG	MIDLAND
RUSSELL	DREAM
SALINA	VOGUE
STOCKTON	NOVA
TOPEKA	JAYHAWK
WICHITA	CREST

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND	CAPITOL
BENTON	BENTON
CARROLLTON	RICHLAND
CORBIN	HIPPODROME
DANVILLE	KENTUCKY
FULTON	FULTON
HENDERSON	KENTUCKY
HICKMAN	RITZ
HOPKINSVILLE	PRINCESS
LEXINGTON	KENTUCKY
LOUISA	GARDEN
LYNCH	LYNCH
MAYSVILLE	RUSSELL
MIDDLESBORO	MANRING
OWENSBORO	CENTER
PADUCAH	COLUMBIA
PAINTSVILLE	SIPP
PARIS	CAPITOL
PIKEVILLE	WEDDINGTON
PRESTONSBURG	ABIGAIL
PRINCETON	CAPITOL
RICHMOND	MADISON
VERSAILLES	BACON
WHITESBURG	ALENE

LOUISIANA

ABBEVILLE	BOB
ALEXANDRIA	PARAMOUNT
BATON ROUGE	PARAMOUNT
BOGALUSA	STATE
CROWLEY	RICE
DE RIDDER	REALART
DONALDSONVILLE	GRAND
EUNICE	LIBERTY
FRANKLIN	TECHE
HAMMOND	RITZ
HOUMA	PARK
JENNINGS	STRAND
LAFAYETTE	NONA
LAKE CHARLES	PITT
LE COMPTE	FOX
LEESVILLE	VERNON
MANY	SABINE
MINDEN	JOY
MONROE	JIM
MORGAN CITY	WALL
NEW IBERIA	ECHO DRIVE-IN
NEW ORLEANS	JOY
OPELOUSAS	YAM DRIVE-IN
SHREVEPORT	DON
THIBODAUX	COLONIAL DRIVE-IN

MAINE

AUGUSTA	COLONIAL
BANGOR	BIJOU
BATH	UPTOWN
BRUNSWICK	CUMBERLAND
GARDINER	OPERA HOUSE
HOULTON	TEMPLE
LEWISTON	EMPIRE
LIVERMORE FALLS	DREAMLAND
NORWAY	REX
PORTLAND	CIVIC
RUMFORD	STRAND
WILTON	WILTON

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE	HIPPODROME
CAMBRIDGE	ARCADE
CUMBERLAND	STRAND
EASTON	AVALON
FEDERALSBURG	FEDERAL
HAGERSTOWN	HENRY'S
LEXINGTON PARK	PARK
SALISBURY	BOULEVARD

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON	RKO KEITHS MEMORIAL
FALL RIVER	ACADEMY
FITCHBURG	SAXON
GREENFIELD	LAWLER
HAVERHILL	PARAMOUNT
NEW BEDFORD	STATE
PITTSFIELD	STATE
SPRINGFIELD	CAPITOL
WORCESTER	WARNER

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN	CROSWELL
ALLEGAN	REGENT
ALMA	STRAND
ALPENA	MALTZ
ANN ARBOR	MICHIGAN
AUGUSTA	PARK
BATTLE CREEK	BIJOU
BENTON HARBOR	LIBERTY
BIG RAPIDS	BIG RAPIDS
CADILLAC	LYRIC
CARO	STRAND
CASS CITY	CASS
DETROIT	PALMS
EAST TAWAS	FAMILY
ESCANABA	DELFT
FLINT	PALACE
FRANKFORT	GARDEN
FRANKLIN	SAGINAW
GRAND RAPIDS	MAJESTIC
GREENVILLE	SILVER
HILLSDALE	DAWN
HOLLAND	HOLLAND
IONIA	IONIA
ISHPEMING	BUTLER
JACKSON	CAPITOL
KALAMAZOO	CAPITOL
LANSING	GLADMER
LUDINGTON	LYRIC
MANISTEE	VOGUE
MARLETTE	CENTER
MARQUETTE	DELFT
MIDLAND	MIDLAND
MONROE	MONROE
MOUNT PLEASANT	WARD
MUSKEGON	MICHIGAN
NEGAUNEE	VISTA
NILES	READY
OWOSSO	CAPITOL
PONTIAC	STRAND
PORT HURON	DESMOND
SAGINAW	FRANKLIN
SAULT STE. MARIE	SOO
SOUTHHAVEN	MICHIGAN
STURGIS	STRAND
THREE RIVERS	RIVIERA
TRAVERSE CITY	MICHIGAN
YPSILANTI	MARTHA WASHINGTON

MINNESOTA

AUSTIN	PARAMOUNT
DULUTH	GRANADA
FAIRMONT	NICHOLAS
HIBBING	STATE
LITTLE FALLS	FALLS
LUVERNE	PIX
MANKATO	TOWN
MINNEAPOLIS	STATE
REDWOOD FALLS	FALLS
ROCHESTER	CHATEAU
ST. CLOUD	PARAMOUNT
ST. PAUL	PARAMOUNT
VIRGINIA	MACO
WHITE BEAR	AVALON
WINONA	STATE

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI	SAENGER
BOONEVILLE	JERON
CLARKSDALE	TYSON
COLUMBIA	MARION
COLUMBUS	VARSITY
GREENVILLE	LAKE
GREENWOOD	REBEL
GULFPORT	LEGION
HATTIESBURG	BEVERLY DRIVE-IN
INDIANOLA	HONEY
JACKSON	ROYAL MUSIC HALL
LAUREL	RITZ
MC COMB	STATE
MERIDIAN	ROYAL DRIVE-IN
NATCHEZ	BAKER GRAND
OXFORD	RITZ
PASCAGOULA	RITZ
QUITMAN	MAJESTIC
TUPELO	TUPELO
VICKSBURG	JOY

MISSOURI

BROOKFIELD	DE GRAW
BOONVILLE	LYRIC
CAMERON	RITZ
CAPE GIRARDEAU	BROADWAY
CARROLLTON	UPTOWN
CARTHAGE	ROXY
CHARLESTON	MC CUTHEON
CHILLICOTHE	BEN BOLT
CLINTON	GO-SHO
COLUMBIA	UPTOWN
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS	BEYER
FARMINGTON	RITZ
FESTUS	MILLER
FLAT RIVER	ROSELAND
FREDERICKTOWN	MERCIER
FULTON	FULTON
HANNIBAL	TOM SAWYER
JEFFERSON CITY	CAPITOL
JOPLIN	PARAMOUNT
KANSAS CITY	UPTOWN, TOWER, FAIRWAY, GRANADA
KIRKSVILLE	KENNEDY
LEXINGTON	MAINSTREET
LIBERTY	PLAZA
MACON	VALENCIA
MARSHALL	AUDITORIUM
MARYVILLE	MISSOURI
MEXICO	LIBERTY
MOBERLY	GRAND
NEOSHO	ORPHEUM
NEVADA	STAR
PERRYVILLE	MERCIER
POPLAR BLUFF	ROGERS
ROLLA	UPTOWN
ST. JOSEPH	ELECTRIC
ST. LOUIS	FOX
SEDALIA	FOX
SIKESTON	MALONE
SPRINGFIELD	FOX
TRENTON	PLAZA
WASHINGTON	CALVIN
WAYNESVILLE	FORT WOOD
WEBB CITY	CIVIC

MONTANA

ANACONDA	WASHOE
BILLINGS	FOX
BOZEMAN	ELLEN
BUTTE	BOW
GLENDIVE	ROSE
GREAT FALLS	CIVIC CENTER
HAVRE	HAVRE
HELENA	MARLOW
LEWISTOWN	JUDITH
MISSOULA	WILMA

NEBRASKA

ALBION	BOONE
ALLIANCE	ALLIANCE
BEATRICE	FOX
CHADRON	PACE
COLUMBUS	COLUMBUS
CRAWFORD	ELITE
FREMONT	EMPRESS
GORDON	PACE
GRAND ISLAND	CAPITOL
GRANT	GRANT
HASTINGS	RIVOLI
HOLDREGE	SUN
KEARNEY	FOX
LINCOLN	LINCOLN
MC COOK	FOX
NORFOLK	GRANADA
NORTH PLATTE	PARAMOUNT
OGALLALA	PRAIRIE
OMAHA	ORPHEUM
SCOTTSBLUFF	MIDWEST
SIDNEY	FOX
YORK	SUN

NEVADA

ELKO	HUNTER
LAS VEGAS	FREMONT

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BERLIN	STRAND
CLAREMONT	LATCHIS
DOVER	UPTOWN
KEENE	LATCHIS
MANCHESTER	STRAND
NASHUA	STATE

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY	HOLLYWOOD

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO	WHITE SANDS
ALBUQUERQUE	STATE
BELEN	ONATE
CARLSBAD	CAVERN
CLAYTON	BRONCO
DEMING	EL RANCHO
FARMINGTON	ALLEN
GALLUP	EL MORRO
HOBBS	FRONTIER
JAL	REX
LAS CRUCES	RIO GRANDE
LAS VEGAS	SERF
LOS ALAMOS	CENTER
LOVINGTON	LEA
PORTALES	TOWER
RATON	EL RATON
ROSWELL	PLAINS
SANTA FE	SANTA FE
SILVER CITY	GILA
TAOS	TAOS

NEW YORK

AKRON	PARK
ALBANY	STRAND
ALBION	RIALTO
AMSTERDAM	RIALTO
AUBURN	AUBURN
BATAVIA	MANCUSO
BATH	BABCOCK
BINGHAMTON	STRAND
BUFFALO	LAFAYETTE
CORNING	FOX
CORTLAND	STATE
DANNSVILLE	STAR
DUNKIRK	REGENT
EAST AURORA	AURORA
GENEVA	GENEVA
GLENS FALLS	PARAMOUNT
GLOVERSVILLE	GLOVE
GRANVILLE	RITZ
HAMILTON	STATE
ITHACA	STRAND
JAMESTOWN	PALACE
LITTLE FALLS	RIALTO
LOCKPORT	PALACE
MALONE	MALONE
NEWARK	CAPITOL
NIAGARA FALLS	CATARACT
NORWICH	COLONIAL
OGDENSBURG	STRAND
OLEAN	HAVENS
ONEIDA	KALLET
ONEONTA	ONEONTA
OSWEGO	OSWEGO
PEN YAN	ELMWOOD
PERRY	AUDITORIUM
ROCHESTER	RKO PALACE
ROME	CAPITOL
SALAMANCA	SENECA
SARANAC LAKE	PONTIAC
SCHENECTADY	PLAZA
SENECA FALLS	STRAND
SYRACUSE	PARAMOUNT
TROY	TROY
TUPPER LAKE	STATE
WATERTOWN	AVON
WELLSVILLE	BABCOCK
WESTFIELD	GRAND
WOLCOTT	PALACE

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE	PLAZA
BLADENBORO	WONET
BREVARD	CO-ED
BURLINGTON	STATE
CLINTON	AUSTIN
CONCORD	STATE
DRAPER	BALMAR
DUNN	DUNN
DURHAM	CAROLINA
ELIZABETH CITY	CENTER
FAYETTEVILLE	CAROLINA
FOREST CITY	GRIFFIN
GASTONIA	WEBB
GOLDSBORO	PARAMOUNT
GREENSBORO	CENTER
HAMLET	HAMLET
HAVELOCK	CHERRY
HENDERSONVILLE	CAROLINA
HICKORY	CAROLINA
JACKSONVILLE	STATE

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Filmed in its entirety in the greatness and grandeur of the mighty Canadian Rockies!

with

ROBERT DOUGLAS • J. CARROLL NAISH • HUGH O'BRIAN • RICHARD LONG • ANTONIO MORENO • LOWELL GILMORE

Directed by RAOUL WALSH • Story and Screenplay by GIL DOUD • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

ADDITIONAL "SASKATCHEWAN" THEATRE LISTINGS CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE.

KANNAPOLIS....GEM
KINSTON....PARK
LAURINBURG....CENTER
LEAKSVILLE....COLONIAL
LENOIR....CENTER
LEXINGTON....CAROLINA
LUMBERTON....CAROLINA
MARION....MARION
MONROE....CENTER
MOREHEAD CITY....CITY
MORGANTON....MIMOSA
MT. AIRY....EARLE
MT. OLIVE....CENTER
NEW BERN....MASONIC
NORTH WILKESBORO...ALLEN
RALEIGH....VILLAGE
ROANOKE RAPIDS...PEOPLES
ROBBINS....DIXIE
ROCKINGHAM....STRAND
ROCKY MOUNT....CAMEO
ROXBORO....KIRBY
SALISBURY....CENTER
SHELBY....STATE
SOUTHERN PINES....SUNRISE
THOMASVILLE....PALACE
WAKE FOREST....COLLEGIATE
WARSAW....DUPLIN
WILMINGTON....BAILEY
WILSON....CENTER
WINSTON SALEM...CAROLINA

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK....BISMARCK
FARGO....FARGO
GRAND FORKS....DAKOTA
JAMESTOWN....STAR
MINOT....STATE

OHIO

AKRON....STRAND
ALLIANCE....MT. UNION
ASHLAND....ASHLAND
ASHTABULA....SHEA
BELLEFONTAINE....HOLLAND
BRYAN....BRYAN
BUCYRUS....BUCYRUS
CAMBRIDGE....STATE
CANTON....LOEW'S
CINCINNATI....KEITHS
CLEVELAND....RKO PALACE
COLUMBUS....LOEW'S OHIO
CONNEAUT....STATE
COSHOCTON....STAR
DAYTON....LOEW'S
DELAWARE....STRAND
DOVER....BEXLEY
EAST LIVERPOOL..COLUMBIA
ELYRIA....RIVOLI
FINDLAY....STATE
FOSTORIA....STATE
FREMONT....PARAMOUNT
GENEVA....SHEA'S
GEORGETOWN....GRANT
GREENVILLE....WAYNE
HAMILTON....PARAMOUNT
KENT....KENT
LANCASTER....LYRIC
LIMA....QUILNA
LORAIN....OHIO
MANSFIELD....MADISON
MARION....PALACE
MASSILLON....WESLIN
MT. VERNON....VERNON
NEW PHILADELPHIA..QUAKER
NEWARK....AUDITORIUM
NORWALK....NORWALK
PIQUA....PIQUA
PORTSMOUTH....GARDEN
SALEM....STATE
SANDUSKY....STATE
SPRINGFIELD....REGENT
STEUBENVILLE...PARAMOUNT
TIFFIN....RITZ
TOLEDO....RIVOLI
TROY....MAYFLOWER
VAN WERT....VAN WERT
WOOSTER....WOOSTER
WARREN....ROBINS
WAPAKONETA....WAPA
WHEELERSBURG....
SCIOTO DRIVE-IN
YOUNGSTOWN....WARNER
ZANESVILLE....WELLER

OKLAHOMA

ADA....MC SWAIN
ANADARKO....REDSKIN
ARDMORE....TIVOLI
BARTLESVILLE....OSAGE
CHICKASHA....WASHITA
DUNCAN....PALACE
DURANT....PLAZA
EL RENO....ROCKET
ENID....ESQUIRE
HEALDTON....TULSA
KINGFISHER....89 ER
LAWTON....LAWTON
MC ALESTER....OKLA
MARLOW....ALAMO
MIAMI....COLEMAN
MUSKOGEE....GRAND
NORMAN....SOONER
OKLAHOMA CITY....WARNER
OKMULGEE....ORPHEUM
PONCA CITY....PONCAN
SEMINOLE....SEMINOLE
SHAWNEE....HORNBECK
STILLWATER....CREST
TULSA....RITZ
WATONGA....ROOK
WEATHERFORD....BULLDOG

OREGON

ALBANY....VENETIAN
ASTORIA....LIBERTY
BAKER....ELTRYM
BEND....CAPITOL
COOS BAY....EGYPTIAN
CORVALLIS....WHITESIDE
EUGENE....HEILIG
GRANTS PASS....ROGUE
HOOD RIVER....RIALTO
KLAMATH FALLS....PELICAN
LA GRANDE....GRANADA
LEBANON....PARK
MEDFORD....CRATERIAN
PENDLETON.UNITED ARTISTS
PORTLAND....BROADWAY
ROSEBURG....INDIAN
SALEM....CAPITOL
THE DALLES....CIVIC

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA....STATE
BEAVER FALLS....RIALTO
BRADFORD....
DIPSON'S BRADFORD
CHARLEROI....PALACE
FRANKLIN....KAYTON
GREENSBURG....STRAND
HARRISBURG....SENATE
HAZLETON....GRAND
HUNTINGDON....CLIFTON
JOHNSTOWN....STATE
LANCASTER....CAPITOL
LEBANON....COLONIAL
MEADVILLE....PARK
MT. CARMEL....STATE
NEW CASTLE....REGENT
OIL CITY....LATONIA
PHILADELPHIA....GOLDMAN
PITTSBURGH....J. P. HARRIS
POTTSVILLE....HOLLYWOOD
READING....ASTOR
SCRANTON....COMERFORD
SHAMOKIN....CAPITOL
SHARON....NU LUNA
STATE COLLEGE....CATHAUM
SUNBURY....RIALTO
UNIONTOWN....MANOS
VANDERGRIFT....MANOS
WARREN....LIBRARY
WASHINGTON....BASLE
WILKES-BARRE...COMERFORD
WILLIAMSPORT....CAPITOL
YORK....SOUTHERN

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT....PARAMOUNT

SOUTH CAROLINA

AIKEN....PATRICIA
ANDERSON....STATE
BELTON....JOY
CHARLESTON....GLORIA
CHERAW....CHERAW
CHESTER....POWELL
CHESTERFIELD.CHESTERFIELD
CLEMSON....CLEMSON
COLUMBIA....RITZ
CONWAY....CAROLINA
DARLINGTON....DARLINGTON
EASLEY....COLONY
GREENVILLE....PARIS
GREENWOOD....STATE
GREER....GRAND
HARTSVILLE....BERRY
KINGSTREE....ANDERSON
LANCASTER....MIDWAY
MARION....RAINBOW
MULLINS....ANDERSON
MYRTLE BEACH....GLORIA
NEWBERRY....RITZ
ORANGEBURG....CAROLINA
ROCK HILL....STEVENSON
SPARTANBURG....STATE
SUMTER....SUMTER
WALTERBORO....COOK

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN....ORPHEUM
BELLE FOURCHE....BELLE
HOT SPRINGS..HOT SPRINGS
HURON....STATE
LEAD....HOMESTAKE
MITCHELL....STATE
RAPID CITY....STATE
SIOUX FALLS....HOLLYWOOD
STURGIS....DAKOTA
WATERTOWN....*LYRIC*

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL....PARAMOUNT
CHATTANOOGA....TIVOLI
DAYTON....DAYTON
DYERSBURG....FRANCES
ELIZABETHTON.BONNIE KATE
GREENFIELD....PALACE
HALLS....HALLS
HARRIMAN....PRINCESS
JACKSON....PARAMOUNT
JELLICO....CAPITOL
JOHNSON CITY....SEVIER
KINGSPORT....STRAND
KNOXVILLE....TENNESSEE
LA FOLLETTE....CHEROKEE
LAWRENCEBURG....
DAVID CROCKETT
LENOIR CITY....GRAND
LEWISBURG....DIXIE
MC MINNVILLE....PARK
MADISONVILLE...HOLLYWOOD
MARTIN....VARIETY
MEMPHIS....MALCO
NASHVILLE.LOEW'S VENDOME
NEWBURN....PALACE
OAK RIDGE....GROVE
PARIS....CAPITOL
SHELBYVILLE....PRINCESS
SOUTH PITTSBURG....
PRINCESS
SPARTA....OLDHAM
SWEETWATER....GAY
TULLAHOMA....MARSHALL
UNION CITY....CAPITOL
WINCHESTER....OLDHAM

TEXAS

ABILENE....PARAMOUNT
ALBANY....AZTEC
ALVIN....ALVIN
AMARILLO....PARAMOUNT
ANAHUAC....RIG
ANDREWS....ROSE
ANGLETON....ANGLETON
AUSTIN....PARAMOUNT
BALLINGER....TEXAS
BAY CITY....STATE
BAYTOWN....BRUNSON
BEAUMONT....JEFFERSON
BELTON....BELTONIAN
BIG SPRING....RITZ
BORGER....MORLEY
BRENHAM....SIMON
BROWNFIELD....REGAL
BROWNSVILLE....MAJESTIC
BROWNWOOD....BOWIE
BURKBURNETT....PALACE
BRYAN....PALACE
CAMERON....CAMERON
CHILDRESS....PALACE
CLEBURNE....ESQUIRE
COLEMAN.COLEANA DRIVE-IN
COLORADO CITY....PALACE
COMANCHE....MAJESTIC
COMMERCE....PALACE
CONROE....CRIGHTON
CORPUS CHRISTI....CENTRE
CORSICANA....PALACE
CRANE....CRANE
CROCKETT....RITZ
CROWELL....RIALTO
CUERO....RIALTO
DAINGERFIELD....MORRIS
DALHART....MISSION
DALLAS....MAJESTIC
DECATUR....PLAZA
DEL RIO....RITZ
DENISON....RIALTO
DENTON....CAMPUS
DENVER CITY....RHEA
DUMAS....EVELYN
EDINBURG....CITRUS
EDNA....EDNA
EL CAMPO....NORMANA
ELECTRA....GRAND
EL PASO....PLAZA
FORT STOCKTON....PECOS
FORT WORTH....WORTH
FREEPORT....SHOWBOAT
GAINESVILLE....STATE
GALVESTON....MARTINI
GEORGETOWN....PALACE
GLADEWATER....GREGG
GONZALES....LYNN
GRAHAM....LEON
GREENVILLE....TEXAN
HARLINGEN....ARCADIA
HASKELL....TEXAS
HEBRONVILLE.PIONEER DRIVE
HENDERSON....PALACE
HEREFORD....STAR
HILLSBORO....TEXAS
HOUSTON....MAJESTIC
HUGHES SPRINGS....PARK
HUNTSVILLE....LIFE
JACKSONVILLE....PALACE
KILGORE....CRIM
KILLEEN....CENTER
LAMESA....SKYVUE DRIVE
LAMPASAS....LEROY
LA PORTE....PORT
LAREDO....PLAZA
LEVELLAND....WALLACE
LITTLEFIELD....PALACE
LOCKHART....BAKER
LONGVIEW....ARLYNE
LUBBOCK....LINDSEY
LUFKIN....PINES
MC ALLEN....PALACE
MC KINNEY....RITZ
MARFA....PALACE
MARLIN....PALACE
MARSHALL....PARAMOUNT
MIDLAND....YUCCA
MINERAL WELLS....GRAND
MORTON....ROSE
MT. PLEASANT....MARTIN
MUNDAY....ROXY
NAVASOTA....MILLERS
NEW BRAUNFELS..BRAUNTEX
ODESSA....ECTOR
ORANGE....STRAND
OVERTON....OVERTON
PALESTINE....TEXAS
PAMPA....LA NORA
PARIS....GRAND
PECOS....GRAND
PERRYTON....ELLIS
PLAINVIEW....GRANADA
PORT ARTHUR....VILLAGE
PORT LAVACA..PORT LAVACA
PORT NECHES....NECHES
POST....TOWER
QUANAH....PALACE
REFUGIO....RIALTO
RICHMOND....LAMAR
ROBSTOWN....GULF
ROSENBERG....COLE
ROTAN....LANCE
RUSK....CHEROKEE
SAN ANGELO....TEXAS
SAN ANTONIO....MAJESTIC
SANDERSON....PRINCESS
SAN MARCOS....TEXAS
SAN SABA....PALACE
SEGUIN....PALACE
SEYMOUR....TEXAS
SHAMROCK....TEXAS
SHERMAN....TEXAS
SILSBEE....PINES
SLATON....SLATON
SPUR....PALACE
STEPHENVILLE....MAJESTIC
SULPHUR SPRINGS..MISSION
SUNDOWN....WALLACE
SWEENY....SWEENY
SWEETWATER....TEXAS
TAYLOR....HOWARD
TERRELL....IRIS
TEXARKANA....PARAMOUNT
TEXAS CITY....SHOWBOAT
TULIA....ROYAL
TYLER....TYLER
UVALDE....EL LASSO
VERNON....PLAZA
VICTORIA....UPTOWN
WACO....WACO
WAXAHACHIE....TEXAS
WEATHERFORD....PALACE
WEST COLUMBIA....CAPITOL
WHARTON....RIO
WICHITA FALLS....WICHITA
WINTERS....STATE
YOAKUM....GRAND

UTAH

CLEARFIELD....ADMIRAL
LOGAN....CAPITOL
OGDEN....EGYPTIAN
PRICE....PRICE
PROVO....PARAMOUNT
SALT LAKE CITY....UTAH
TOOELE....RITZ
VERNAL....MAIN

VERMONT

BARRE....MAGNET
BENNINGTON....
GENERAL STARK
BRATTLEBORO....LATCHIS
BURLINGTON....STRONG
RUTLAND....GRAND

VIRGINIA

CHARLOTTESVILLE....
PARAMOUNT
DANVILLE....NORTH
HARRISONBURG....STATE
MARTINSVILLE....RIVES
NEWPORT NEWS.PARAMOUNT
NORFOLK....STATE
RICHMOND....LOEW'S
ROANOKE....AMERICAN
SUFFOLK....PALACE
WINCHESTER....PALACE

WASHINGTON

ELLENSBURG....LIBERTY
KELSO....KELSO
KENNEWICK....BENTON
NORTH RICHLAND....
NORTH STAR
PASCO....LIBERTY
RICHLAND....UPTOWN
SPOKANE....GRANADA
SUNNYSIDE....LIBERTY
TOPPENISH....LIBERTY
VANCOUVER....BROADWAY
WALLA WALLA....LIBERTY

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY....BECKLEY
BLUEFIELD....GRANADA
CHARLESTON....CAPITOL
CLARKSBURG....RITZ
FAIRMONT....LEE
FAYETTEVILLE....FAYETTE
HUNTINGTON....PALACE
IAEGER....IAEGER
LOGAN....GUYAN
MARTINSBURG....APOLLO
MORGANTOWN....
METROPOLITAN
OAK HILL....KING
OMAR....OMAR
PARKERSBURG....SMOOT
WESTON....CAMDEN
WHEELING....COURT

WISCONSIN

APPLETON....APPLETON
BARABOO....JULIAR
BELOIT....MAJESTIC
CHIPPEWA FALLS....FALLS
EAU CLAIRE....STATE
FOND DU LAC....RETLOW
FT. ATKINSON....FORT
GREEN BAY....ORPHEUM
JANESVILLE....MYERS
KENOSHA....ORPHEUM
LA CROSSE....RIVOLI
LADYSMITH....MINER
MADISON....ORPHEUM
MANITOWOC....CAPITOL
MARSHFIELD....NEW ADLER
MILWAUKEE....TOWNE
OSHKOSH....OSHKOSH
PORTAGE....PORTAGE
RACINE....RIALTO
RICE LAKE....EL LAGO
SHEBOYGAN....SHEBOYGAN
STEVENS POINT....FOX
SUPERIOR....BEACON
WAUKESHA....PARK
WAUSAU....WAUSAU
WEST BEND....WEST BEND

WYOMING

CASPER....RIALTO
CHEYENNE....LINCOLN
GREYBULL....BIG HORN
KEMMERER....VICTORY
LARAMIE....FOX
POWELL....TETON
RAWLINS....FOX
RIVERTON....ACME
ROCK SPRINGS....WEST
SHERIDAN....WYO
SHOSHONI....REGENT
THERMOPOLIS....TEPEE
TORRINGTON....WYOMING

BRITISH WEST INDIES

NASSAU....CAPITOL,CINEMA,
MEERES, SAVOY

TERRITORY OF HAWAII

HONOLULU....WAIKIKI

If your city is not listed, watch the newspapers for your local playdate.

uses. Even the need for a high-speed jet tanker plane to refuel jet bombers and fighters in flight was not felt then.

If any further deterrent was necessary, Allen could find it in his own experience. Twice since he became president, Boeing has lost heavily on new planes: once in 1945 when it dropped $12,000,000 on the Stratocruiser, in part because of rising labor and material costs after the sale price had been set, and again in 1946 when it lost about $2,000,000 on a small, feeder-line plane project because there weren't enough customers.

Bombarded with Propaganda

But within the Boeing organization itself, the pressure to tackle a jet transport began to mount. The preliminary-design people sent Allen scores of dreamboat sketches. Sales bosses brought in alarming stories of progress on jet designs by competing aircraft companies. In the small private dining room at Boeing's Seattle plant where company brass lunched, jet enthusiasts subjected him to an endless barrage of propaganda.

Then, on a trip to England in 1950, Allen made what he regarded as an encouraging discovery. Visiting the De Havilland factory, he was startled to see that the Comet was being built almost entirely by hand. If an American company could find the capital for the huge initial investment required to make the necessary dies and tools for a large-scale assembly line, he figured, it could soon outproduce the British. And large-scale production means lower-priced aircraft—a fact that ultimately could give the United States dominance in the jet-transport field.

"Their production-line tooling was similar to what we would use to build one experimental airplane," Allen said recently.

In a conference with two associates traveling with him—Maynard Pennell, chief of Boeing's preliminary-design section, and Kenneth Luplow, its European sales chief—Allen briefly considered the possibility of building a jet transport. But by the time the three men returned to this country, the Korean war had begun, and all American airplane makers were loaded with urgent military contracts. Even preliminary planning on a jet-transport venture had to be postponed—while Britain's Comet seized the initiative with highly publicized flights across Europe into Africa and Asia.

Early in 1952, however, the then Defense Secretary, Robert Lovett, said the military now *did* want faster air transports to save time on troop and freight movements—and he urged research in that direction.

For the first time, Allen, the businessman, saw a glimmer of light: if Boeing could put up the money to build a prototype, he thought, maybe the military would buy jetliners as aerial transports, freighters and tankers. It was still a gamble, but the odds were better.

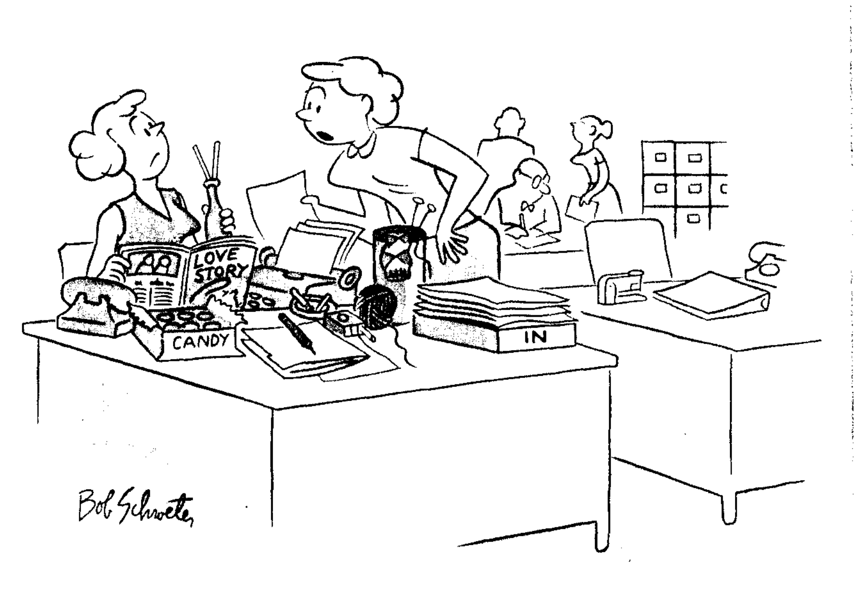
Allen sent a long questionnaire to all departments of his company, asking if an efficient and effective jet transport could now be built. The response was an overwhelming yes, though the degree of enthusiasm varied from warm to red hot. Carefully Allen gathered all pertinent information, data and designs. He called in Ken Gordon, his commercial sales chief, and told him to get ready for one of his toughest selling jobs. Then, like a general with all men and officers in position, he was ready to confront the Boeing board of directors.

First Test Flight for B-52

Just before the fateful board meeting, the Boeing B-52 bomber—fastest heavy military airplane in the world—made its first test flight. Allen was on the roof of the administration building at Seattle with other Boeing brass as the eight-jet, 150,000-horsepower behemoth thundered down the runway and took the air. The dignified-looking Allen waved his arm like a college cheerleader and shouted: "Pour it to 'em, boy! Pour it to 'em!"

A few days later, on April 22, 1952, a dozen directors gathered around the shiny table in the company's board room. Allen opened the critical meeting with a brief outline of his plans for a jet transport, then called on senior vice-president Wellwood Beall to give details.

As Beall explained the thinking that



COLLIER'S "I just found out that the cute fellow giving you the eye is the new efficiency expert" BOB SCHROETER

ffered suggestions—but no orders

lay behind the project, Ralph Bell, director of sales, produced three paintings of the proposed transport and placed them on an easel. They showed an airliner with a sharply-angled swept-back wing. The engines—the same powerful J-57s that power the B-52 bomber and won the Collier Trophy for 1952 (Collier's, December 25, 1953)—were slung beneath the wing in pods on long booms. Only the hull of the plane was conservative—a cigar-shaped metal envelope with plenty of room for passengers and luggage.

Why Prototype Model Was Best

Beall also called other department heads before the directors. One by one, they placed charts and graphs on the easel and gave facts and figures supporting the proposal. The management staff argued in favor of first building a prototype model, instead of plunging at once into production as Boeing had with the Stratocruiser. A prototype, they said, would reduce the dollar risk, provide valuable information and test data, and give the sales staff a flying demonstrator to show military and airline officials.

Now came the bill—the cost of building the prototype. When board members saw the digits stretching out to $15,000,000, some were brought up short. They knew that the fifteen million would be only the first drop in the bucket if Boeing decided to tool up for a production-line airplane. Tooling alone would probably cost $50,000,000 to $60,000,000; other expenses might well push the total investment past $100,000,000 before the first production model came off the line.

That sum was larger than the value of the company. The board members knew Boeing could make the plane, but putting money on the block was something else again. However, Allen had a suggestion. Maybe, he said, federal tax officials would permit the company to charge the construction costs to current expenditures instead of amortizing them over several years. If so, he said, part of the money could be taken from funds set aside to pay the excess-profits tax.

Summing up, Allen said he was convinced of the need for an American jet transport—both for security reasons and to maintain United States' position on the world air lanes. If a commercial plane alone was envisioned, he said, the risk would probably be too great. But, he added, there was a real military need as well, and the project looked like a justified business risk.

The directors agreed. They authorized construction of the 707—providing the Treasury Department approved the tax proposal.

Confident that the Treasury would give its blessing (it later did), Allen went into action at once. While other directors were relaxing at his home after dinner that evening, the Boeing president sent his right-hand man, senior vice-president Beall, on a flying mission to Pratt & Whitney at Hartford, Connecticut, to line up production of the engines for the 707.

Some of Allen's eagerness to get started on the plane brushed off on Beall; he was stopped by a policeman for speeding on the way to the airport.

Within 48 hours, chief project engineer Pennell began to mobilize what was to become a small army of employees for Project X. His first move was to assemble more than 300 engineers in a special section of the engineer building at the Renton plant. There on a sea of drafting boards, they soon began mapping out the infinite details which machinists would later translate into the metal reality of tools, dies and jigs for the big jet plane.

Proposals that the prototype plane be equipped with seats, passenger windows and fancy trimming were overruled. It was decided to build a Spartan model which could be easily converted into a commercial transport, a military tanker or a cargo plane.

There were many other complicated problems: What type of landing gear should be used? How heavy should the plane's skin be? Where should the wings engines be mounted? Should the wings be flexible to withstand shocks from air bumps at almost sonic speeds?

While engineers and draftsmen toiled long hours over their tables, workmen erected a wall in the corner of a big hangarlike building nearby, and an iron curtain of secrecy was lowered on Project X.

It was decided then, as part of the policy of secrecy, to borrow the model number 367-80 from the older aircraft, which had no connection with the 707.

Guards were given strict instructions to admit no one without the special red-and-white pass which said "367-80 MOCK-UP." One day not long afterward, guard Maurice Welsh stopped a man who tried to get into the Walled Village to see the division superintendent, Joe Donnelly, without a pass. "This guy says to me, 'Tell Donnelly I'm here,' " Welsh recalls. "I told him he'd have to call Donnelly himself from outside. My orders were to keep out everybody without passes 'cause we didn't want the competition knowing what we were doing.

"Then a few minutes later, Donnelly comes steaming out, saying that it was Mr. Allen himself I'd refused to let in," Welsh continued. "Mr. Allen didn't get sore, though, and he complimented me on doing my duty. After that, he always carried a pass."

The first task of the workmen inside the Walled Village was to build a full-size wooden model of the 707 complete with wiring, on which engineers could work out construction problems.

Another Kind of Iron Curtain

As the mock-up neared completion, the iron curtain was extended further across the building to enclose another section—promptly designated "final-assembly area." Here, behind long counters, men began sorting and shelving nuts, bolts and sheets of metal.

The tempo of life in the Walled Village grew steadily. On March 4, 1953, bright yellow fork-lifts carried some large steel girders into the final-assembly area, and work was started on the wing center section. This section is to a plane what a keel is to a ship. It meant the start of actual construction.

Progress was steady. In some respects, building a jet transport was an old story to the workers; they already had built B-47 Stratojet and B-52 Stratofortress bombers. But the 707 raised many new problems; because this plane will carry passengers and

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TUNE IN: METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspaper for time and station.

cargo, the hull is more bulky and the load dispersal is different.

Every few days the Boeing president would make a personal tour of the project. Accompanied by the ruddy-faced Donnelly, Allen would stop, ask questions and observe everything that was going on.

"Mostly he wanted to know if we were on schedule, and if the costs were running too high," Donnelly recalls.

The workers took the visits of Boeing's president in stride. "We couldn't bother to be on our best behavior for the boss because we had too much to do," says shop clerk Mrs. Burnelle Atkinson. "If he was in the way, we just had to ask him to please move. After all, our work was more important."

As Logbook Recorded Progress

From a muted hum, the noises inside the Walled Village crescendoed as more and more workmen were added to the project. The only quiet in the sea of noise was the shack where Donnelly watched with eagle eyes. Into his big gray logbook went the record of progress, balanced against an unyielding schedule.

As the wings grew, so did the scaffolding and the jungle-gym of steel fixtures around it. Above the wing root and through the scaffolding could be seen the whale's ribs of the fuselage. The swarm of men clustering around and inside the growing plane grew thicker. Men working on the left wing competed furiously against those on the right wing. One group, knowing certain bolts were hard to come by, stole them from another. The team on the other wing stole them back and found a better hiding place.

"I started building the right wing with my squad, and Shorty Dixon had the left wing," says mechanic Nick Fulbright. "We were ahead most of the way, and we hung the first engines. But then Shorty's crew caught up and now we're just about even. It's been a close race. The foremen don't discourage us, either. They come over and always say the other wing's ahead."

In the engineering building of the Renton plant, chief project engineer Pennell also was working to a schedule, and he had his own problems. One of the biggest was weight. The more weight his boys could save without sacrificing strength, the more efficient the plane could be, the more pay load it could carry. Pennell set a "target weight" so low that many engineers said it would be impossible to meet.

But Pennell and his group found that magnesium alloy could be used for heavier aluminum in some places never before considered. Instead of a two-wheel landing gear, they designed a four-wheel rig that saved more than 1,000 pounds. They also made the landing gear so it would fold up into the belly of the plane instead of into the wing section; it saved weight because it did away with extra supports needed to buttress openings in the wing.

Like others in Boeing management, Pennell worried a lot about the cost of the airplane. Some engineers had ideas for changes that would cost a lot of money. Most were ruled out. "We built the best plane we could, just for the specific job needed," says Pennell. "We were our own customer, and we were painfully aware of the cost of changes."

Back inside the Walled Village, the skeleton was completed on July 29, 1953, and workmen started to attach sheets of aluminum alloy—the "skin" of the plane—to the nose section and body, to prepare for the landing gear, wire the interior, and install tubing and fuel tanks. Yellowish splotches began to appear where the aluminum skin was sealed by workmen called "goopers." (Goop is the name given to a special sealing chemical devised to withstand the expansion and contraction of metal at high altitudes, where the temperature is so low that rubber becomes glassy and oil freezes.)

As work became more intense, the morale of the employees rose. Absenteeism was less than half the rate for other production shops at Boeing. There was practically no labor turnover, and tardiness diminished. Workmen on the plane began to talk about it as if it belonged to them personally. "The first flight is going to be a red-letter day for us," says Dean Pearson, a "gooper." "All the people in the shop would like to be aboard."

Early in January this year, the last sheets of aluminum skin were fitted to the nose section and body. In the last week of January, President Allen and Donnelly walked along the three decks of the scaffolding, climbed ladders and looked into the interior. "She should be sitting on her feet pretty soon," Donnelly remarked as Allen inspected the landing gear. "It looks good, Joe," Allen replied quietly and departed.

A few days later, the landing gear was attached and the 707 for the first time rested on its own weight. Although the budding aircraft was still obscured in jigs, the workmen could see the day approaching when it would be wheeled onto the landing apron.

"All of us workers realize we have to do a good job on this plane," says mechanic William H. Eltz, who works on the control system. "The company's reputation is at stake."

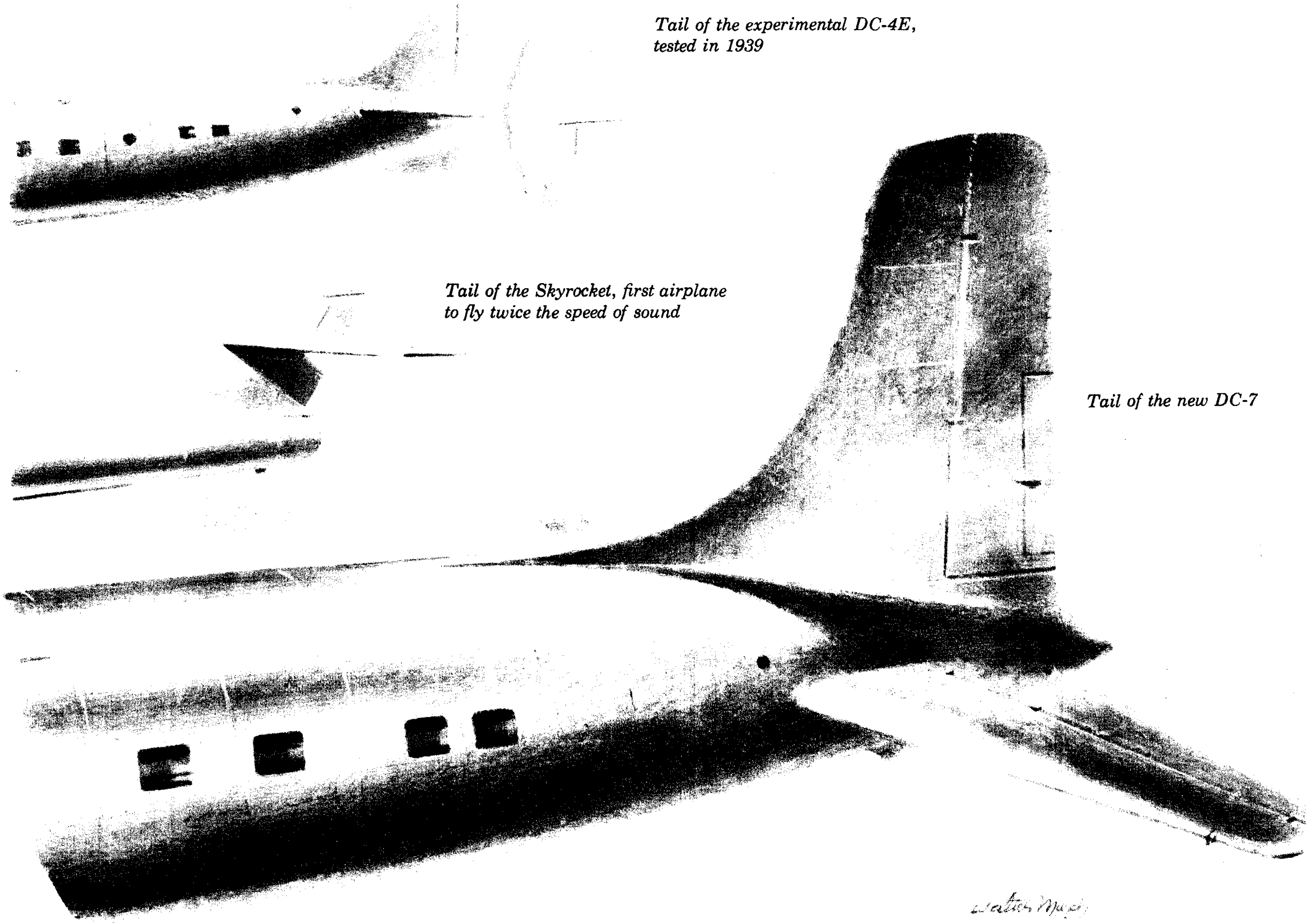
Ideas from Many Sources

Ever since the jet transport was first conceived, Boeing's engineers and salesmen had been visiting major airlines and the military services to find out just what they wanted in such a plane. Although these prospective customers didn't realize it, their comments were in large measure responsible for many design features in the 707. Some airline operators wanted the aircraft to have two seats on each side, some wanted three seats on one side and two on the other, some wanted six abreast. Boeing finally decided to build the plane large enough to permit almost any of the desired seating arrangements. Provisions were also made to include airborne radar, aerial tanker equipment, cargo hoists and anti-icing systems on production models.

But while the prospective customers had plenty of suggestions, they adopted a wait-and-see attitude about actual orders—especially after learning that a production-line 707 would probably cost them at least $3,000,000.

Nevertheless, Allen and his associates at Boeing regard the future without undue qualms. They are heartened by the Defense Department's increased emphasis on the Air Force. To them it means that Uncle Sam soon will be in the market for high-speed jet tankers and troop and cargo transports. In fact, they hope that the 707 will be sold to the Air Force within the year—and that orders from commercial airlines will follow. If Boeing's hopes are fulfilled, America may move to the fore in the jet-transport field—and Bill Allen's gamble will have hit the jack pot.

▲▲▲



Tail of the experimental DC-4E, tested in 1939

Tail of the Skyrocket, first airplane to fly twice the speed of sound

Tail of the new DC-7

Which tail identifies America's fastest airliner?

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Your clubroom aloft is the luxurious lounge in the DC-7—a pleasant, relaxing spot to read, chat or watch the world go by. "DC" means Douglas, the most-used, most-proved airliners ever built.

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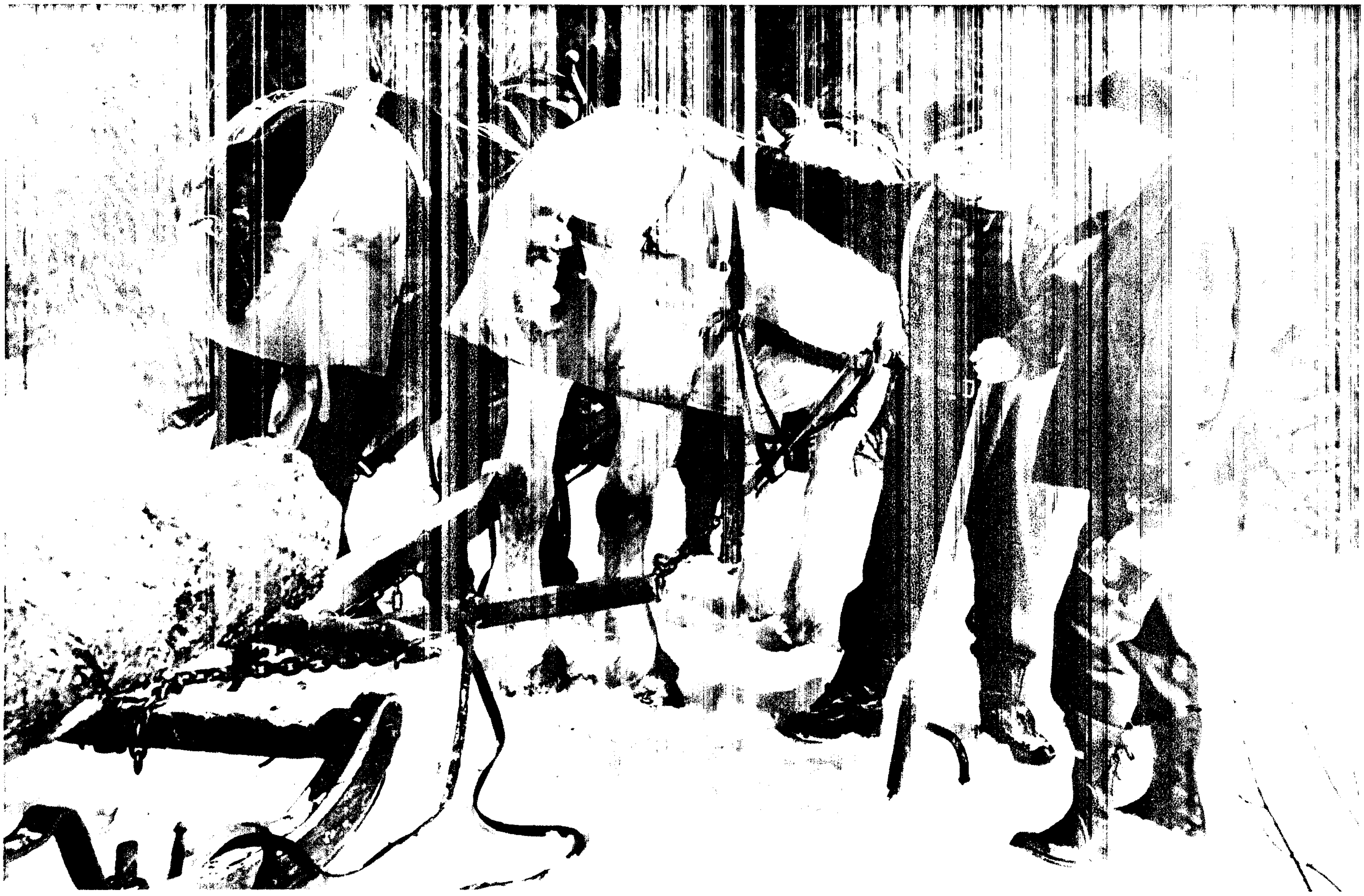


Diapered Dobbins hauling logs are as much a part of the scenery as the snow at this Campton, N.H., lumber area

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Why Do Horses Wear Diapers?

. . . to help the state save trees and future timber profits. It's part of a great common-sense program to restore forests that has the rest of the nation watching

By BEN MERSON

A FEW months ago I was toiling up an old lumber road in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, when I saw an astonishing sight: a dozen horses, each clad in a sleek, form-fitting panty girdle that gave a graceful lilt to the *derrière*. Some of the horses were hauling wagons; others were dragging timber.

Shaken, I clutched at my guide, Alan Chase, a practicing realist from Laconia, New Hampshire.

"Mr. Chase," I said uneasily, "do you see what I see—a flock of horses wearing girdles?"

He looked at me coldly. "That's no flock," he said. "It's a herd. And those aren't girdles. They're diapers."

It seems Chase's firm—Tekwood, Inc., a subsidiary of U.S. Plywood—had contracted to do the logging in this area. But since the area also served as a watershed, he had been asked to use only housebroken horses. But evolution had not yet produced such a creature, so Chase provided the missing link—the diapered Dobbin.

Tekwood's horses in their three-cornered pants were engaged in only one small aspect of New Hampshire's vast lumber industry, but to me they seemed symbolic. The same Yankee ingenuity that solved the relatively minor watershed problem has been turned loose in New Hampshire with equal success on a far more vital problem: how to keep the state's forest resources from being hopelessly ruined. The results have been so impressive that they are being studied in every corner of the nation.

Not long ago, New Hampshire, like many other states, was in great danger of destroying its valuable stand of trees. The situation could have been disastrous—to the state's economy, which leans heavily on lumber, to its water supply, to its farmland, to its flood-control prospects. Today the danger is past. New Hampshire is accomplishing a revolution in forest management by a series of paradoxes: by cutting fewer trees, farmers are making money, are growing trees without planting them—and are paving the way for a bigger and better tree harvest every year.

In short, Mr. Average Citizen—35,000 of him—has taken scientific forestry out of the laboratory and transplanted it to his New Hampshire wood lot. He is growing trees like a perennial garden.

"Don't seem logical, but it sure seems to work," admitted a West Ossipee wood-lot owner whom I visited in the company of a county forester.

I listened as the forester explained the technique to a neighboring farmer, who had strolled over to join the conversation. The idea is to cut your trees according to a blueprint laid out by the state. If trees are of similar age, you cut them in rows or patches. If they are of different age, you cut them selectively, so the old trees can't smother the young. Wherever possible, you harvest all those that are diseased or overmature. And you always leave saplings to grow. "Nature does the rest," the forester told the farmer. "It reseeds your land automatically. And it automatically improves your stock."

"Sounds like it also improves your muscles," retorted the farmer. "Clear-cutting is a lot easier."

Clear-cutting means leveling the woodland—hacking down every tree, stick and sprout. It may be a desirable method when all the trees on a plot are the same age—but otherwise it's virtually catastrophic. A woodland slaughtered by clear-cutting may take 80 years or more to come back. And

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

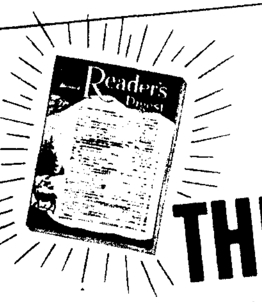
Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)



5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. **Reader's Digest** says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate-Palmolive Company laboratories.

   (It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. **Reader's Digest** says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

   (Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)

3. **Reader's Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

   (Thus, just daily morning and night brushings guard against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. **Reader's Digest** says—In clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—people who used ordinary toothpastes averaged almost two and a half times more new cavities than those who used New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). In fact, of the group using New Colgate's, 4 out of 5 developed no new cavities at all!

   (A group of distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. **Reader's Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL (*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

Finish it off with flavor

with this livelier catsup

✓ **FALSE:** "All catsups are alike."

✓ **TRUE:** "Only DEL MONTE Brand Catsup is made with Pineapple Distilled Vinegar...the vinegar that gets the most, best, and liveliest flavor from ripe tomatoes and fine spices."

✓ **TRUE:** "The name DEL MONTE on catsup, just as it is on so many other fine foods, is a sure guarantee of quality."

You'll like the handy screw cap ...so easy to open and close.

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Tomato
Catsup

Del Monte Brand Catsup

the only catsup made with

Pineapple *distilled* Vinegar

—the superlative vinegar that brings out the best in catsup flavor

Try these other DEL MONTE Tomato Products, too!

Tomato Sauce Tomato Juice
Stewed Tomatoes Chili Sauce

what comes back is often worthless—a growth of spindly poles or scrawny weed trees.

New Hampshire's pioneer forestry program is putting an end to clear-cutting. But in many other parts of the nation it is going on with undiminished zeal. The dismal precedent was set at the start of America's industrial age, which created a need for timber such as had never been known before. Tract after tract was stripped bare. And as the demands were met, new industries sprang up with new demands. The supply seemed inexhaustible. Nature regenerated the cutover lands. But it was a deceptive growth. Just as weeds grow faster than garden crops, so do weed trees grow faster on clear-cut land. Good timber became scarcer, and the prices higher. Whereupon lumbermen cut more. The more they cut, the poorer the trees became—and the more they had to cut. It was a vicious cycle that went on for generations.

Few Adopt Scientific Forestry

In recent years, a few large woodland owners—such as the International Paper Company, the St. Regis Paper Company, the Draper Corporation, the Brown Company and the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company—have become aware of the dangers and have turned to scientific forestry. But they own only a fraction of the nation's private woodland. Most of it is owned by 4,200,000 individual citizens, in average lots of 62 acres. "And the majority of these small owners," says the U.S. Forest Service, "still cling to the disastrous tradition of clear-cutting."

If the process continues, scientists fear that huge portions of America may ultimately turn into wasteland, since growing trees are nature's protection against itself, preventing floods, landslides and soil erosion, and acting as reservoirs for our drinking water.

"But hoarding trees is not the answer," says U.S. Research Forester Victor S. Jensen. "They can't all be left to stand around like museum pieces. They'd rot."

So would our economy, which cannot exist without trees. Lumbering is an industry in at least 40 of our states. And almost every state has plants which manufacture timber-based products, ranging from furniture, paper and plywood to partitions, panels and heels; from pianos, rayons and plastics to toilet seats, coffins and toys—necessities and luxuries from the cradle to the grave, with a total value of billions.

Lumber is particularly important to New Hampshire, where half of the 200,000 working citizens earn their living directly or indirectly from the forests.

Until the present program was launched, the Granite State's future was one of the bleakest in the land. Much of her greenery was an illusion. Generations of clear-cutting and mismanagement had so dwarfed her trees that many of them were good for nothing but stakes or posts. Large areas seemed doomed to become wasteland within forty years, according to the National Planning Association.

Ironically, the slaughter of the forests stemmed as much from a state law as it did from ignorance or greed.

"Whoever wrote that law," said Edmond White, a lean, wiry lumberjack of Center Conway, "must have written it with a porcupine quill. No matter what you did, you got stuck. Not only was woodland taxed as land, but the value of the trees was added to the assessment. The only way you could get a tax reduction was by cutting the trees down. And partial or selective cutting wouldn't do. The assessor could claim you were just removing excess growth."

At the same time, the law was so loosely drawn that an assessor could tax what he chose, and ignore what he chose. One of them frankly told me: "We could use our office to pay back friends or square grudges. Most of us didn't, of course—but we did tax timberland to the hilt, so the owner had no choice but to strip it clear."

Today the situation has been dramatically reversed by legislation that makes cash out of conservation sense. The new law releases all growing trees from taxation. Only the land on which they stand is assessed—and it's assessed reasonably and fairly, like pasture land. When the trees are eventually cut, the owner pays a 10 per cent tax on the market value of the wood.

But—and this is the revolutionary feature that is making other states take notice—the owner receives a 30 per cent rebate on his tax if he follows the state's simple conservation blueprint.

The law is the brain child of Sherman Adams, former governor of New Hampshire who is now assistant to President Eisenhower. Before entering politics, Adams had worked for years as a timber expert, and he was sure his law would be welcomed.

It was and it wasn't. Introduction of the bill in the spring of 1949 touched off a furious battle in the state legislature. The most violent opposition came from some of the tax assessors whose powers would be curbed. Joining in the opposition were many sincere legislators who doubted the law was workable. And egging them on were certain timber operators, some of whom feared that wood-lot owners, once they realized the value of their property, would stop selling at bargain rates.

The wrangle over the bill provoked such acrimony as had rarely been heard in the halls at Concord.

At last the measure was put to a roll call—and the House voted to kill it, by one vote: 163 to 162.

Unusual Action by the Speaker

The victors cheered. But then, as they stood around congratulating themselves, Speaker Richard F. Upton tapped his gavel and quietly announced, "While it is not customary for the speaker to do so, I will in this case exercise my constitutional right to vote. I vote in favor of the bill."

His tying ballot saved the measure and it was sent back to committee. Meanwhile, hundreds of individuals and organizations rallied to its support, among them the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, the State Grange, the Taxpayers Federation, the Farm Bureau Federation, the League of Women Voters and the American Legion. When the bill came up for a new test it passed by a wide margin.

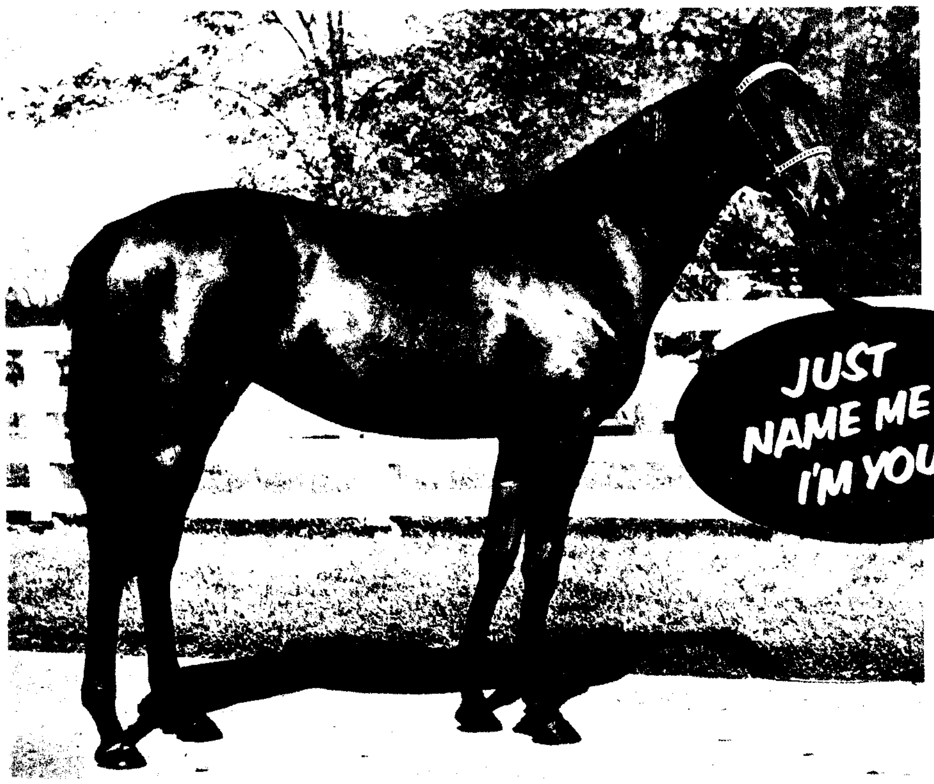
Said one of the opposing legislators, "Now that we've got this law, let's try to make it work."

Making it work is the job of the New Hampshire county foresters. There are only eight of them, all hand-picked, and all paid in part by the U.S. Extension Forest Service. Each of them has the physique of a lumberjack, the tact of a diplomat, the single-mindedness of a woodpecker—plus a college degree with the accent on science.

They need all of these attributes to spread the message of scientific forestry

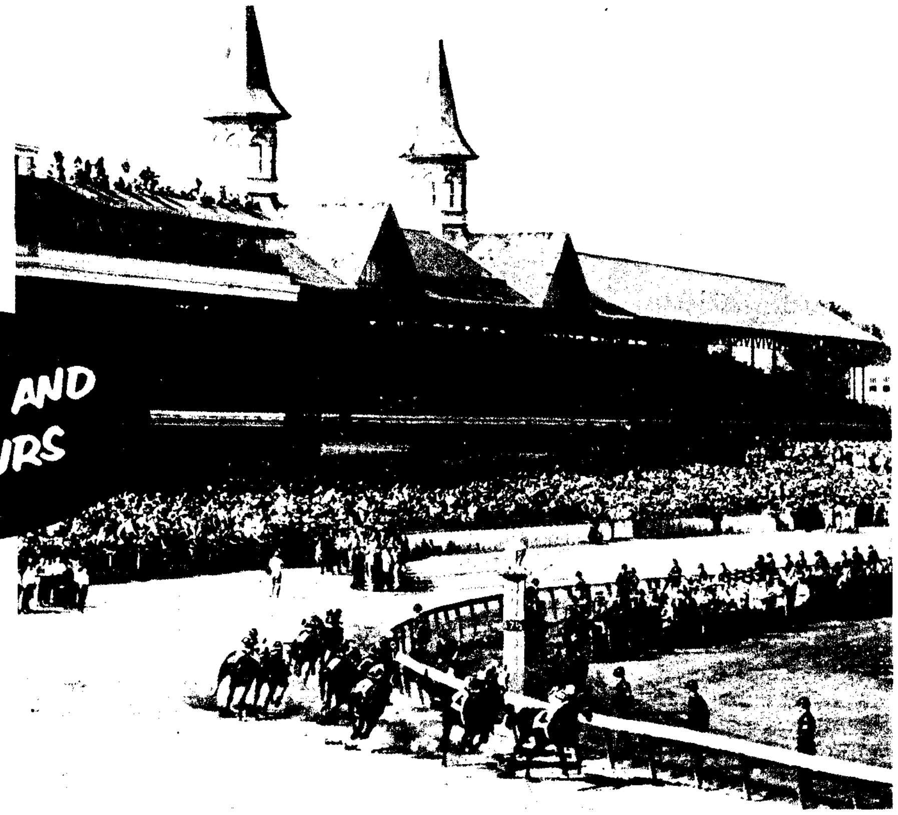
WIN THIS RACE HORSE

See The Kentucky Derby Free



BAY THOROUGHBRED FILLY—GRANDDAUGHTER OF FAMOUS EQUIPOISE

Sired by Attention, son of Equipoise—Fizzaz, by Pennant. Dam: Banish Ruth, daughter of Pharamond II–Banish Fear, by Blue Larkspur. Eligible for Futurity 1954, The Matron 1954, Pimlico Futurity 1954.



FIRST PRIZE INCLUDES CHOICE SEATS TO KENTUCKY DERBY PLUS $500.00 CASH

KENTUCKY CLUB "DERBY DAY" CONTEST

Imagine the thrill of owning a Thoroughbred race horse! She's a beautiful bay filly! She comes from a long line of winners! She may bring you a fortune!

The Kentucky Club "Derby Day" Contest offers you an easy way to win her—plus choice seats to the 1954 Kentucky Derby on May 1st—plus $500.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club has arranged for and pays the bills for board, training, and other maintenance expenses to May 15, 1954. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize filly or sell her, as you wish. In either case, she can make you a fortune.

Here's special extra exciting news! It is planned to have this prize filly make her first start in one of the races during Kentucky Derby week. Kentucky Club takes care of the jockey, entry fees, etc. Whatever she wins is *yours*.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this filly. A good way to start is to fill your pipe with Kentucky Club—the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. Kentucky Club is so smooth and mild and satisfying it will help you think better.

Yes — women can enter this contest. The first step is to buy a package of Kentucky Club. Then write a winning name for that Thoroughbred filly. Be sure the name does not contain more than 14 letters. For example, a name might be *Deuces Wild*. Don't send in this name. Think of a better one. Start now!

The Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos

KENTUCKY CLUB
FOR PIPE LOVERS

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Bay Thoroughbred filly bred and raised by Henry H. Knight's famous Almahurst Farm in Lexington, Kentucky, and selected by experts.

2. All expenses for your prize filly to May 15, 1954 paid by Kentucky Club. This covers board; training by the experienced trainer L. K. Haggin; and incidentals. You don't have to spend a dime.

3. Two choice seats for 1954 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $500.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred filly. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Deuces Wild* counts as 11 letters. Use entry blank or ordinary paper. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you wish to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest", P. O. Box 94, New York 46, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon found in every package of Kentucky Club. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 10, 1954. No entries returned. All become the property of Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.

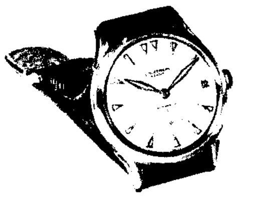
3. Prizes as listed elsewhere on this page will be awarded by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Sponsor reserves the right to use or not to use the winning name, as he sees fit. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately four weeks after close of contest. Prize filly will be delivered to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the filly described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value and promise will be awarded. List of winners available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES



2nd TO 10th PRIZES

Famous MONODATE *Universal Genève* automatic wrist watch. Tells the date and correct time *automatically*. Winds itself with every flick of the wrist. 17-jewel Universal movement protected against normal moisture, dust and shock. Concealed radium dial. 14 kt. gold-filled case beautifully engraved with your name.

11th TO 500th PRIZES

A collector's item. Eight crystal Kentucky Derby mint julep glasses, perfect for all occasions. Unique masterpieces especially created and inscribed for winners of this contest by master craftsmen of world-famous Imperial Glass Corp., Bellaire, Ohio.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize filly in not over 14 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

NAME..

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest", Dept. CL-12
P. O. Box 94, New York 46, New York.

Send with your entry a Kentucky Club coupon. A coupon is in every package of Kentucky Club Pipe Tobacco. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 10, 1954.

Print your name ______________________

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City ____________ Zone ______ State ____________

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When the Erie completed its program of providing 100% diesel power for its freight and passenger service between New York and Chicago, the old roundhouses became a thing of the past. Now the roundhouse has gone "square" to service Erie's diesel fleet—keep it in top notch running order for better and more dependable service to industry and the public.

FOR SERVICE
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AND THE CABOOSE NOW TALKS
Notice this modern Erie caboose is different—no cupola, instead a bay window from which the conductor can watch his train. But there's a bigger difference—"Radio-equipped for safety, for service" says the sign. These cabooses are equipped with radio-telephone so that the conductor can talk to passing trains, the dispatcher, wayside stations and the engineer up ahead. This is another example of Erie's progressive railroading—providing the best in safe, dependable transportation.

ERIE ...Mark of Progress
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DEPENDABLE SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

through the state—because although the new law publicized conservation as never before, many wood-lot owners refuse to accept it on faith.

During the week I spent watching the foresters in action, I saw them literally peel off their shirts, take ax in hand and show wood-lot owners how to mark trees that should be cut. And that often was the easy part of the job, as brawny T. F. Breon, Carroll County forester, wryly told me. "Before you can mark a man's trees," he said, "you sometimes have to uproot his whole pattern of thinking."

A Lesson in Selective Cutting

I saw a venerable farmer try to twit Breon about the new law. Breon asked him if he had cut the pines on his recently logged wood lot selectively.

"Mister," grunted the farmer, "I always cut selectively. I select 'em all. When I'm done cutting, there ain't nothing left but meadow grass . . . provided my horse hasn't eaten that."

"Lucky horse," said Breon. "And unlucky you."

The farmer sniffed. "Nothin' unlucky about me."

"Sure there is. Today you have nothing left but stumps. Ten years from now you'll still have nothing but weeds—or weed trees."

"So what?" said the farmer.

"So listen," said Breon. Then, while his visitor tugged morosely at his suspenders, the forester explained what thousands of New Hampshiremen are learning to their profit. "All you have to do," said Breon, "is log your lot so that about a third of your mature pines are left standing. You can even cut *all* your old ones—if you leave enough young ones at least three feet tall."

"That's all?" demanded the farmer.

"That's what gets you a tax rebate," said Breon, "and also a wood lot that keeps growing like a garden."

Teaching an owner to cut selectively is just one of the forester's chores. He is a one-man chamber of woodland commerce. If the owner doesn't know how, the forester will estimate his cordage, estimate its value and advise on future logging. He'll furnish price lists, lists of buyers and lists of sellers.

And he'll provide one more service that has endeared him like a dividend check: he'll make sure folks don't get cheated, by outsiders, by one another or by themselves.

I was present when one farmer in Chatham, hearing of the virtues of selective cutting—and knowing nothing about it—suddenly began dickering for a neighbor's wood lot. He figured that by cutting only half the trees he would get back the purchase price, and that thereafter all would be profit. "How can I lose?" he demanded of the forester whom he had invited along to examine the tract.

"Easily," the forester told him. "The trees are worthless. They're the result of clear-cutting."

The farmer changed his mind about the deal.

So did the Tamworth woodland owner who was offered $7 per thousand board feet, or a total of $2,100 for the timber on his property—all the timber. "Yeah, it's clear-cutting, but it sure sounds like a lot of money," he told the forester whom I accompanied to the scene.

"It isn't," replied the forester bluntly. "I have a list here of a dozen buyers who'll pay you twelve and a half dollars a thousand. And they don't insist on stripping everything off the land."

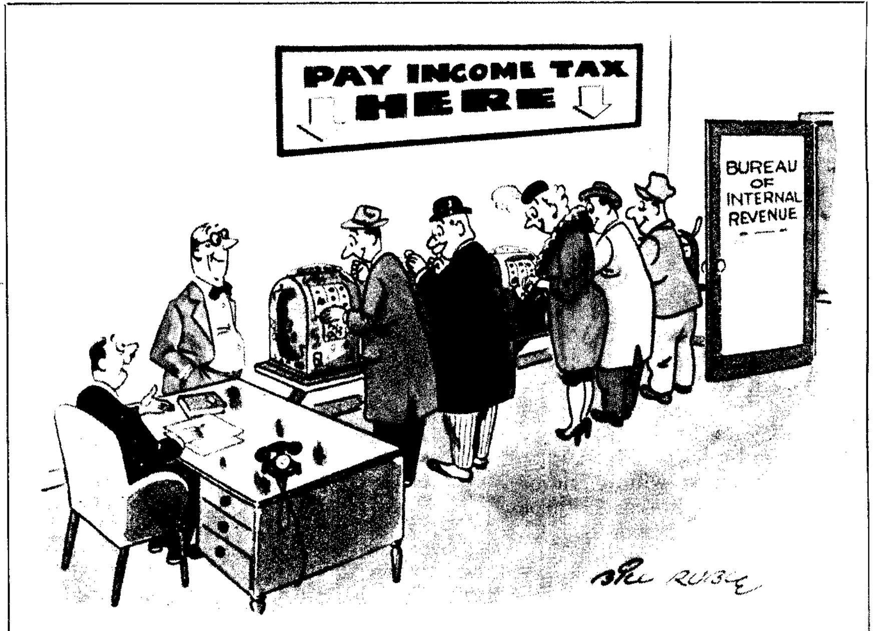
The wood-lot owner looked startled. "Give me the list," he said. "I'll make a deal with one of those buyers right away."

As we drove away, the forester said to me, "Next week I'll come back here and mark that fellow's trees for him. When they get through logging, he'll have more money than he expected, and more than half his trees left."

Besides profiting from the valuable services of the foresters, the people of New Hampshire are getting the benefit of a remarkable contribution from big business. In the 2,600-acre U.S. experimental forest in Bartlett, Tekwood, Inc., has supplied the man power which is making possible a full-scale research project into the management of northern hardwood trees—a project that might never have been undertaken otherwise.

Hardwoods are trees which shed their leaves annually, such as beech, birch and poplar, red and sugar maple. Today fine-quality hardwood brings a handsome price.

"Formerly, however," I was told by Victor Jensen, chief of research at Bartlett, "most landowners hereabouts looked on hardwoods as economic eye-



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Debbie's going home tomorrow . . . and is her Daddy glad he had a MONY Family Hospital Expense Policy!

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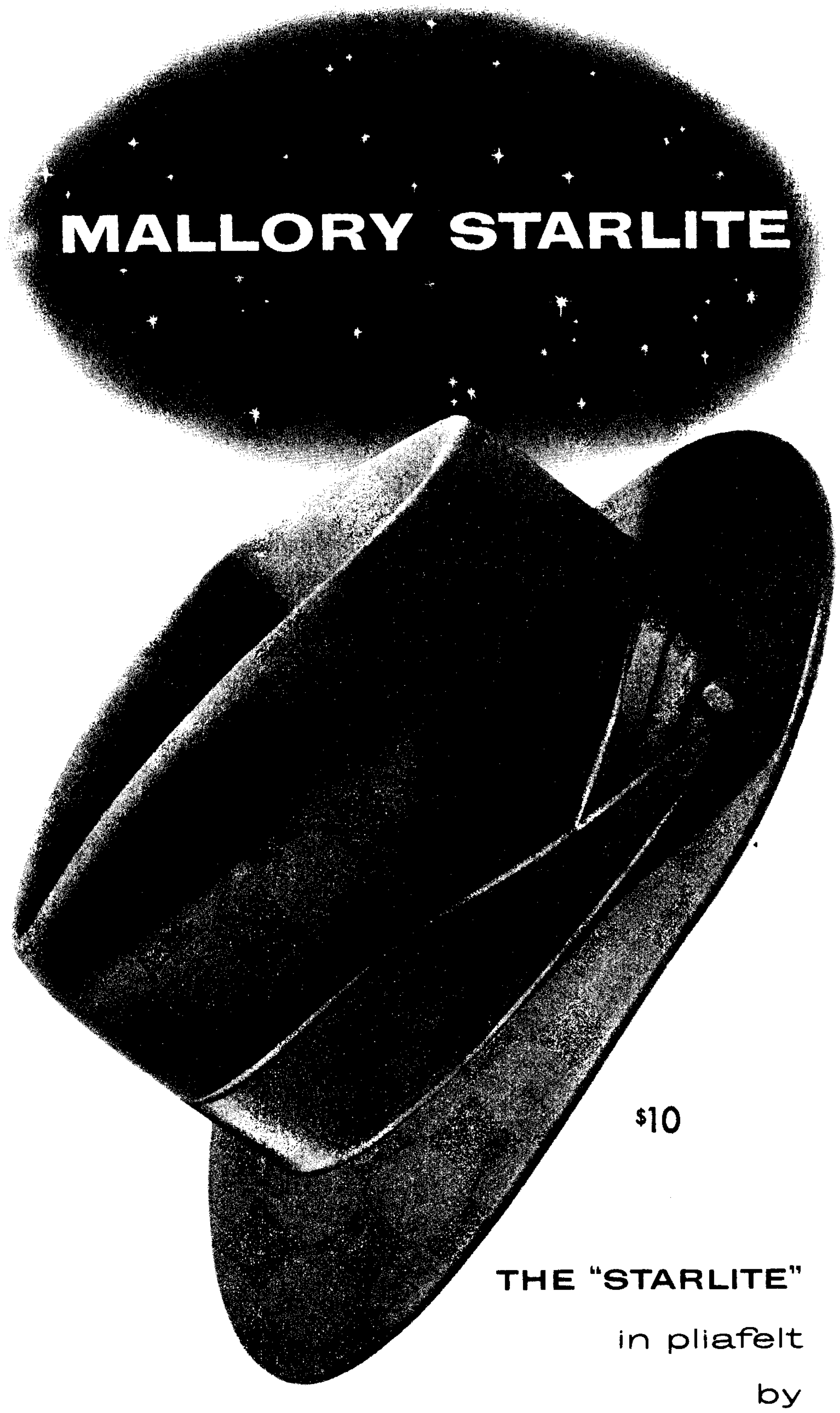

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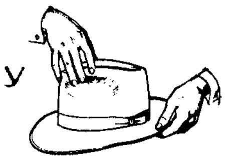
Here's the hat that's light-years ahead in quality construction—the Mallory Starlite. Pliafelt gives it its lightweight resiliency, Mallory gives it these outstanding features:

1. Super-mellow Pliafelt
2. Smart new underwelt edge
3. Cool taffeta lining
4. "Light 'n' Shadow" taffeta band
5. "Soft-fit" reeded leather
6. Modern crown and brim contour
7. Extra mellow for extra comfort

Feel the difference in a Mallory



MALLORY HATS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

sores. They were left to die of old age, or hacked away for minor profit."

The researchers, said Jensen, were mainly interested in the faster-growing money crop—the softwoods, which bear needles instead of leaves, and which predominate in the southern half of the state, where 80 per cent of the population lives.

Twenty-five years ago, when he first set foot in Bartlett, the lanky, blue-eyed Jensen decided that the hardwoods were the trees of the future. They had almost completely taken over the experimental forest, and Jensen's scientific training told him that what was happening in Bartlett would happen throughout most of northern New Hampshire, northern Vermont and northern New York State, as well as in western Maine and western Massachusetts. The hardwoods were the true trees of these areas. They would replace the softwoods by the regular cycle of nature. But under existing methods of forestry they would be stunted or diseased, rotten or overripe.

"I knew that good forestry could prevent this degeneration," said Jensen. "But what was good forestry? Hardwoods had always been the stepchild of research, so we knew very little."

Learning About the Hardwoods

Jensen decided to find out more. Using Bartlett as a laboratory, he embarked on an exhaustive research program. He tested and retested various cutting methods, and performed many experiments in disease control. By 1949 his studies had convinced him that the Northeast could be one of the finest hardwood areas in North America.

But Jensen had experimented only on a test-tube scale—mostly on little quarter-acre plots of forest. To convince timber operators and wood-lot owners, he had to show them that the forestry methods he advocated would be profitable on a large-size commercial scale.

"At Bartlett I had plenty of acreage," recalls Jensen. "What I didn't have was money or man power." An appeal to U.S. Senator Styles Bridges ultimately brought a Congressional grant of $41,000, enough to get operations fairly well started.

Jensen still lacked man power to cut, haul and market the trees. Only a private firm was equipped for that job, but Jensen couldn't offer much of an inducement—merely the privilege of buying part of the timber that was felled. He wanted other firms to share, so they could see for themselves that good utilization—putting every type of tree to its fullest use—was part of the great pattern of conservation.

After explaining his problem to Alan Chase, Tekwood's stocky, balding forty-four-year-old president, Jensen asked glumly, "What outfit would ever accept a proposition like that?"

"Mine," said Chase.

Tekwood Tackles the Problem

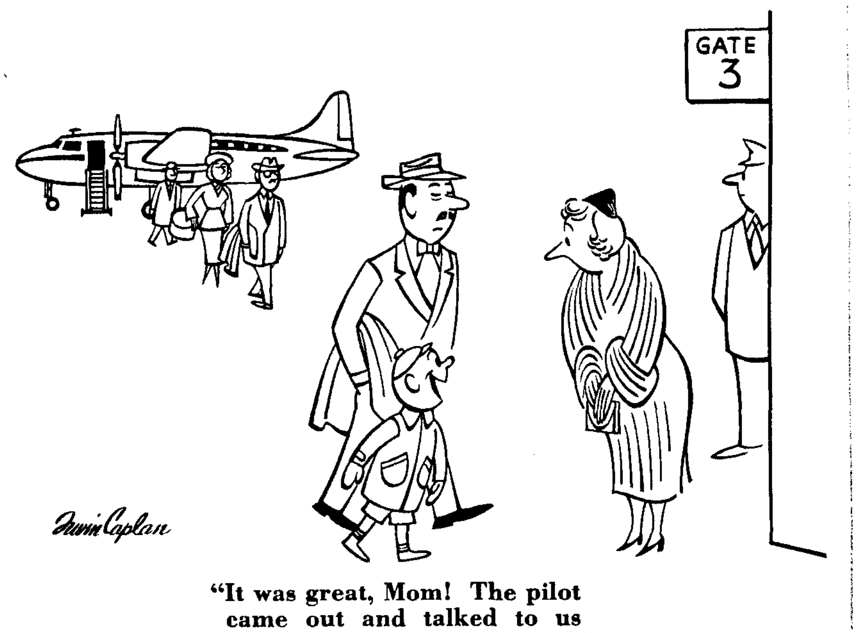
Tekwood had little to gain. The product it manufactures (used in everything from toys to packaging airplane parts) consists of facings of powerful paper laminated to a veneer of fine hardwood. Few logs of the required quality were ready for cutting in Bartlett. But Tekwood went to work, as Chase puts it, "as a hewer of wood, toter of lumber and diaperer of horses."

Under Jensen's direction, the hardwood logging has been going on since 1950. Bartlett has become a dynamic laboratory for solving hardwood problems: where to cut for quick profits and future profits and, occasionally, how to profit by not cutting at all; when to patch-cut, strip-cut or cut by single selection; how to halt wind damage, storm damage and soil erosion; how to use sunlight as well as chemicals in the war against ravaging insects.

"The program at Bartlett is one of the most important in the nation today," Dr. V. L. Harper, assistant chief of the U.S. Forest Service, in charge of research, told me in Washington. "The findings affect not only the Northeast, but the entire nation. Hardwoods are becoming of tremendous commercial importance, and there are no large untapped reservoirs of suitable hardwoods left in North America."

Just as Jensen's demonstration areas have attracted visitors from all over the nation, so has New Hampshire's forest-taxation law become the subject of study by a score of states. "No other state in the Union has a law that is so progressive," says the National Planning Association.

New Hampshire is justly proud. It feels that the law, by its example, may do for other states what it is doing for the Granite State—restoring the woodlands, restoring the economy and building a sounder foundation for the future. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

"It was great, Mom! The pilot came out and talked to us after Pop pinched the hostess"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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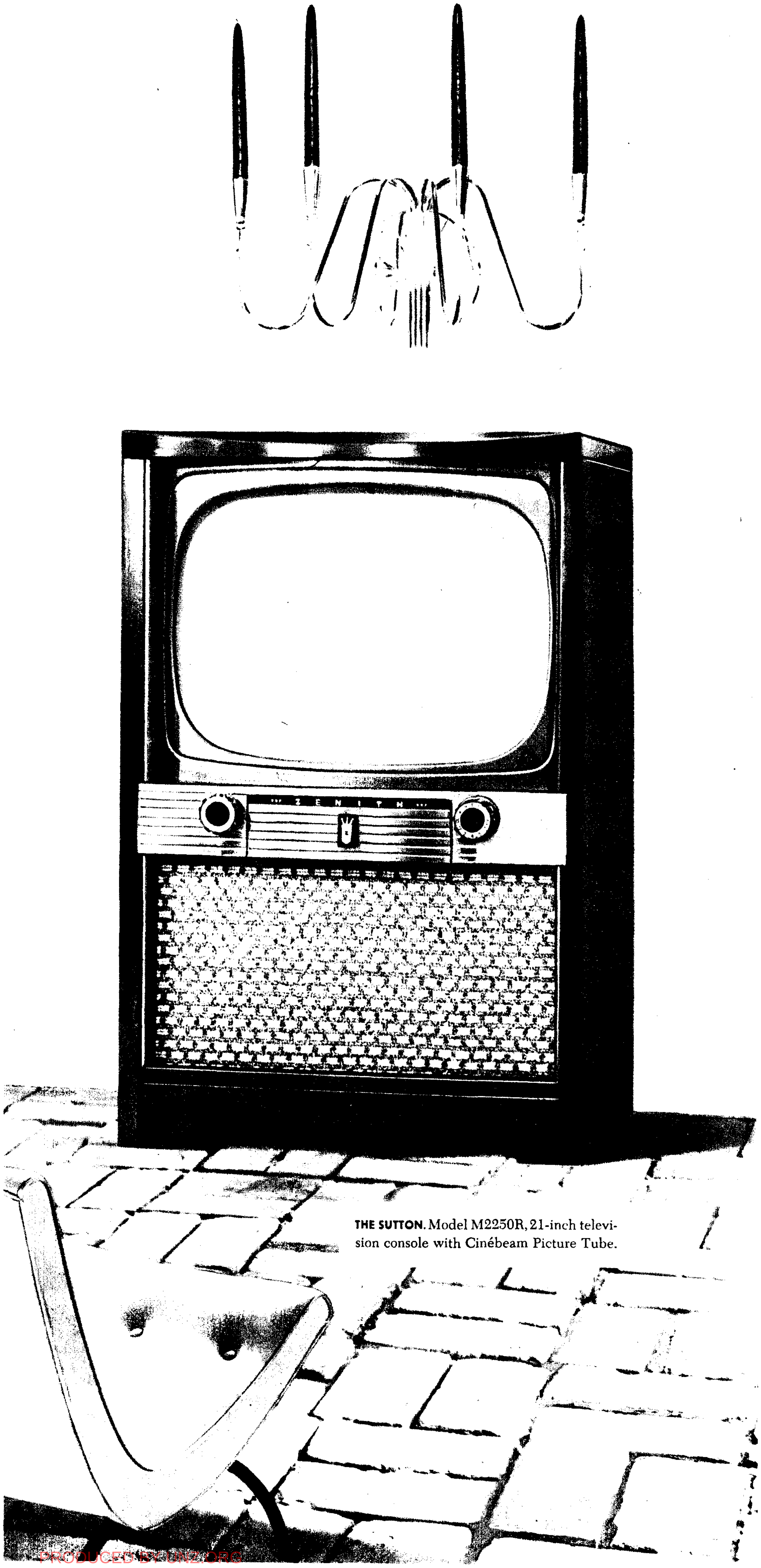


THE SUTTON. Model M2250R, 21-inch television console with Cinébeam Picture Tube.

Radio and TV actress Eva Marie Saint will make her film debut in the movie Waterfront, soon to be released by Columbia Pictures. Producer S. P. Eagle says Eva "has the look of a young Dietrich." Director Elia Kazan calls her "sweet without being coy, nice without being dull, beautiful without being a beauty." At right, scene shows Eva dancing with dockworker Marlon Brando

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

Saint on the Waterfront

The powder-keg politics of New York's port workers provide an offbeat background for a powerful picture and a new film face

Eva's hard work pays off when director Kazan hugs her exuberantly for her handling of subtle scene

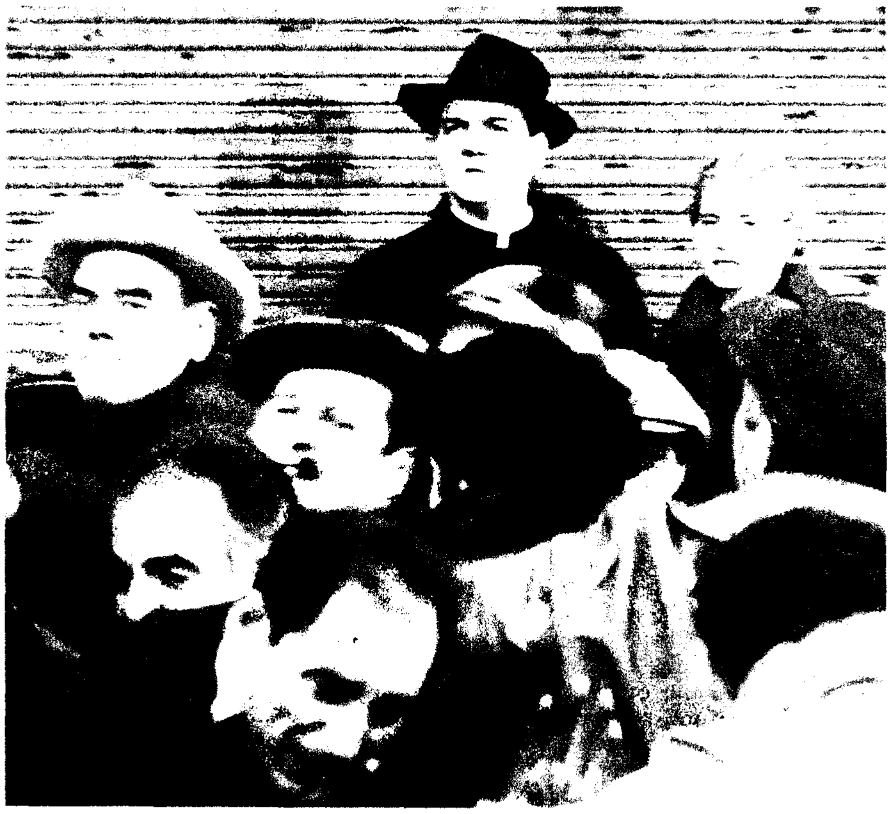
THE dreary taverns and dank alleyways of the Hoboken dockside are an odd cradle for stardom. But for Eva Marie Saint, who's been making her first movie there, this low-key setting holds more promise than a glamor-glutted Hollywood lot.

The film is called Waterfront. The script, by Budd Schulberg, springs from the 1949 Pulitzer-prize-winning news series by Malcolm Johnson. And it's been filmed along the river fronts of Hoboken, Brooklyn and Manhattan, by producer S. P. Eagle (The African Queen) and director Elia Kazan (A Streetcar Named Desire). Miss Saint, a deceptively fragile-looking blonde, is the only girl to be featured in a blockbuster cast involving Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Rod Steiger and Leif Erickson.

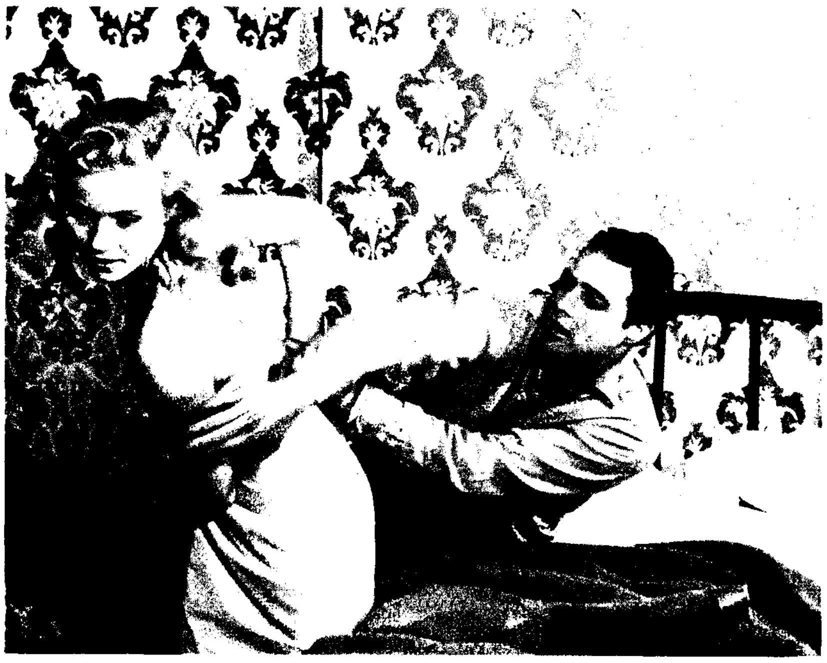
With the Waterfront assignment, Eva, twenty-eight and married to TV director Jeffrey Hayden, is capping seven years of radio and TV work in daytime serials (One Man's Family, Young Dr. Malone) and on major dramatic shows. It all started with her performance in Horton Foote's notable NBC-TV play of last season, The Trip to Bountiful. Reversing accepted pattern, television producer Fred Coe took Bountiful to Broadway. Eva went with it. Kazan and Eagle spotted her there.

In Waterfront, she plays a convent-bred youngster whose menfolk work the docks. And according to Eagle, Eva's portrayal "has a quality that's delicate, elusive and tough when necessary." Apparently, her performance doesn't reflect her rough-and-tumble indoctrination. The shooting schedule stretched over 50 days and nights of clammy cold and drizzle. Eva worked in a flimsy cloth coat and chain-store dress on rooftops, in bars, on docks. Brando coached and fed her. Malden counseled her. Kazan helped her live and breathe the part.

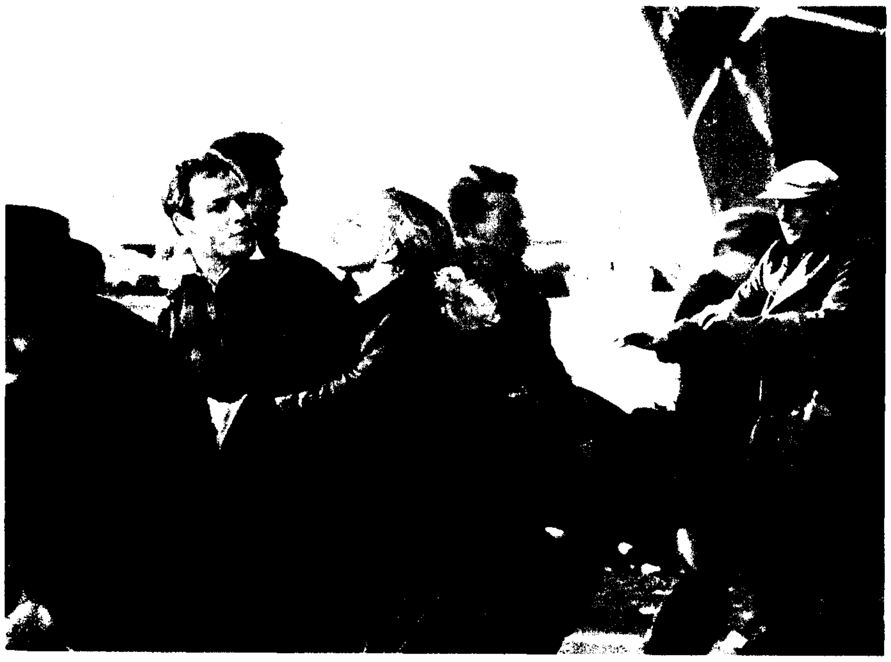
What happens now? Well, it's no news that looks, talent and intelligence don't make a star. Providence has to be in there pitching. "And there must be a frame of personality to lean on," says Coe. "Eva has it. She's really a man's dream." And Eva's own dream? It lies somewhere beyond Bountiful and Hoboken. —EVELYN HARVEY



Eva and parish priest, played by Karl Malden, look on at stevedores' skirmish during shape-up. Real pierworkers were used for mob scenes



Bedroom scene with Brando, filmed in Hoboken hotel, is significant moment in story of sensitive schoolgirl involved in waterfront war



In realistic free-for-all, Brando, a regenerated apprentice mobster, takes on the racket boys; and Saint, mixing in the melee, tries to help him

THE DEDUCTIBLE Marriage

It wasn't trouble he faced; it was treachery. His wife was telling all his secrets—to the Internal Revenue man!

ONE January day in New York City, Mr. H. T. Lawson proceeded to East 63d Street near Park Avenue and rang the doorbell of a six-story, strikingly modernized brownstone house. A grave butler admitted Mr. Lawson to an elegant red-and-gold foyer. On the walls were two paintings, both Picassos. Mr. Lawson showed his credentials, took off his overcoat, picked up his brief case and said he had an appointment with two taxpayers: Horace Davis and Dr. Nicole Davis, his wife. He said further that he was an agent from the Bureau of Internal Revenue and was on government business.

"Yes, sir," the butler said. "Would you come this way, please?"

At the rear of the house was a splendid room, lavishly furnished in modern style and complete with brick fireplace, barbecue pit, rotisserie and bar. Full-length glass doors looked out onto a dead and frozen garden. A lawyer whom Lawson had met previously—a Mr. Blaine Leslie—was waiting for him there.

"Good morning," he said. "You know me, Lawson—I'm Big Deal's mouthpiece. At least, that's how he customarily refers to me."

"Of course," Lawson said. "How are you, Mr. Leslie?"

"How am I?" Leslie said, and gave a hollow laugh. "I'm sunk, torpedoed. All is lost."

"Really? I wouldn't say it's that bad."

"I'm not referring to my client's possible tax liabilities; those aren't my province. The fact is that his personal life is shot; he's going to get a divorce."

"Is that so?" Lawson said, and opened his brief case and spread out several papers on the bar. "From the doctor, I presume?"

"Who else?" Leslie said, and shook his head. "There was a perfect marriage. Everybody who knows them is crazy about them and wishes them well. What's the world coming to?"

"More honesty in making out returns, I hope," Lawson said. "Mr. Leslie, I have here Mr. and Mrs. Davis' tax forms for nineteen fifty, fifty-one and fifty-two. They have been audited. They are not satisfactory so far as deductions are concerned, which is why I requested this interview."

"What's the main difficulty?"

"Their business-expense deductions are out of all reason when compared to their total income. Furthermore, most of them aren't substantiated."

"That's the way Big Deal works," Leslie said. "His operations are founded on good will. It costs him far too much to keep going—I've been telling him that for years."

"He should keep better records," Lawson said, "if he expects us to—"

"Big Deal hasn't got time to keep records. Anyhow, working with their accountant is the doctor's job. Has she fallen down?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she has the supporting papers around somewhere. That's why I'm here today."

Leslie sighed and pressed a button on the wall. The butler came in wiping his eyes.

"Now, now, Tindall," the lawyer said. "Mustn't take it too hard, my boy. Nothing this good lasts forever."

"I can't believe it, sir," Tindall said. "We were all so happy here. I venture to say we were the only happy servants in Manhattan. Only yesterday I was saying to the second upstairs maid—"

"Don't turn the knife in the wound, Tindall. Would you call Dr. Davis for Mr. Lawson?"

"I want to see them both," Lawson said.

"Only Dr. Davis is here, sir. Mr. Davis is living at a hotel."

"He is?"

"Yes, sir. Just off the Park—he has half a floor. Three nights ago when he was at the foot of the stairs in the foyer the doctor dropped a plate on his head from the second floor. It was one from the collection given by Napoleon to the Empress Josephine. Irreplaceable. A physician recommended by Dr. Davis took four stitches in Mr. Davis' scalp. He stated to her then—Mr. Davis, that is, to Dr. Davis—that they had obviously come to a parting of the ways. Dr. Davis concurred."

"Yes, yes," Leslie said, "I know, Tindall. Has Mr. Davis been notified to come here this morning as I requested?"

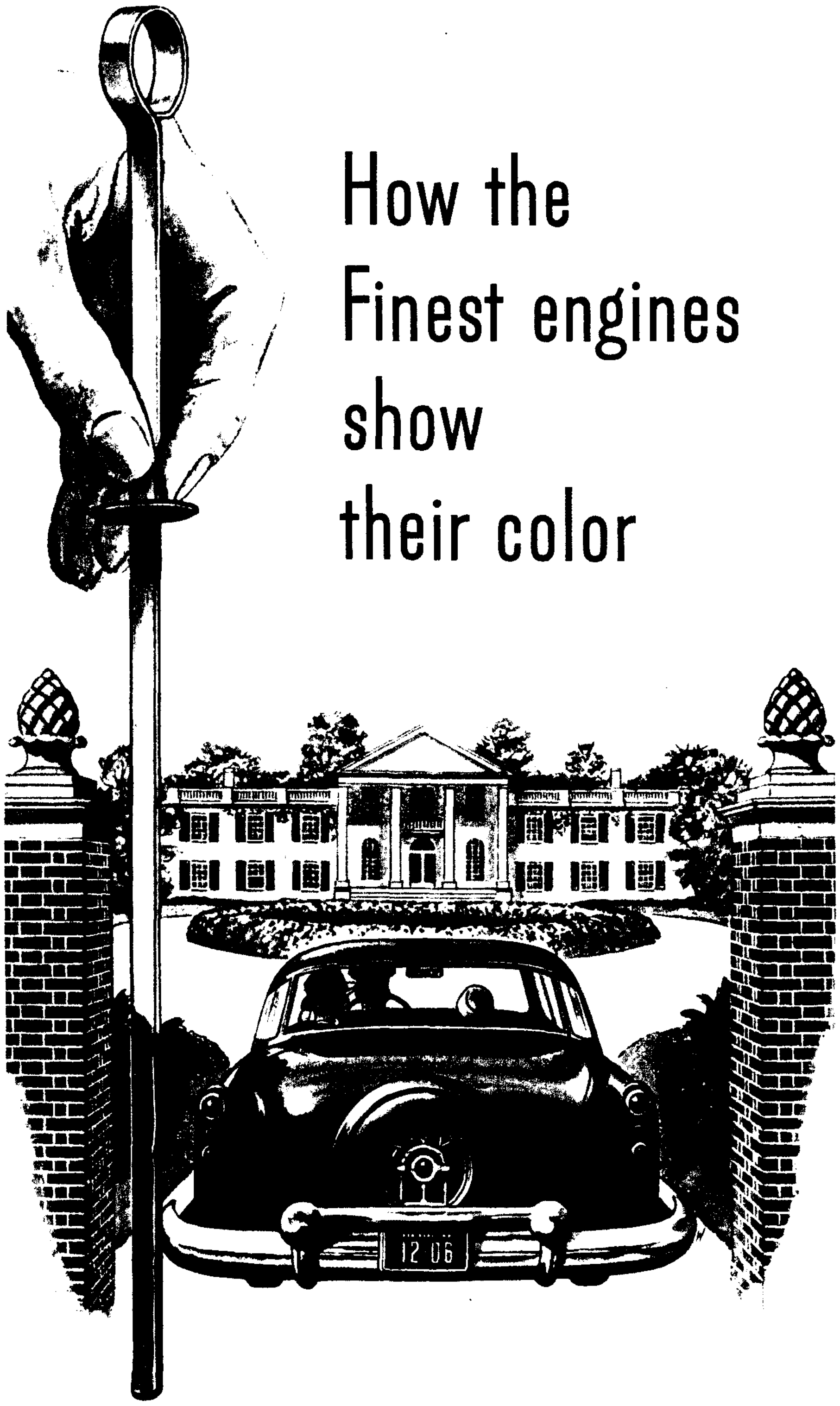
"Yes, sir. He said he would."

"All right, call Dr. Davis—if you will, please."

While they waited, Lawson checked through his papers and made some notations. Leslie sighed heavily. "When I think of the good times I've had here—some of the best dinners of my life," he

By ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY AL CHAITE



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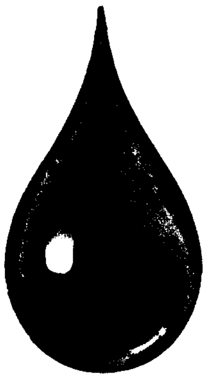


said. "I've never had a client who entertained so well. Big Deal imported a cook from Paris."

"Whose salary has largely been put down to business expense," Lawson remarked.

"His wine is all bottled abroad, with special seals. He was living it up."

"And putting it down to business expense," Lawson said.

"Well, he was right. In his kind of situation, you have to win friends and influence capital. If he got people in the right mood with *foie gras* and the creamiest of Camemberts and then got them to let him build a new pipe line across Canada, why should Uncle Sam object?"

"I don't say he should but you have to have some kind of receipts for all those deductions."

DR. DAVIS came in, a small, attractive, blonde girl with blue eyes. She wore a gabardine suit and sensible shoes. Her face was slightly flushed.

"Well, gentlemen," she said. "What's new? Is this the government agent?"

"Yes, Doc," Leslie said. "May I present Mr. H. T. Lawson?"

"Glad to meet you," she said. "I see you two have already set up business at the bar. Draw me one separate maintenance, please."

"It has to be divorce, Doc," Leslie said. "Big Deal insists. I've been instructed to start proceedings at once."

Doc bit her lips. "How's his head?"

"Healing and aching. Doc, why did you do it?"

"I had to do something or I'd have blown my lid. I recognized the symptoms—I'm a medical woman, you know." She shuddered slightly. "All those late nights," she said, "those big parties, the wonderful food and wine and music, the chartered airplane trips to every part of the world, the house in Bermuda, the house in Hawaii, the ranch in Mexico, the convertible—"

In spite of a professional reserve, Lawson found himself fascinated. "You didn't like all that, Mrs. Davis?"

"Would you mind calling me *Miss* Davis? No, that won't do. I suppose you'd better just call me Doc."

"All right," Lawson said. "Now, Doc, uh—"

"Mink coats," she went on, "and sable wraps. I had new ones every year—all four years. The old ones I used to wear when it was raining. Shoes, luggage, dresses, hats, evening gowns, bathing suits, jewels, portraits by the best artists—you name it and I've got it."

"Poor Doc!" Leslie said.

The doctor took a handkerchief from her pocket. Her eyes were misty.

"Uh—yes," Lawson said. "But I don't see—"

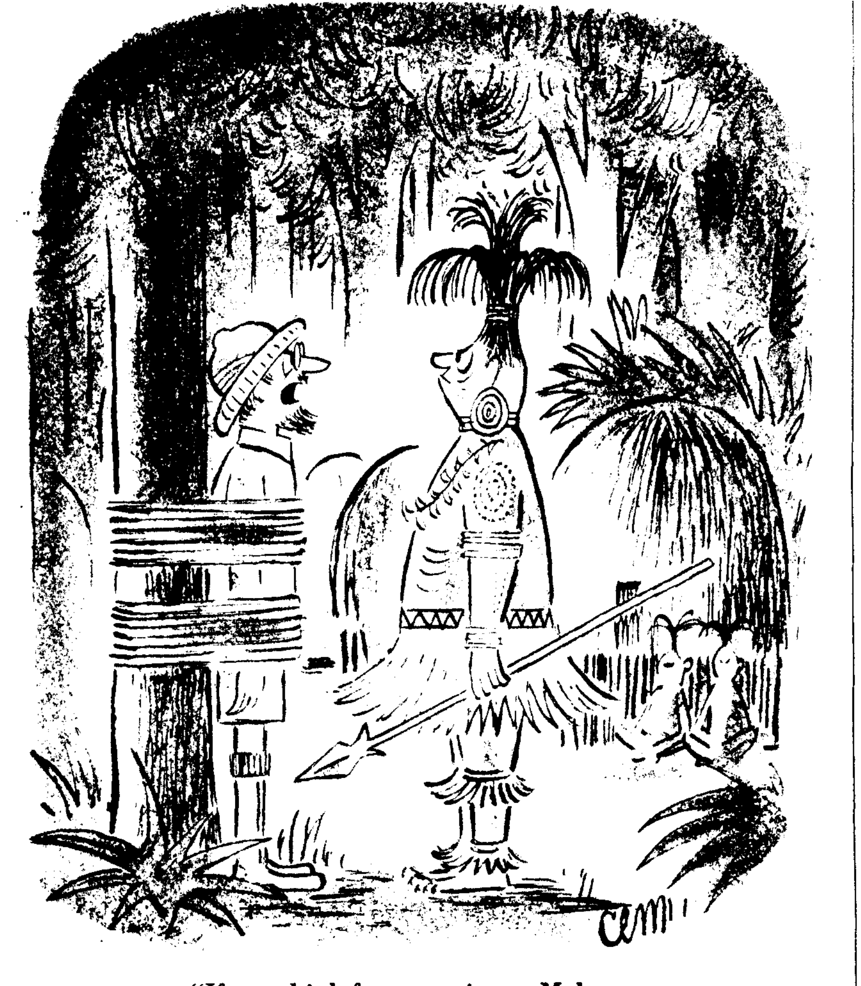
"Let me finish," she said, regaining control of herself. "I have given him the best four years of my life—"

"Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two—" Lawson said.

"And fifty-three—if you mean dates, not years of age. And what did he give me? Everything—and I'll never forgive him. Now I'm about to be cast aside like a blown-out tire."

"You busted him on the head with a priceless antique," Leslie said.

"Oh, that was nothing," she replied. "A mere incident—the end product of our other disharmonics, the culmination of an unhappy married life. We used to argue about whether to have pheasant under glass or *coq au vin* à la Henri; whether to go to Miami or Rio; whether I would wear a baguette-diamond necklace or a diamond tiara when we went to the opera. Neither of us could sleep—we were too nervous; and anyway, we might miss some of the people we had to see. We never



COLLIER'S

"If you think for one minute, Mabongo, that you'll get another big spread in the National Geographic, you're crazy"

CHARLES E. MARTIN

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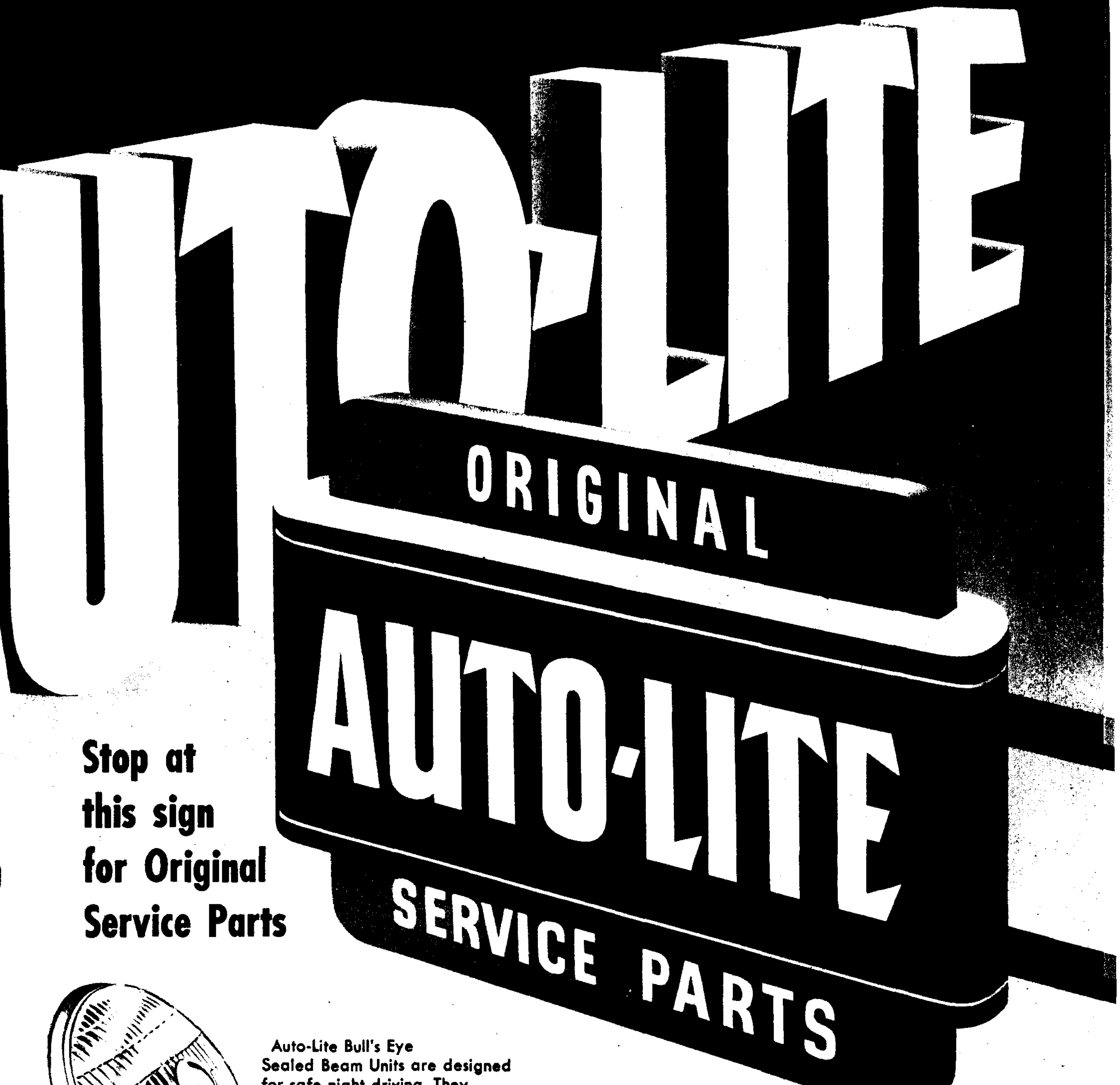
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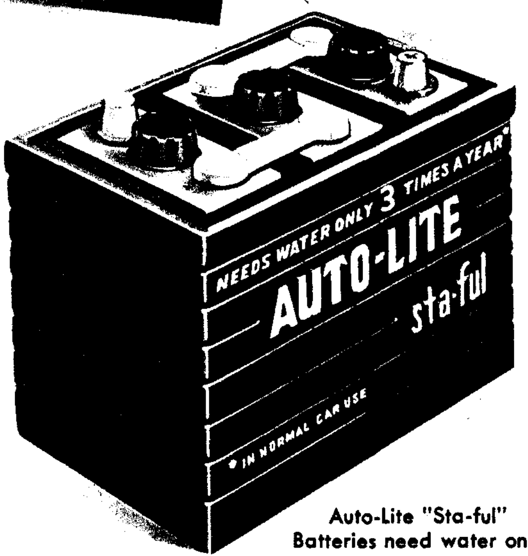
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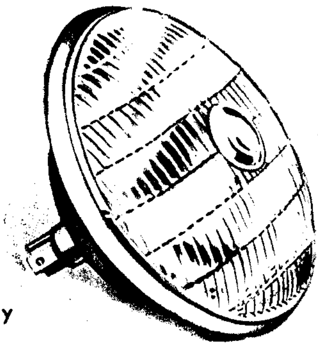

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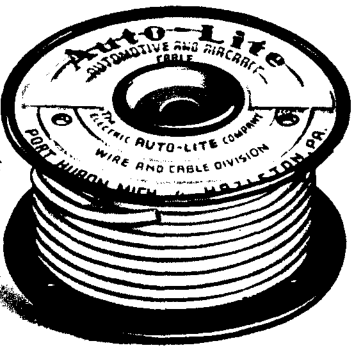
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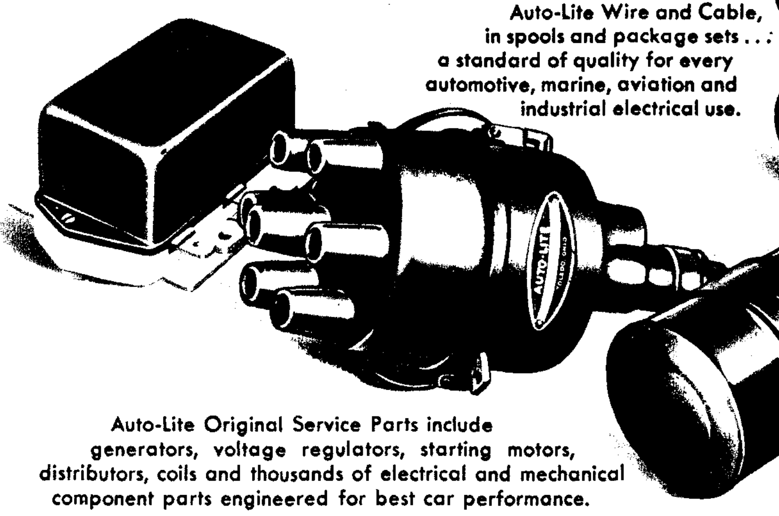

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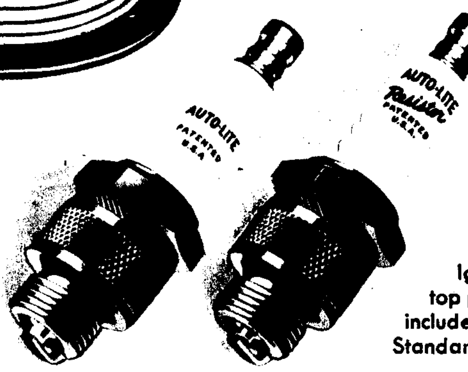
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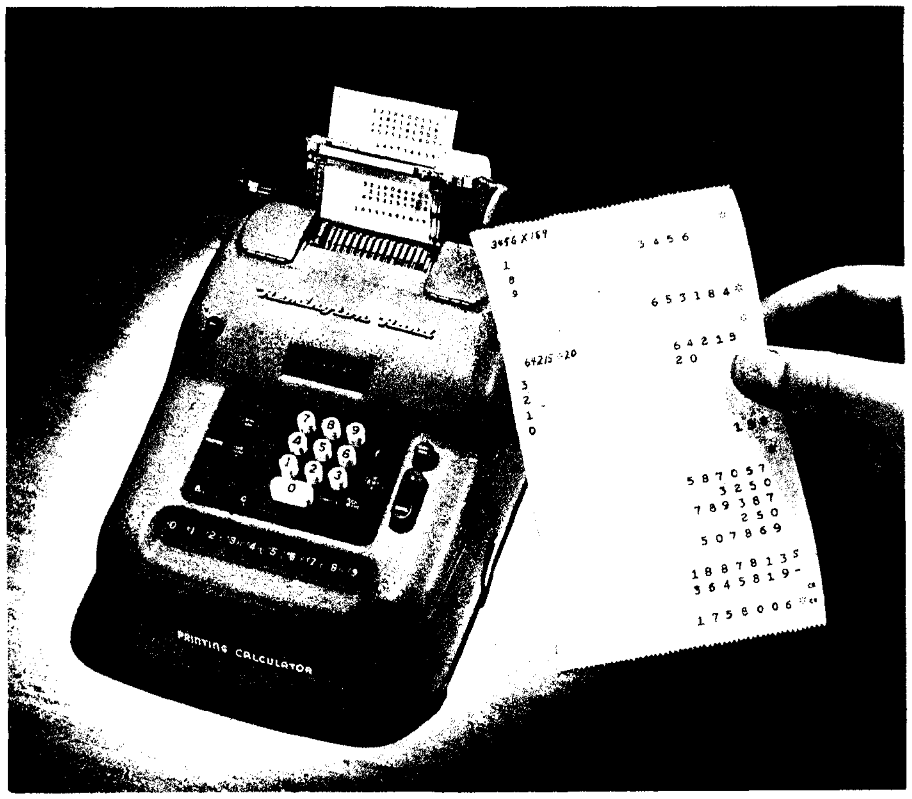

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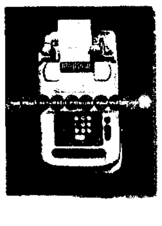

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were alone; Big Deal always had a big deal on and somebody and his wife to entertain and impress. Toward the last I used to cry when he brought me more orchids or tickets in the second row center for the new musicals; and of course he had circles under his eyes and itched terribly."

"Itched?" Lawson said.

"Yes," she said. "*Herpes zoster.* From time to time I had to give him an intramuscular injection of one cc of Pituitrin."

"Oh," Lawson said.

"So there you are," Doc went on. "Big Deal was tiring badly and his health was gone, and I was about shot. We were filled up to bursting with the full life. Both of us were blue and I, at least, was tired of the treadmill. My heart was broken, Big Deal's had developed a nasty systolic murmur, and our marriage was a mockery. Somebody had to do something. As a medical woman—"

"You decided to give him a concussion," Leslie said.

"It was symbolic," Doc said. "He was hit with a rare object. The end of our happiness was expensive."

"Well, well," Lawson said. "This is very interesting. I've been in on a lot of investigations, but this one is—never mind." He had a hard time getting back to his pencil, his adding-machine tapes and his itemized columns. "Uh—Doc, I would like to deal with the returns for the years I mentioned," he said. "As I understand it from Mr. Leslie, you have handled the accounting for yourself and your husband."

"Well, I wanted to be of some use to him," Doc said. "I mean besides parading around in Sophie originals and being nice to investors' wives. Big Deal had an accountant and three or four secretaries, but they were always busy. So I took over."

"Yes, yes," Lawson said. "Now, as regards this audit—"

"Think of me," Doc said, "sitting up between the hours of four and six in the morning, sorting through Big Deal's tangled affairs. What else could I do besides buy clothes and jewels and go to night clubs? He made me retire—I gave up my practice and concentrated on him. So I wrote the checks and paid the bills and filed away the receipts—"

WITH an excitement he subconsciously felt was unhealthy, Lawson said, "At last we are getting somewhere. That's what I must have—canceled checks, receipted bills, some documented explanation of where the money went. In the three years we are concerned with, you and Big Deal claimed a hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars as deductible expenses. Many of these items were simply lump-sum estimates."

Doc looked worried. "Well," she began, "the trouble is—"

"Mr. Davis is here," Tindall announced from the doorway.

A tall, thin, intense young man joined them. He had expressive hands and a resonant, slightly hoarse voice. His confiding, sympathetic, high-pressure charm was as apparent as his skimpy English suit and cropped hair. On his left temple was a bandage stuck on with adhesive tape.

"How do you do?" he said generally. "Let's get right down to it. I have to fly to Juárez this afternoon and get the divorce. I'm due in Cleveland tomorrow morning on a big deal."

"Hello, Big Deal," Leslie said. "This is Mr. H. T. Lawson, from you-know-where." He paused awkwardly. "And—well, you know Dr. Davis."

"Good morning, Doctor," Big Deal said to his wife. He twitched uncomfortably as he sat down.

"Itching again, eh?" Doc said. "Well, I'm not surprised. You—"

"What's the matter with you?" Big Deal interrupted. "You're red in the

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By DAVID DUNCAN

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A Surrétwill suit is a man's best investment— inexpensive, yet it has a custom-tailored look. Made of a fine, durable 100% worsted fabric, it is as comfortable as a lounging robe.

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Surrétwill suits and slacks are tailored exclusively by Rose Brothers of fabrics woven only by Pacific Mills. Available in becoming shades of flannel and novelty weaves as well as the sturdy new 100% worsted twill, all identified by the famous Surrétwill label.

Tailored by Rose Brothers
Surrétwill
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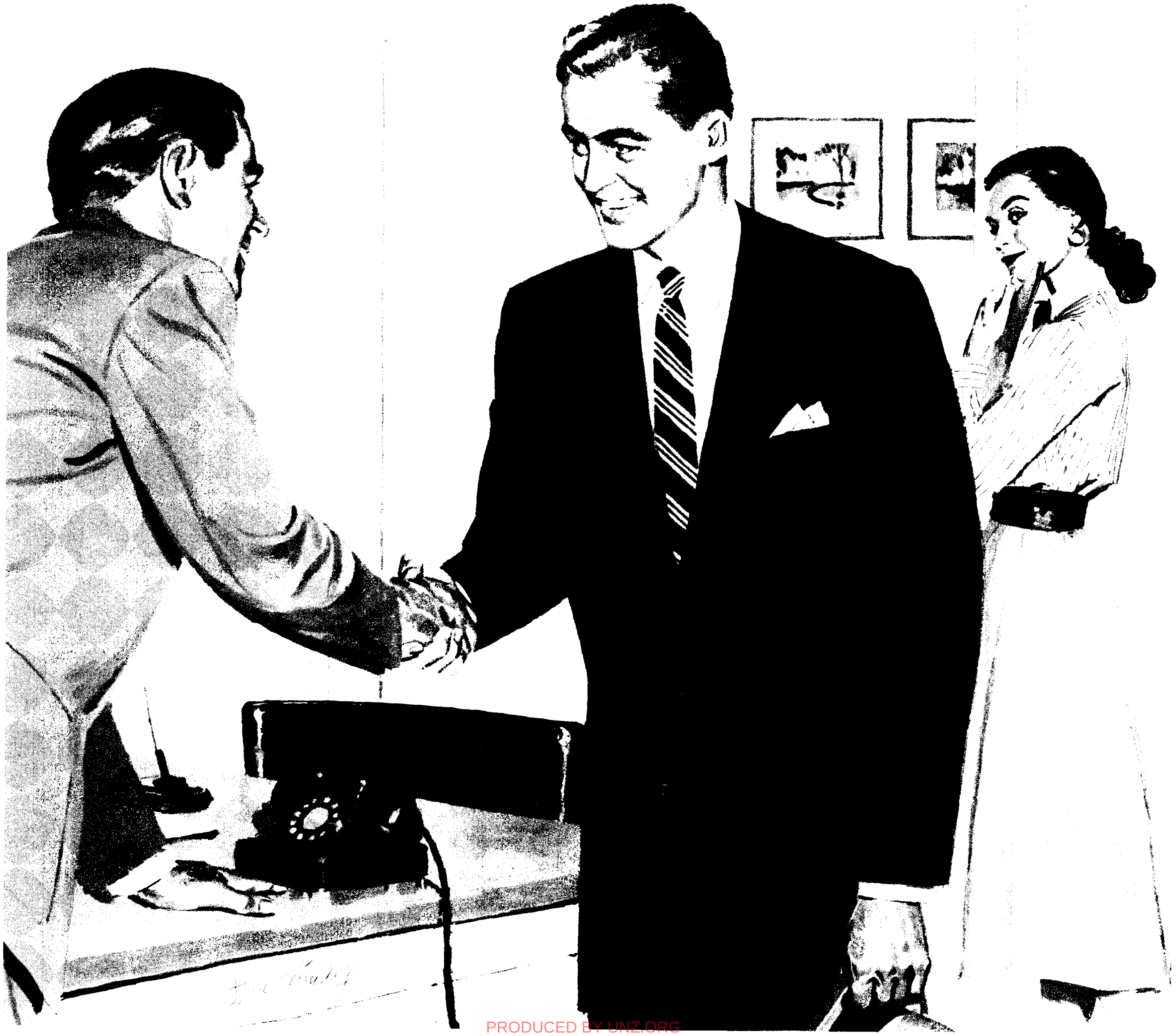
P.S. to Husbands: Learn how easy it is to dress smartly and comfortably on a budget, with Surrétwill. Stop in at your Surrétwill clothier's today. Surrétwill Suits are only $50 and harmonizing Slacks are only $15.50.

PACIFIC Craft Fabrics for Men

For free tips on better dressed husbands, or names of Surrétwill clothiers, write to Pacific Craft Fabrics, Dept. HA3, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



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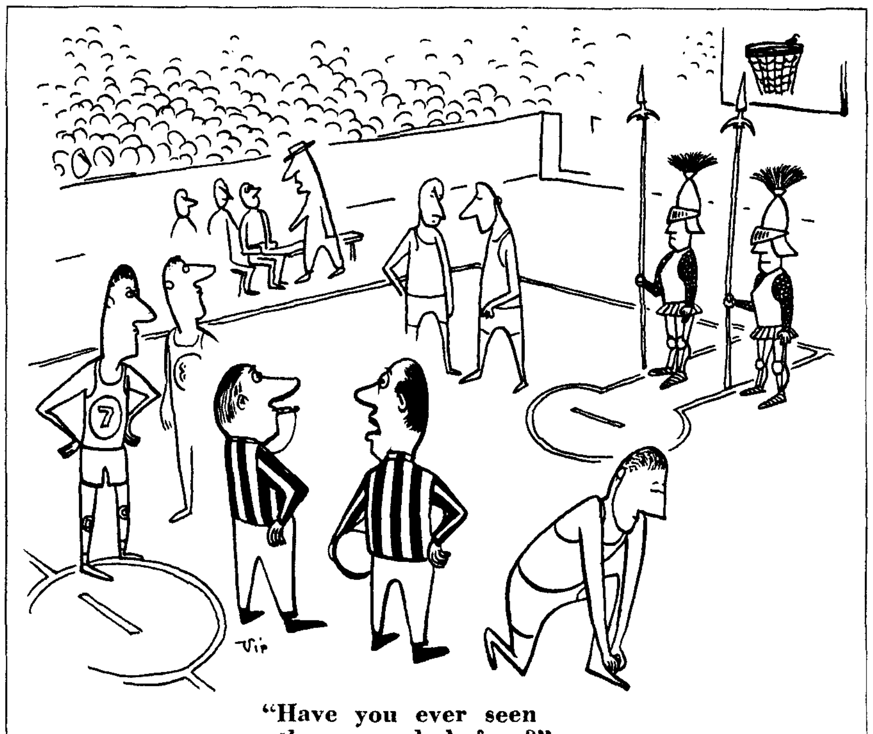


COLLIER'S "Have you ever seen *those* guards before?" VIRGIL PARTCH

face. Are you feverish? Have you been drinking?"

"You know I rarely drink," Doc said. "Even your confounded wines. As a matter of fact, I have been upstairs at that tremendous porcelain stove you had shipped home from Munich, closing the embassy."

"Closing the what?"

"Acting the way they do in a foreign country when war has been declared and the diplomats are going home. I've been burning papers—all the records of our married life. Your love letters, the—"

"Pardon me," Lawson said impatiently. "Mr. Davis, we are gathered here today to consider your business expenditures for a three-year period. I must tell you frankly that they have made the Director of Internal Revenue's head swim."

"Nonsense," Big Deal said. "I have to spend money in my business. If I didn't travel all the time, give people lavish gifts and entertain expensively I couldn't make a living. I admit it costs a lot—"

"It costs a fortune," Lawson said, "and the government is sharing in picking up the tab. Your profession is listed in your return as that of engineer, Mr. Davis. Would you mind explaining to me how you do business?"

"With pleasure," Big Deal said. "Technically I'm a construction engineer; that's what I studied in college. But I've become a human engineer, if you follow me. It's hard to explain, Mr. Lawson, but I'm a dealer in good will and good times. I bring people together. I feed them well, I give them presents, I rush across the world to them when they need me, and I know everybody. When the moment is right, I talk business. My method of operation takes capital—sometimes millions of dollars. I combine brains and money, which is occasionally hard to do, and I get a percentage. Have I made myself clear?"

"No," Lawson said. "Doesn't anybody ever entertain you?"

"Never," Big Deal said. "I'll start again. Mr. Lawson, the world is a lonely place. You wouldn't think so, what with airplanes, television, radio and the like, but it is. People don't see enough of one another any more; they're alone too much. What the world needs is more co-operation. Suppose a man wants to irrigate ten thousand acres or build a factory or put a useful invention on the market or develop a new oil field, and he doesn't know how to go about it; he has the money and is willing to pay for the know-how. Well, that's where I come in, smiling from ear to ear. We amuse ourselves and his wife gets a blond mink coat and he and I sit down and talk face to face—and pretty soon there's another power line in Iran."

"He's sort of an honest con man, H. T.," Leslie said, "working in the interests of progress. See?"

"I see," Lawson said. "Nevertheless, you can't have tremendous deductions that are just estimated in lump sums and not substantiated by bills therefor, with the dates and persons involved. If we weren't so understaffed in this district, we'd have been to you long before."

BIG DEAL scratched his chest absently. "Look at me, Mr. Lawson," he said. "Do I look like a man who would try to cheat Uncle Sam? Why, not many years ago, before I even had a beard, I was out in Leyte Gulf defending my country. I'm a veteran—I have the Purple Heart and a large purple scar on my right side—"

"I can testify to that, Mr. Lawson," Doc said. "The scar, that is."

"Please don't interrupt, Doctor," Big Deal said. "Where was I?"

"Excuse me," Lawson said, and felt himself, to his profound astonishment, caught up in the surging passions of the moment. "I don't deny you are a good citizen and an ex-serviceman, Mr. Davis, but that is insufficient reason for the government to enter a partnership with you for the purpose of bringing lonely people together."

"He also tears them apart," Doc interjected. "Take me, for instance. When I was with him, I was lonely. Now I'm lonelier than ever."

"You shut up," Big Deal said. "These are your returns too, don't forget, and when we part I'm going to give you everything. It's your money you are talking against."

"Look, Big Deal—" Doc began.

"If I may butt in," Leslie said, "speaking as a legal man—"

Big Deal ignored them. "I'm helping develop the backward areas of the world," he said to Lawson. "I'm a one-

NOW!...20,000-MILE TWIN-CAR PROOF

FRICTION PROOFING* SAVES 1 GALLON OF GAS IN EVERY 10

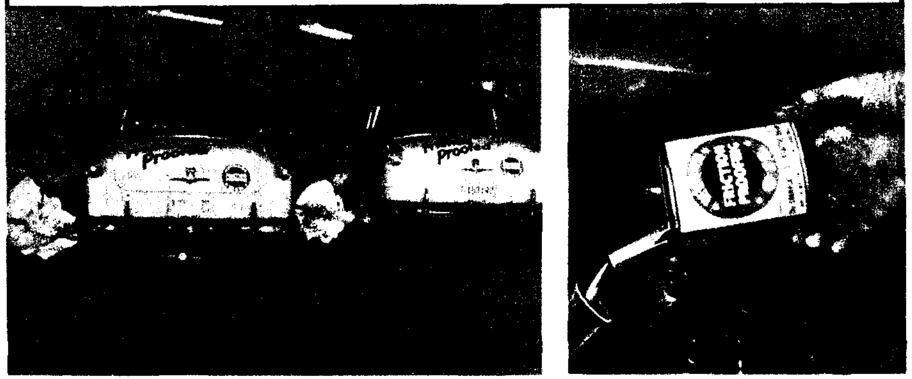
Friction Proofed V-8 Uses 10.1% Less Gas... Shows 44.7% Less Bearing Damage... 21.6% Less Starting Friction in 20,000-Mile Twin-Car Comparison Test Supervised by Independent Licensed Consulting Engineers

DENVER, COLO. — Two brand new V-8 passenger cars, stock models off the showroom floor, have just completed a 'round-the-clock, 20-day, 20,000-mile comparison test to scientifically measure the money-saving benefits of Friction Proofing as a regular car maintenance function. The cars were identical models, received identical mechanical checking, and both were driven under identical conditions using identical "best" grades of gas and oil. Only difference: one car was *Friction Proofed* regularly during the test; the other was not. The winner on every count was the *Friction Proofed* V-8.

20,000 MILES in 20 DAYS
TWIN
KENZ & LESLIE

DID 2 YEARS DRIVING IN 20 DAYS: The Twin V-8's covered the same routes — running in tandem and switching lead position every 8 hours. 21 drivers worked in shifts of 8 hours each in each car to equalize driver factor. Licensed Consulting Engineers who are also University of Colorado Professors, certified the entire test. Winning *Friction Proofed* V-8 shown in inset.

IDENTICAL TWINS EXCEPT ONE *FRICTION PROOFED*



Cars used were as identical as mechanics could make them. Before the test both cars were completely dismantled and the more than 400 moving parts in each car's engine, transmission and front wheels were measured with profilometer and micrometer in an Air Corps-accepted machine shop. Both cars used identical "best" gasoline and extra heavy duty 10-30 oil. Both were checked mechanically every 8 hours, tuned every 1,000 miles. Oil was changed regularly per car maker's specifications. Tire pressures were kept identical. During test, heads, carburetors and electrical systems were switched to further assure identical conditions.

TEST COVERED ALL ROAD CONDITIONS

Conducted under strict supervision of licensed Consulting Engineers who are also University of Colorado Engineering Professors, the Twin-Car test was run over every type of road condition that might be encountered by the average motorist. Here are some of the official certified results:

Friction Proofed V-8 used 10.1% less gasoline (enough for more than 2,000 extra miles of driving on same amount of fuel). *Friction Proofed* V-8 showed 44.7% less bearing damage, 21.6% less starting friction.

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CERTIFIED RESULTS OF TWIN-CAR TEST

	Friction Proofed V-8	Other V-8
Gasoline miles per gallon	16.98	15.32
Pitting density (bearing damage) main bearing inserts	119**	215**
Starting friction (ft. lbs. required to turn dead engine)	29.33	37.33

**Write Wynn Oil Company for Official Certification of results signed by the Consulting Engineers who supervised the test.

WHAT IS *FRICTION PROOFING?** — *Friction Proofing* is a separate and unique maintenance function that smoothes the movement of metal on metal by chemical penetration. Added to your crankcase and gas tank... added to transmission and differential ... Wynn's *Friction Proofing* is attracted to friction points in your car where microscopic snagging sawteeth cause wear, reduce power. There, Wynn's unique chemical formula *penetrates* and *smoothes* the metal... cutting wear, increasing *delivered* horsepower, boosting gas mileage, prolonging your car's life.

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TWIN CAR TEST
TWIN CAR TEST

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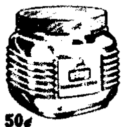

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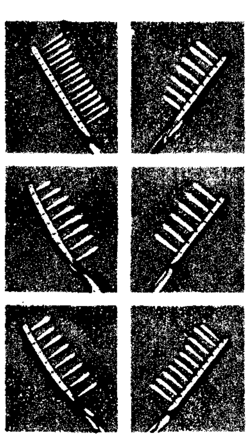

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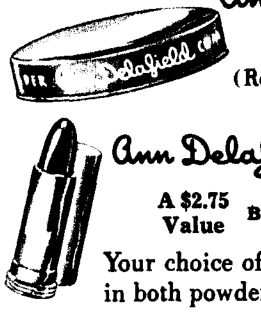

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CARA NOME COMBINATION

Cara Nome Natural Curl Permanent, with "Neutralock" Neutralizer, assures soft, natural-looking waves from very first day. Choice of three kits for three different types of hair—normal, dyed or bleached, and grey or white hair.

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CARA NOME
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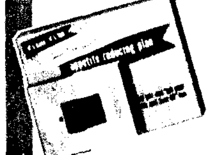

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"Now I'm able to do the things I've always wanted. I'm not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun I missed before. It's like being born all over again!"
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New Tawn Hair Creme

with amazing T-160...

NOT STICKY
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A McKesson Product

ACCEPTED COMMITTEE ON COSMETICS AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Gives hair a "well-groomed" look that lasts!

Tawn Hair Creme in the unbreakable plastic bottle is the brand new answer to a well-groomed look, makes hair look naturally smooth, lustrous in minutes—and wonderful T-160 keeps it that way from morn to night. Tawn Hair Creme will not make hair, hands or comb sticky—won't leave unattractive grease spots. Tawn Hair Creme helps lubricate dry scalp—will keep hair free from loose dandruff and in good condition.

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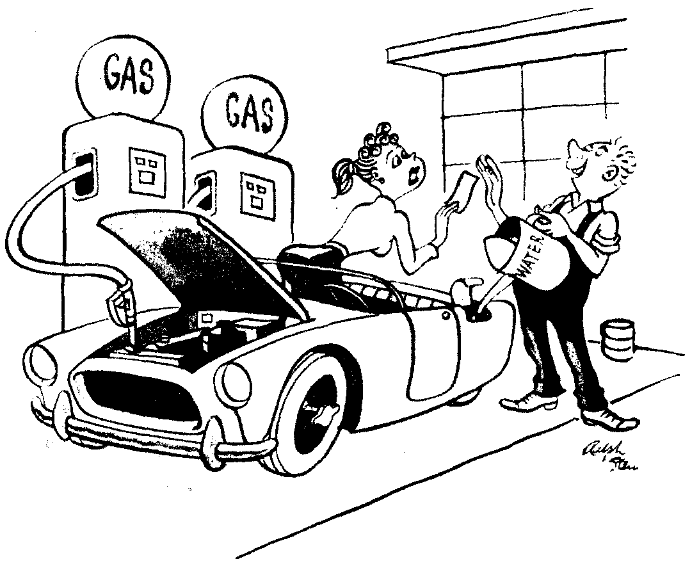
If your dealer is out of stock, write McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Dept. C-354, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tawn HAIR CREME

Tawn Hair Creme



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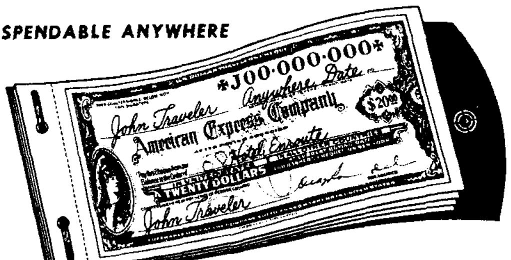

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man Point Four Program. I'm speeding the interchange of currency and keeping up production. I've made everybody but my wife happy. What more could you ask?"

"I want itemized expenditures!" Lawson said loudly. "Supporting papers. Checks."

"Glad to be of help to you," Big Deal said. "My wife will take care of that."

"I'm not your wife any more," Doc said, and burst into tears.

THE three men stared at her. Big Deal wet his lips, shuffled his feet, cleared his throat, took off his glasses and put them on again, crookedly. Tindall came into the room and gave Doc a cup of tea. She calmed down and wiped her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't take care of the itemized expenditures."

"Can't?" Big Deal said. "You mean you won't, don't you? Very well, Doctor, if you want to play dirty pool at our last meeting. Bring down the papers and I'll go through them with Mr. Lawson."

"I said I can't," Doc told him. "I burned everything when I closed the embassy; that's what I was trying to tell you when you first came in."

"Everything?"

"Checks, bills, everything. It was the end of our marriage. I didn't know that Mr. Lawson—"

"You did it on purpose!" Big Deal accused.

"I did not!"

"You did!"

"She wouldn't do that, Big Deal," Leslie said. "Not on purpose."

"You're lying through your beautiful white teeth," Big Deal said to his alienated wife.

"We have more of Josephine's dinner setting," Doc said. "You now have a concussion—would you care to try for a fracture?"

Big Deal got up and walked unsteadily to the bar. His hollowed eyes were hollower, his cheeks pale. "Where am I?" he asked. "Everything is growing dark and cold. Give me a snifter of brandy, Lawson, old boy."

The agent hunted among the bottles on shelves behind him and poured the taxpayer a small glass of very old cognac. Taking the drink, Big Deal smelled it and set it down.

"Lawson," he said, "if I can't substantiate my expenses, what then?"

"I'll have to disallow all of them. There'll be penalties, of course, and interest at five per cent."

"Ruined," Big Deal said. "Wrecked by a designing woman. Leslie, can we fight this in the federal courts?"

"No," Leslie said. "And I don't like those Mexican divorces either."

"This is a nightmare," Big Deal said. "She closed the embassy and lowered the boom on me. Suppose I end up owing a hundred thousand or so? In my circumstances that's like owing a million. I work on too close a margin to overcome that kind of blow, and my credit's no good. I'm hypothecated from here to Copenhagen and back. Friends, I have come to the end of the trail."

"Can't you operate on a more modest basis?" Lawson said.

"Me? Big Deal Davis? I've accustomed my clients to every luxury."

"But is this a wise procedure, living from project to project, having to depend on each new one to bail you out on the one before?"

"What else can I do?" Big Deal said. "Each deal costs so much to put together that I have to leap from crag to crag."

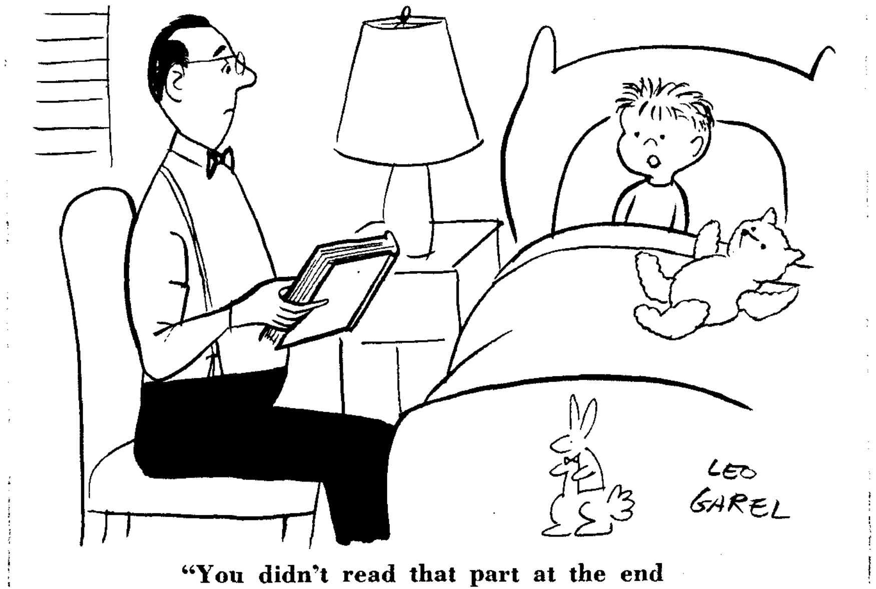
"Well, I'll tell you this, Big Deal," Lawson said, "and I presume I'm guilty of indiscretion: ordinarily the bureau wouldn't countenance such a large outlay for so small a return. But in your case it is felt that you are doing important and beneficial work and are helping to carry the spirit of free enterprise and progress to all parts of the world. Frankly, you are an exception. Although you are living like a king on your deductions, you are working like a dog. The fact that Doc has made an unfortunate mistake is a source of regret to me. However, I must do my duty and disallow—"

The men became aware that Doc was weeping again. She set aside her teacup, got up, and walked over to her husband. "Oh, my dear doctor," Big Deal said in a cracked voice. "Please don't cry. It sends me."

"I'm no lady, I'm your wife," Doc said brokenly, and took Big Deal's hand. "I pulled the caper on purpose. I knew we were going to have an audit and I suspected what Mr. Lawson would want. So I closed the embassy. But I did it for you. I wanted you to have a rest, to restore your health, to get out of that rat race."

"I forgive you, Doc," Big Deal said, and kissed her. "Even though we're going to be divorced, we'll always love each other, won't we?"

"Always," Doc said and kissed him back. "Big Deal, I admit I was think-



COLLIER'S "You didn't read that part at the end about the kind of type the book is set in" LEO GAREL ing of myself too. I was longing for the quiet life: getting my practice back, living in peace and comfort and poverty, with no more ruby bracelets—"

"Absolutely, Doc. I understand. You never knew when you were well off. As long as I had to be ruined, I'm glad it was by you."

"Well, well," Lawson said, seeing he was getting hooked. "She's certainly surprised me. I thought the loss of those papers was an accident."

"I felt she had more integrity than to do that," Leslie said.

"I was a woman fighting for my happiness," Doc said. "Fighting for my man. I've done you a wrong, Big Deal, and I want to rectify it. Here we stand at the bar, facing a difficult life ahead. Let's face it together—legally married. I'll work for you, I'll slave for you. I'll go into practice again. You'll never want for the bare necessities. We'll have a small apartment, eat at delicatessens, buy some furniture on time, square ourselves with the government. I'll end that itch of yours once and for all—"

Big Deal smiled faintly. "Whatever you say, dear. You've won. A rocking chair, a shawl around my shoulders for the remainder of my days."

"Don't talk that way! You don't have to engineer *people;* you can engineer engineering for a while. Build bridges, culverts, houses."

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, Doc. That's all over. I'm licked. My health is gone, as you pointed out."

"I was exaggerating!" Doc said. "There's not a thing the matter with you that a couple of weeks' vacation wouldn't cure. I assure you as a medical woman—"

"Sorry," Big Deal said. "I'm through. Good-by, all."

DOC wiped her eyes on her handkerchief. "Wait," she said. "I can't have you talking that way. You're mine, you're all I've got. I'm—I'm not going to make a broken man of you." She turned to Lawson. "Mr. Lawson, for years now I've kept a diary, with detailed entries for every day. I didn't stop when I got married, and I'm sure I must have accounted for all we did in nineteen fifty, fifty-one and fifty-two—people, places, dinners, trips, shopping, the whole works. If I can supply what happened generally, and then let Big Deal's office break down the list into individual items, will that do?"

"Why, I think so," Lawson said, "depending on how exact your records are. Do you have them handy?"

"I'll be right back," Doc said.

She rushed out, calling for Tindall. Among the three men, there was a long silence. Leslie sighed and Lawson was tempted to sip the brandy the taxpayer hadn't touched. A look of power and purpose on his face, Big Deal strode up and down the room.

"I've been in a lot of investigations," Lawson said, "but never have I—"

"Big Deal," Leslie said, "I'll have to hand it to you. I thought you'd lost your wife, your deductions, your mind. That was a touching scene of womanly devotion and male cunning."

"Eh?" Lawson said. "You mean—"

"I've been in far tougher spots," Big Deal said, "and much closer to financial ruin. I'm quick and shifty, if nothing else. A lesser man would have lost his nerve here, but not I—I've got her eating out of my hand."

"Bless my soul!" Lawson said.

"She'll get her reward," Big Deal said. "Don't worry. I saw a matched set of alligator luggage the other day—I'll buy it for her. She can take it with her when we go to Cannes."

"But I understood you were going to be divorced," Lawson said.

"I forgave her," Big Deal said. "How could I help myself? She was pathetic. She's mad about me. Greater love hath no man from his little woman than me. Although we file joint returns, somebody had to be head of the family. Today, at last, I've established that. Don't you agree, Lawson?"

"Well—yes," Lawson said. "Certainly. But it's all so quick that—"

JUST then Doc walked in, interrupting him. Behind her was Tindall, his arms filled with paper-backed copybooks. He deposited them on the bar.

"Thank you, Tindall," Doc said. "Carry on."

"Yes, Doctor," Tindall replied, and hurried out.

"They're in numerical order," Doc said, "and you won't have any trouble with them, I'm sure, Mr. Lawson. And now, gentlemen, if you will forgive me, I'll go and finish packing."

"Packing?" Leslie said. "Where're you going?"

"To Reno," she said. "I don't trust those Mexican divorces myself, and I want to be sure I get free of this weak, whining, hypocritical creature who is your client."

"Doctor!" Big Deal said. "Such language! I thought you—"

"I know. You thought I fell for that disgusting exhibition you put on to elicit my sympathy. Well, I did until I considered it. By the time I got upstairs, I remembered you were the same old Big Deal I've always known. But I can't let you down or do you dirty. You don't deserve to get stuck with those disallowances."

"Doctor, dear, listen. I—"

"I'm sorry, it's all over. You got what you wanted. I bid you farewell, Big Deal."

The taxpayer blanched to the shade of a well-washed sheet and was twitching again. Lawson raised his hand.

"Wait," he said. "Doc! Uh—let me make sure of your supporting documents before you leave."

"You're not fooling me," Big Deal said. "I was trying to scare you, talking of divorce. Now you're trying to scare me."

"And I'm scaring you, huh?"

"Yes," Big Deal said.

"Well, well," Lawson said, looking in one of the copybooks. "I see that you have recorded here the details of your first meeting with Big Deal, at a cocktail party on Sutton Place—"

"I was sitting in a corner," Doc said, "with nobody to talk to. I always sat in corners till I met Big Deal."

"She was pretty in a plain sort of way," Big Deal said. "I saw her at once. Somebody told me she was a skin doctor. I went over and complimented her on the job she'd done on her own epidermis."

"I had a nice little trade in baby rashes and nervous ladies and poison oak," Doc said, "and I wasn't interested in him. He seemed too slick."

"I brought her a bowl of cocktail peanuts," Big Deal said. "She took one and thanked me, and I told her I wished they were emeralds. She said she knew that story—how Charles MacArthur had pulled the same trick to capture the fancy of Helen Hayes. She said for me to go away and try a more unsophisticated girl."

"He beat it right out of the place," Doc said. "He was gone an hour, and when he came back he brought another

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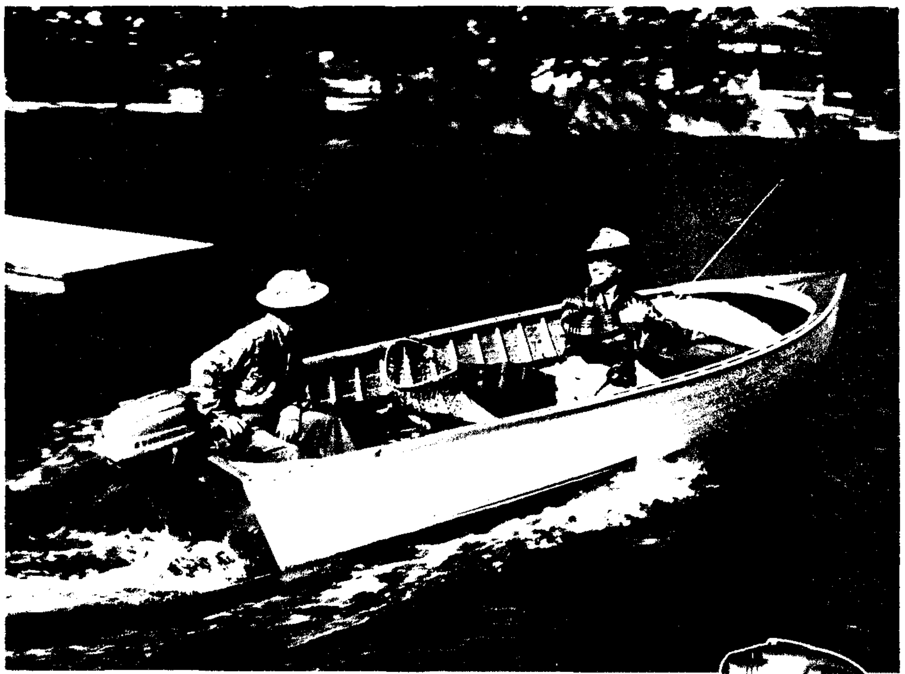

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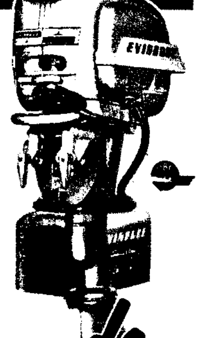

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bowl over to me and said to take my pick. He had a bowl of emeralds!"

"I felt sorry for her and I was crazy about her," Big Deal said. "What had she ever known but stethoscopes and thermometers? Her idea of a gay evening was dissecting something. I wanted to take her away from it all, to make up for what she'd gone through."

"I was twenty-seven years old," Doc said, "and I felt I was going to be an old maid. Meeting Big Deal was the biggest deal of my life. But you've got to consider it from my standpoint. You can take a lot when you've missed a lot, but you can't take *everything*."

LAWSON turned back to the copybook. "Here's a nice part," he said. "You mention little ones and your hopes for the future."

"Little ones?" Big Deal said.

"Not little deals," Doc said. "Little children. Ours. What do you think I am, just a medical woman?"

"But you never told me!"

"I could never get a private interview!"

"Now, now," Lawson said. He cleared his throat. "Say, here's a lovely passage—"

"Doc," Big Deal said. "I've overdone it. No doubt of that. But I'm willing to make amends. We'll move to a little apartment, you can practice again. I'll stay home with the kids—anything you want. I give up."

"No, thanks," Doc said. "I know you, Big Deal. You have to be top dog or nothing. We'd fight again—"

"My, what a moving bit of writing," Lawson said. "No dates or records of expenditures, of course, but it's charming. Let me read it to you. Do you mind, Doc? This is practically government property now."

"Shoot," Doc said. "I hope it's libelous."

"I quote," Lawson said. " 'When do you begin to live? When you fall in love. When do you begin to die? When you are no longer in love. As a woman, I know my place, and it's beside Big Deal. Right or wrong, he's my particular problem, obsession, conviction and hero with the feet of clay. I wouldn't trade him for any other kind. For better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death do us part, I am his and his alone.' "

Lawson glanced up from the copybook to find that the taxpayers were in each other's arms.

"Back to the big parties," Doc said solemnly. "Back to the south of France, the villa in Florence, Christian Dior and that bonded perfume. All right, Big Deal."

"Step outside with me, Doctor, dear," Big Deal said. "I know we can work out a nice little deal together."

They left the room. Leslie went over to the bar, blew his nose, and drank the rest of the brandy.

"Ah," he said, "that was a close call, H. T." He sighed again. "Poor old Doc—back to the gold-plated salt mines."

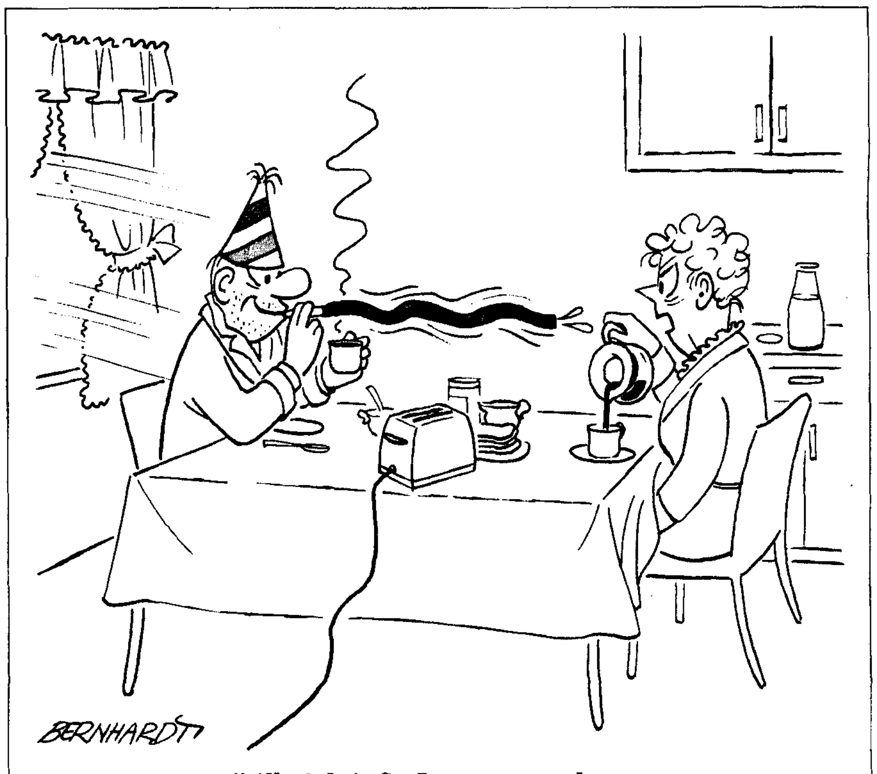
"Not necessarily," Lawson said. "Her diary is in numerical order, but the years are not indicated. The individual entries are headed *Monday, the next day, twenty-four hours later, raining today*—that sort of business. Will Big Deal's office force be able to do much with them?"

"No," Leslie said.

"Perhaps we can come to a working agreement, Mr. Leslie," Lawson said. "In view of the circumstances, if the bureau approves, I'll allow Big Deal and Doc half of their claimed deductions on the basis of reasonable documentation. The rest they'll have to pay. That should give the happy couple time for a rest, the curing of the itch, and possibly some little ones. And everybody will have won a victory: Big Deal, Doc and the United States government."

"Why, it sounds quite reasonable," Leslie said, "speaking as a legal man. Could I see the last passage you read, Lawson? I might try a paraphrase on my wife sometime."

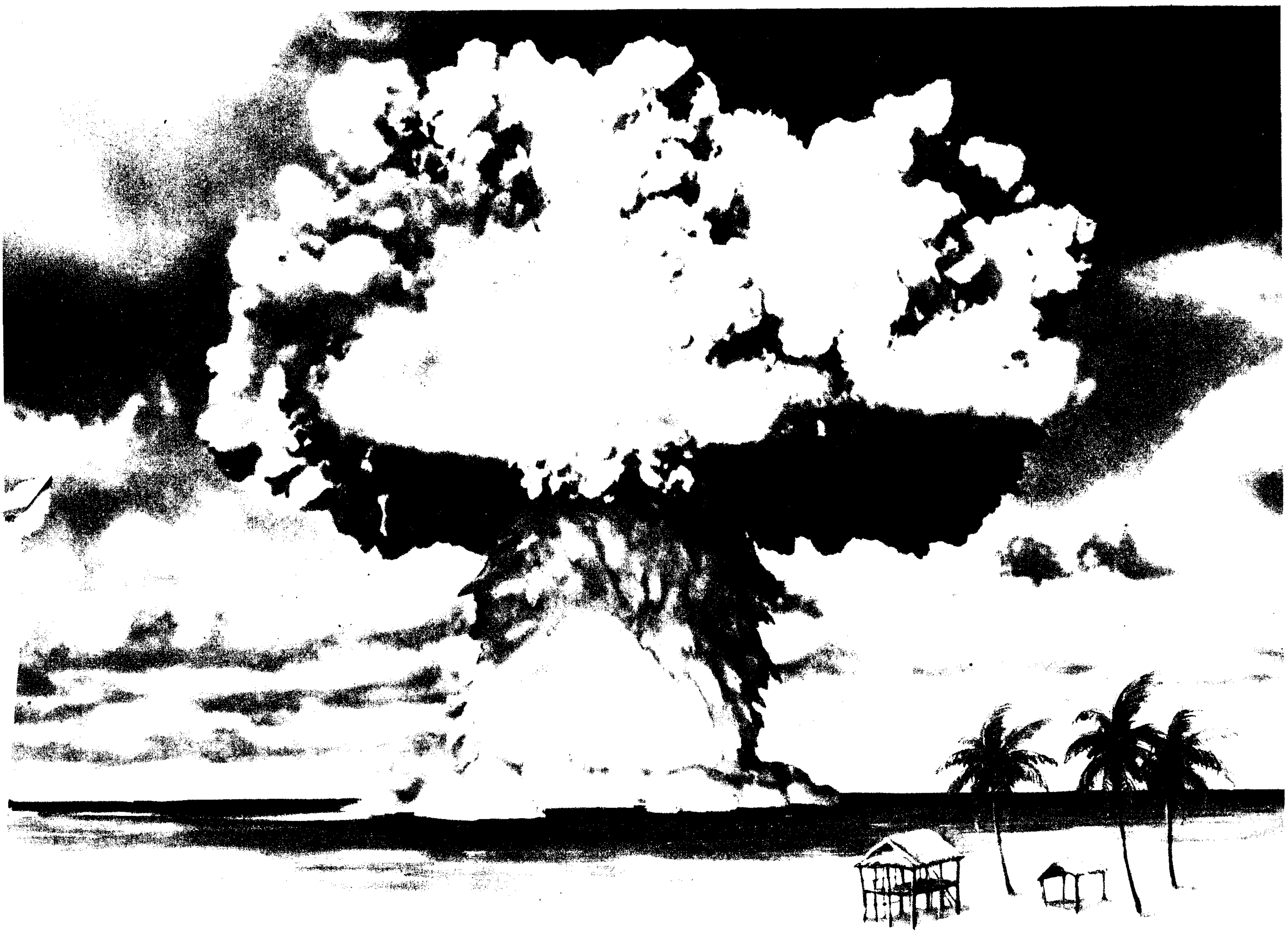
"Uh—it isn't in here," Lawson said. "Mrs. Lawson wrote me that once when we were courting, and I happened to recall it. The taxpayers seemed to need aid, Mr. Leslie, and although some people appear to feel the bureau is heartless and grasping, I wonder if they realize how frequently we go out of our way to be helpful." —ROBERT CARSON



COLLIER'S

"All right! So I was wrong last night when I nagged you about how you'd feel this morning!"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT



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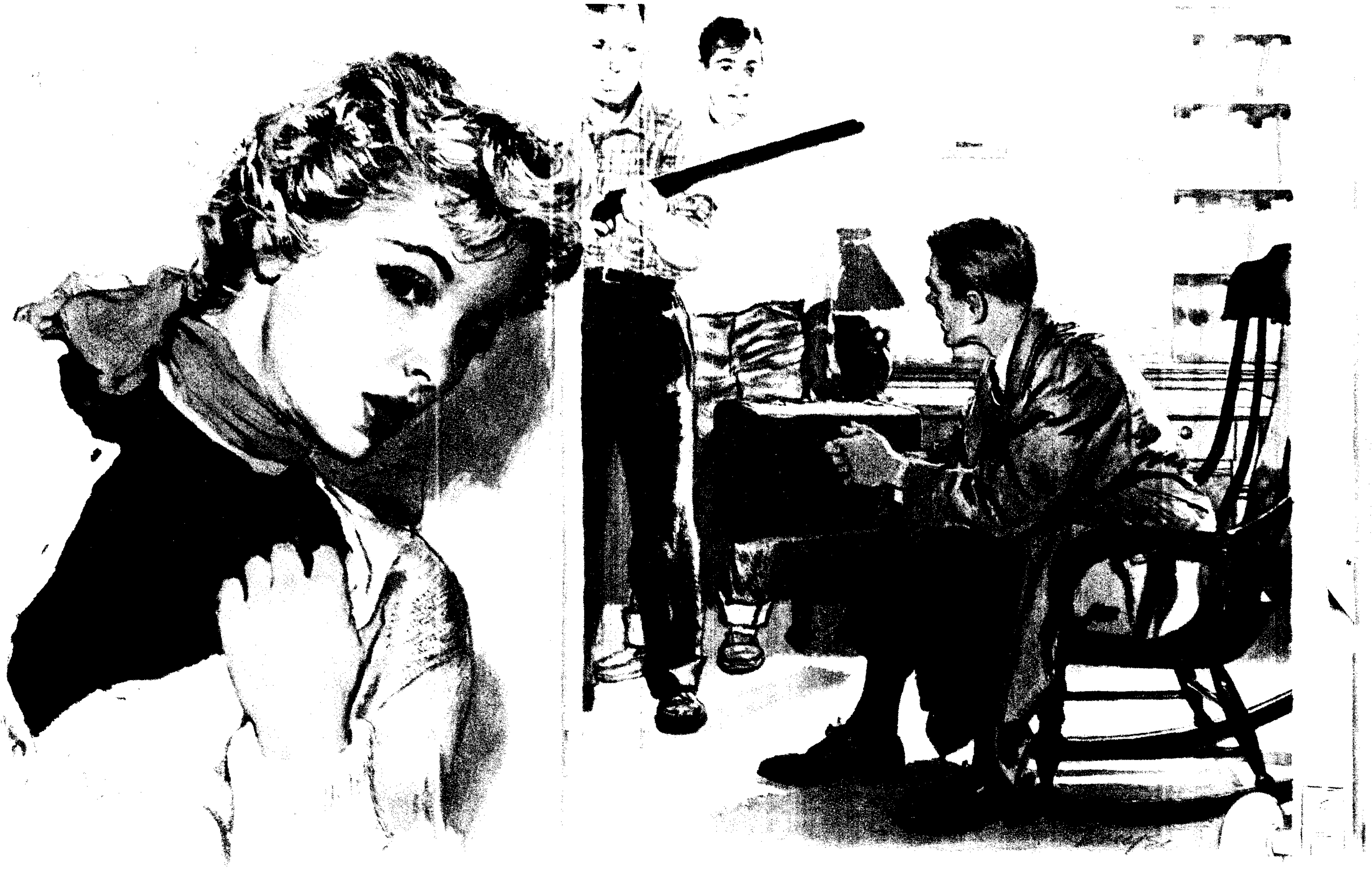

"It's a good story," the man said. "Except that Dick MacLane never told you about this place, so just exactly how did you know about it?"

FLIGHT OF THE TIGER

Ben had located some people who might know where Helen MacLane was hiding, but if he went to them he might lead the killers straight to her. It was a chance he had to take

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The Story: After Ben Morrow was shot down in the last week of Korean fighting, his self-confidence was shaken; he felt he could never fly again. Months later, Ben was sent back to the States on a thirty-day leave, and he made two decisions: one, he would visit Helen MacLane, widow of his best friend, Dick MacLane; and two, he would go AWOL rather than return to flying duty. When he got to New York, Ben contacted Dick's former boss, Mr. Willsie, to ask where Helen was. Before he got to see Willsie, however, two policemen, Davis and Waska, questioned him as to why he was hunting Helen. Then, at lunch, Mr. Willsie told Ben how Helen had stayed in New York after Dick was killed, sharing her apartment with a model, Denny Young. A month ago, Eric Gorman, a gangster who had been dating Denny, and his bodyguard, Paul Brath, had come to the girls' apartment and beaten up Denny. She died in the hospital, and, as a witness, Helen was given police protection. But when someone took a shot at Helen, she became frightened and ran away. After lunch, as Ben was sitting in a bar, a seedy private detective named Davey Lemon approached Ben and asked why he was interested in Helen. Lemon said he was working for a third party who wanted the police to find Helen before Gorman did. When Ben told Lemon to leave him alone, Lemon ambushed him in a doorway, roughed him up, examined his identification and robbed him. After Ben was able to walk, Lemon reappeared, friendly and offering to return Ben's money.

LEMON steered Ben into another bar. This one was smaller and darker, with booths in the back. They sat in one of the booths and Lemon leaned close to Ben. "I had to know fast, kid. Like they say, time is of the essence—whatever that means. Now I owe you a drink."

The effect of the judo blow had made Ben's thinking fuzzy. "To hell with you," he said thickly.

"I took the dough in case somebody give you a fast roll before you come out of it, kid. I couldn't stick too close in case a cop should get interested. Okay, your story stands up. You fly airplanes. If you'd showed me the identification, you wouldn't have a headache."

"I can still call the police."

"What's the point? What do you prove? Assault? I didn't even mark you. Robbery? I didn't take a dime. Here comes your drink, kid. That'll make you feel better."

"Everybody walked right by."

"This town! You can die on the street. Who cares? Anyway, I've got it figured now—what the cops wanted. Davis wanted to know if MacLane, before he got himself killed, ever said anything that would give Davis a lead on where the blonde went to. Give him any story?"

"No."

"Which could mean yes. You're hard to get along

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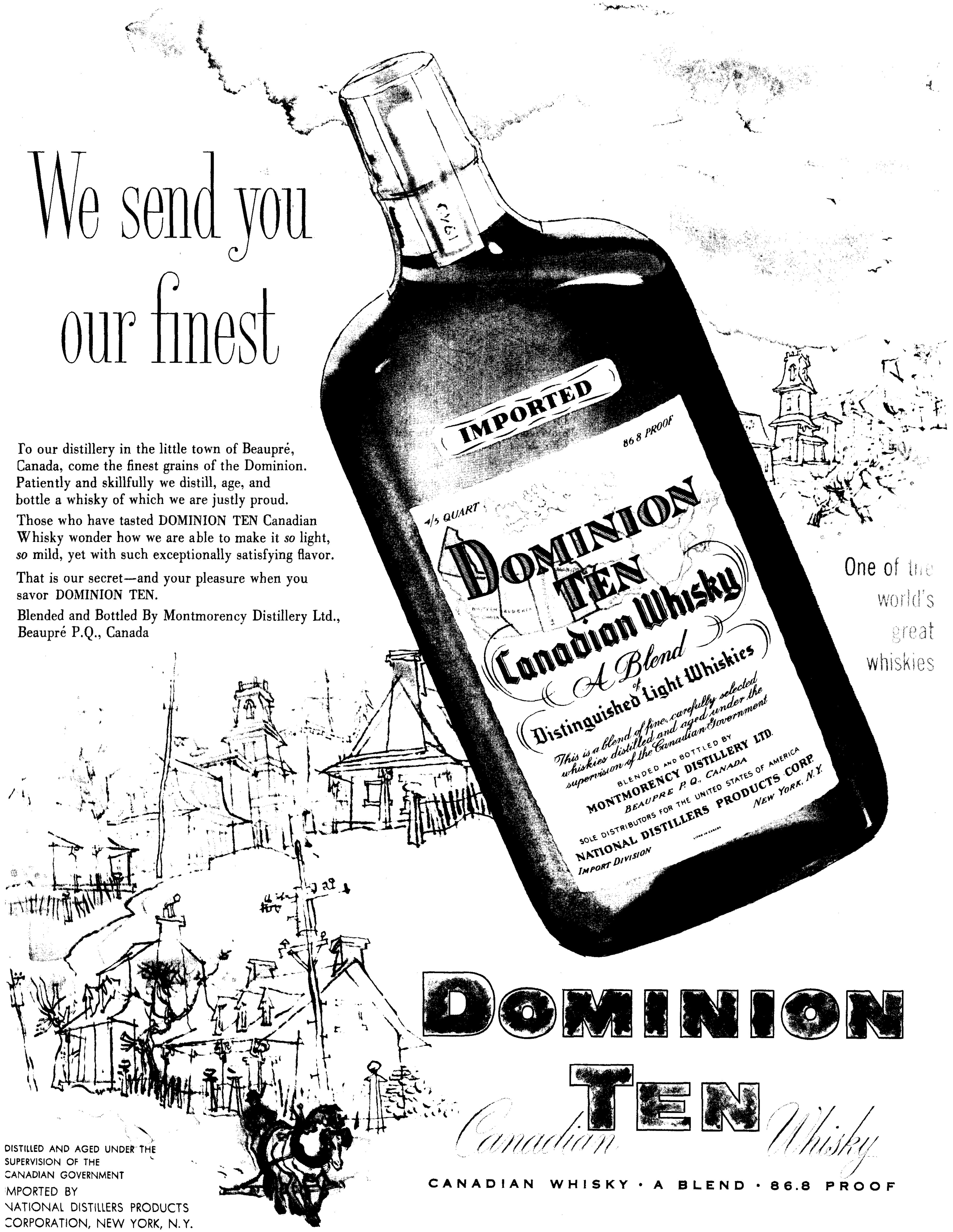
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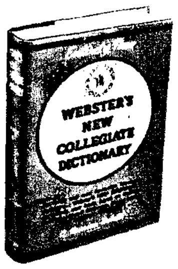

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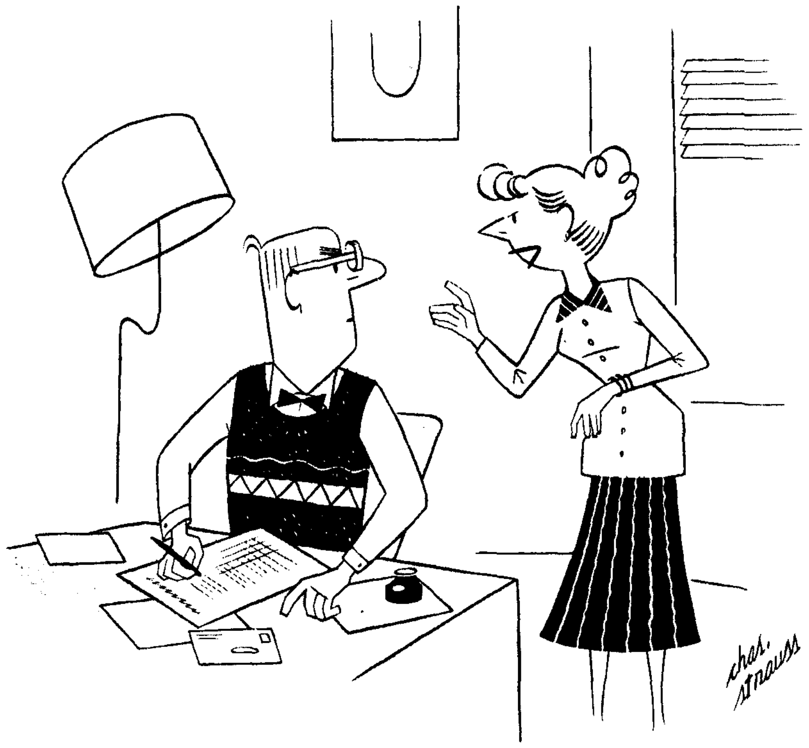

"I'll have you know I could have married plenty of low-salaried men who don't have to pay any taxes"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

with," Lemon said. "Every smart apple in town is laughing himself sick over the boner Gorman pulled. He doesn't know it, maybe, or maybe he does, but he's washed up even if he tags the dolly before Davis does. People have lost respect. His money is still talking, but if he tries to come back and pick up where he left off, everybody working with him will start crossing him. You got to have respect. As long as he's all done anyway, my people would like him done up toasty brown. What they call the Ossining tint. That's easier than trying to convince him he's all through."

"Why don't you just get up and go?"

"Feeling better, I see. Well, we'll be in touch."

LEMON stood up, rumpled Ben's hair and walked out. His big body filled the doorway and then he was gone. Ben carried his drink carefully up to the bar and sat on a stool, massaging the side of his throat. He ordered another drink and went into the men's room and splashed his face with cold water. He was co-ordinating better. He wondered if he ought to report Lemon to Davis. But it wasn't the sort of information that would help Davis.

Back at the bar again, he began to think about the girl. Three groups wanted her. They all wanted her badly. If her luck was bad, somebody loyal to Gorman would find her. He thought how, when he started to hide, he'd have an easier time of it. Nobody would be looking as hard for him. The memory of the people who had walked by him, who had looked and who had not stopped, was a new kind of nightmare. It could have happened to the girl like that. They could have dropped her on the stairs going down to the subway—where she was last seen—and the busy feet would go by, making a careful circle around her. You went around hoping the world was a warm place, hoping for approval and attention and love, but it was a cold place.

Something began to bother him—memories and impressions too faint to grasp. It was something Willsie had said, and something Dick MacLane had said a long time ago about a cold place. It was someplace where Dick had had to wrap his feet in blankets, and the cold had stiffened the oil in the typewriter so that the keys kept sticking. Ben pressed his knuckles hard against his forehead and tried to remember, but he couldn't.

He paid and went out and found a drugstore and then dialed Willsie. When the familiar voice was on the other end of the line Ben said, "This may sound a little stupid, Mr. Willsie, but I got to thinking—about where she could go. And I can remember something about Dick working somewhere where it was cold. It came into the conversation once when we were talking about winterized equipment, and Dick spoke about wishing they'd make a winterized typewriter."

"I know. I've told Lieutenant Davis about that, Ben, but I didn't have enough to go on. When Dick got stuck on something, he'd get permission to take a couple of days off to work on it. He usually came back with something that pleased everybody. I know he went out of town, but he'd never tell me where he was going. He said it would be too easy to get in touch with him and give him bad ideas that would spoil his good ones. He was secretive about it. Once, in the winter, he came back with a bad cold and said the place was unheated. I've told Lieutenant Davis all that, but it wasn't enough to work on."

"I'm sorry I bothered you. I thought it might be worth something."

"Davis thought so too, but it turned out to be a dead end. If you get any more ideas, Ben, don't hesitate to call."

Ben hung up. The pulsing in his head had settled down to a slow, rhythmic ache. He sat at the drugstore counter and asked for a Bromo. He looked across at himself in the mirror behind the counter. He saw his familiar bland mask, the quiet and ordinary face behind which he had always hidden, thinking of it in other years that it could be a bit leaner, a bit more vital and less placid.

MacLane had, with his irony, made the aircraft feel alien under his hands. And now the face seemed alien also. MacLane had once said, "A face is

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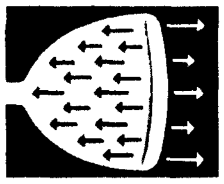

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merely the front side of the head; on it is an arrangement of features that are designed for function instead of beauty. And by the size and placement of the features, we remember the identity of the animal. If a female animal has the size and placement of facial features that are fashionable in our era, Benny, we call her beautiful."

BEN looked at himself: a two-legged animal sitting on its rump, torso erect, behind a counter, being served by other weary two-legged animals. He paid and left the drugstore, thinking of something else MacLane had said: "Philosophy is an attempt to answer two simple questions, Benny. Who am I?—What am I doing here?"

He had had his own good answers and now they were gone and there was no identity and no purpose. He walked slowly, forcing his mind back to the problem of Helen, knowing that the problem was in essence a sort of life raft. If he could keep thinking of her, then he wouldn't have to think about himself.

Okay, think constructively, Benjamin Morrow. Dick had a place where he went. Make some assumptions. Helen knew about the place. He always went back to the same place. In order to have a place, there had to be a transfer of funds, for either rent or purchase. Payments are made by check. Banks have records. Davis, in his thoroughness, would have checked that aspect. Dead end.

Yet, was it completely a dead end? Dick had been secretive about his hideout. There was a chance that it had been rented or purchased under some other name—or, for secrecy's sake, maybe Dick had paid cash. In that case, how could it be traced?

He stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. A stout woman bumped into him, muttered angrily and went on. He walked ahead again, slowly. That night in the Tokyo Club, MacLane had said, "Men, we're self-supporting. We pay income tax on base pay, right? There're nine of us here. So they clip eight of us to pay the base pay of the other guy. Who is it? Which one of us is a leech being supported by the other eight? I argued this out with my tax guy. He's a humorless little wretch named Freimak. Not that I make big enough money to need him, but figures confuse me. I sell articles to magazines, and Helen gets her modeling fees. Anyhow, Freimak says I've got the wrong slant."

Ben repeated the name to himself: Fraymack. At first it sounded correct, but after a few repetitions it began to sound wrong, a word without meaning. It was like when he was a kid, saying his own name over and over until it became a series of grotesque sounds.

The information was too vague to check with Willsie. Again he found a telephone booth, with the fat directories hinged to the slanting rack. Though he tried various spellings, he could not find a name that seemed correct until he looked in the classified directory under *Accountants*. There he found an *Anton E. Freimak* with offices at a West 43d Street address. He called the number but, as he had expected, the phone wasn't answered. The office would be closed on Saturday.

Ben went back to the rack and looked up Anton Freimak in the Manhattan directory, then in Brooklyn, then in the Bronx. He found the name in the Bronx directory and wrote down the number and then had to wait for one of the booths to be empty.

The voice that answered the telephone sounded like a girl's.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Freimak."

"He isn't here."

"Do you know where I could get hold of him?"

"He's out. You want to hold on a second, maybe I can find out."

"I'd appreciate that."

He heard a rattle as the telephone was laid down. He could hear faint music. In a few moments another voice, a woman this time, said, "Yes?"

"I was wondering how I could get in touch with Mr. Freimak."

"Is it important?"

"Quite important."

"He's at some kind of a meeting at the Hotel Roosevelt. I don't know as he's even got there yet. But it's for cocktails and dinner and speakers. Some kind of a tax meeting. I don't know the name of the meeting, but they would know at the information desk. I don't know if you can get in, even, but maybe they could call him out if it's important. He doesn't like to be bothered when he goes to those meetings."

"Thank you very much."

"If you don't get hold of him there you can telephone here tomorrow, but not before eleven in the morning. Should I tell him who was calling?"

"The name won't mean anything to him, thanks."

BY THE time he arrived at the Roosevelt the cocktail hour was well under way. Couples were waiting to be seated in the lounge at the right of the entrance. He went up the steps to the lobby and saw the information sign ahead and on the left, across from the elevators.

"Could you tell me where the tax meeting . . ."

"Mezzanine floor, sir, and to the right," the girl said, and turned toward the next questioner.

He took the elevator up. He went down a wide carpeted hall and found a sign on a standard outside open double doors. The sign said, *Annual Meeting, Tax Consultants' Association of Greater New York*. He walked through the doors.

A cocktail bar had been set up in the room. A stone-faced woman sat at a table on the left with a cashbox and typed list.

"Name, please?"

"I'm not attending the meeting. I just want to talk to Mr. Freimak a moment."

She ran a finger down the list. "He hasn't arrived yet." There were a half-dozen men standing back at the cocktail bar, talking and laughing.

"Could I wait?"

"Please wait in the corridor and I'll send him out when he arrives," the woman promised.

Ben went out into the corridor. The checkroom was just down the hall. The members arrived singly and in small groups, laughing together, a few of them glancing curiously at him as they went through the double doors. He tried to amuse himself by looking for some factor they all had in common, some identifiable stamp of the accountant. There were very few who fitted the cartoonist's conception, very few pale, withered, myopic little men. If there was any common characteristic it was a sharpness of eye. Their minds were honed sharp by the necessities of survival—survival in a field where the rules changed constantly.

A short broad little man came back down the corridor, walking with short

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By E. A. CAREY

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With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it **never has to be cleaned!** Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo **as it forms!**

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quick steps. His features gave an impression of roundness: round head, round snub nose, small round mouth, wide round eyes—but there was nothing bland or naïve about the expression in those eyes.

"You want to see me, young man?"

"I'm sorry about bothering you this way, Mr. Freimak. I'm Lieutenant Ben Morrow. I flew with Dick MacLane."

"Just a moment. MacLane. Yes. Advertising, free-lancing. His wife is a model. Absolutely no head for figures. Called back to active duty. You have a message for me from him?"

"He was killed about ten months ago, Mr. Freimak."

The wide round eyes narrowed for a moment. "I'm sorry, of course. Our relationship was purely professional. His wife should have come in and seen me. Have her call for an appointment. I'll get out the file. I have his insurance data. She should have come to see me immediately."

"It was in all the newspapers, Mr. Freimak, about—"

"My newspaper reading is specialized, Lieutenant. Have her come in and see me. Is that all?"

Ben thought quickly. Freimak obviously knew nothing about the search for Helen MacLane. And, quite obviously, Freimak wanted to get back to the meeting. The roar of voices from the room had deepened as the crowd had increased. Ben said, "Actually, Mr. Freimak, I want to ask you a personal favor."

"See me Monday at the office."

"Please give me just two minutes now, Mr. Freimak."

Freimak sighed. "Hurry, then."

"I have thirty days' leave. MacLane used to tell me about his place, the one out of town," Ben said. "He insisted I should use it if we ever got back—and now I'd like to, but I forgot where it is. I remembered his mentioning your name. I thought you could tell me how to find it."

"Ask his wife. Why ask me?"

"She—went back to Ohio. I haven't been able to get in touch with her."

"That was a small account, Lieutenant. Do you think I walk around with my head full of addresses?"

The man was getting angry, and Ben felt himself blush as he made an emotional appeal. "I don't have any other place to go, Mr. Freimak. I just thought—well, that you'd be willing to help out. I hate to bother you, but it's important to me."

Freimak looked at him for a moment and then took hold of his elbow. "Come in and we will have one drink and I will try to find the right card." He tapped his forehead with a blunt finger. "In here, I keep the file cards. I have to sort them, like I was one of those punch-card machines. All I remember now is that there was a place, some kind of allowable deduction, something about a name. Come on."

THEY went in. Freimak asked him what he was drinking, then left him and wedged his way up to the bar and came back with two drinks in a surprisingly short time.

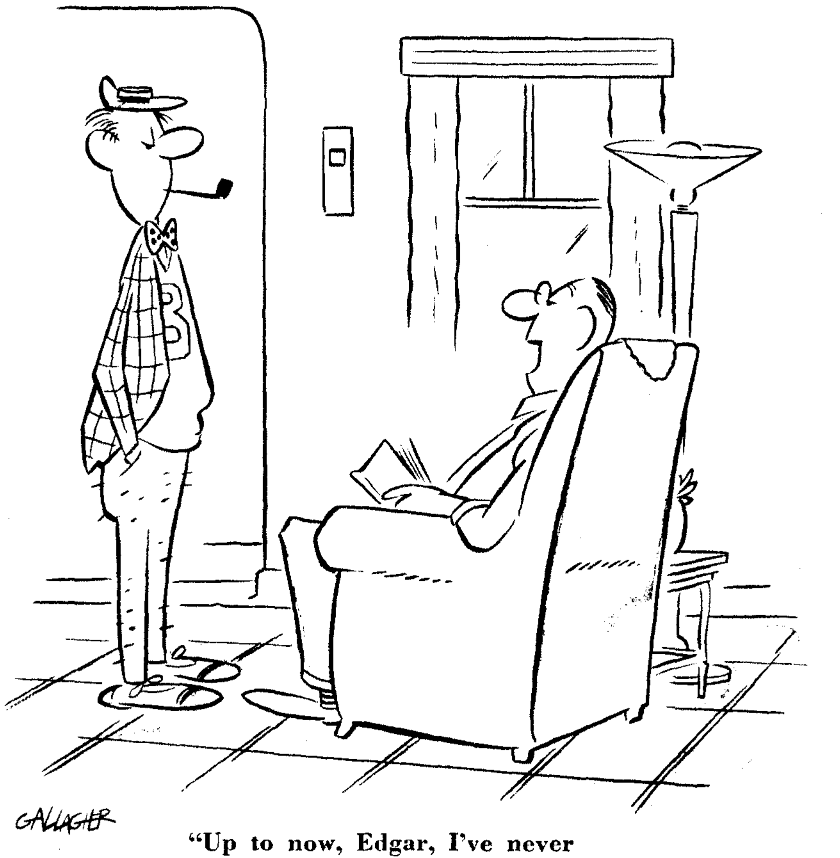
"I just—"

"Don't talk for a minute, Lieutenant."

Freimak stood with his eyes shut, the drink in his round hand. At least thirty seconds went by. Freimak opened his eyes and smiled. "Now I know why I remember. A percentage deduction. He worked there on magazine pieces. He took a long lease, paid cash. The receipt is on file in his folder in my office. I amortize the payment."

"Where is it?"

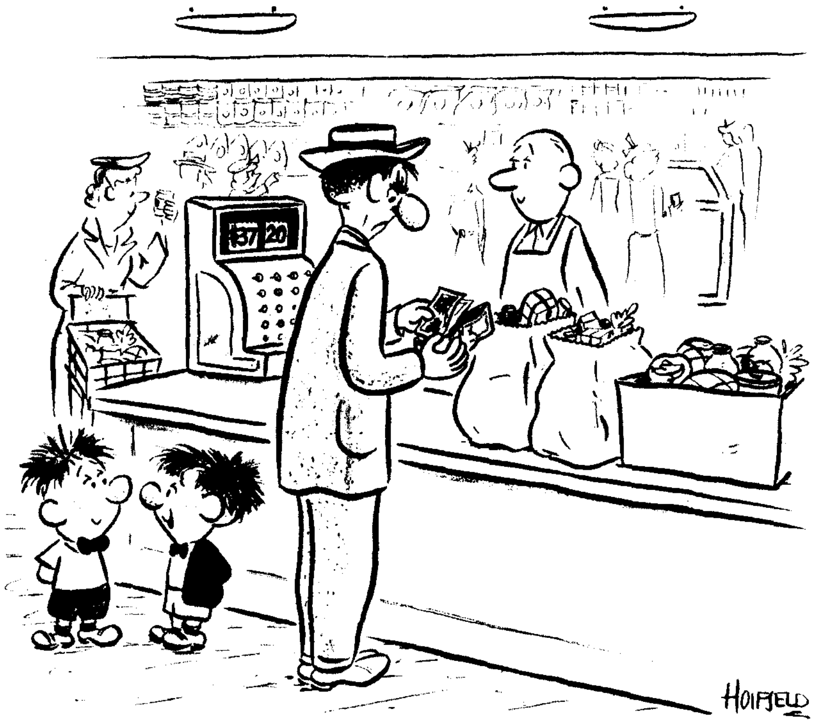
"Off Route Nine above Rhinecliff. A farm with cabins and, I think, a lake. A pond, probably. A man named Cassidy owns it. The receipt I got, it is made out to—wait a minute—Richards, or MacRichards. His name changed around. A sort of a joke he had with his wife, I think. You get in touch with her and tell her to come and see me. I can help her. I will do that as a courtesy because her husband was



"Up to now, Edgar, I've never refused to lend you the car, but considering the fact that you've broken off with my daughter . . ."

COLLIER'S

JOHN GALLAGHER



COLLIER'S "He's got his wallet open. Now's a good time to ask him for baseball-uniform money" NORMAN HOIFJELD

client. You understand, Lieutenant, don't go around giving out information like this."

"I appreciate it."

"It's just because of where you've come from and what you've been doing. Have a good leave, Lieutenant."

"Thanks, Mr. Freimak."

"Here, I'll take care of the glass."

Ben said good-by to him and walked out of the crowded room. He went down in the elevator. He knew he ought to call Davis. It sounded like the place Helen MacLane would have run to. And he sensed the true extent of his own luck. This had been like hitting with the first coin in the slot, the first pull of the handle. But the girl had run. It had been her decision. He had made the same decision, and it was entirely possible that someday someone would turn him in. His identification, he knew, was with Helen rather than with the Davises and Waskas. And he might endanger her by leading the wrong people to the cabin. Perhaps the best he could do for her would be to forget what he had learned. Other people with police protection had suffered strange accidents. And, as Davis had indicated, he couldn't even trust his own people completely.

He got out a dime and bounced it in his hand a few times. Heads he'd call Davis. It came out heads. Two out of three then. The coin fell tails and then heads again. Three out of five. The next two flips landed tails. As he pocketed the coin, he knew he was going to go up there to that farm, and he was going to make certain that he was not followed. He told himself it was something he was doing for Dick MacLane. This was his direct offer of assistance to the widow, his good deed for the day; he was the hero in action. Or maybe, he thought wryly, this was just a case of one fugitive helping another.

He walked through the tunnel from the hotel to the Grand Central. He got a timetable from the information desk and took it into the waiting room. There was a Sunday train leaving Grand Central at nine fifteen in the morning, arriving in Rhinecliff at eleven thirty-six. He folded the timetable and shoved it into his pocket. He looked around. The terminal was not busy at this hour on a Saturday. All the faces had the same closed, guarded look of subway faces. Yet he had the uneasy feeling that he was under observation. He wished that he had been more guarded in his contact with Freimak. But it was a bit too late to think about that. Yet Davey Lemon had seemed convinced of his lack of information.

He got up and went to the nearest newsstand and began to look at the magazine titles. He turned casually and walked slowly down the ramp into the main part of the station, toward the ticket windows.

AT THE foot of the short ramp he turned, his back to the wall, and lit a cigarette. Two women went by, talking to each other excitedly in some language he couldn't place. Then a large family came through, and then a man alone who walked briskly to the information desk. On the far side of the station people were waiting behind ropes for a train to come in.

It seemed perfectly safe to go over and buy a ticket. But he felt ill at ease about it. You could buy a ticket on the train. Yet if he had been seen studying a timetable, loitering around, not buying a ticket might be as unfortunate as buying one. He looked at the timetable again, and walked directly to the nearest window selling coach tickets and bought a one-way ticket to Peekskill—that was only halfway, but it was a precaution. He stowed the ticket in his wallet as he turned away from the window. There was no one within fifteen feet of him.

He walked out of the station feeling a bit ridiculous, as though he were trying to fit an Eric Ambler script to a Martin and Lewis movie. Yet he had been knocked down in broad daylight on a busy street. That was not Ambler—that was more Alfred Hitchcock. It had that same peculiar quality of horror as in the good Hitchcock movies, where violence happens in incongruous environments.

He had been too late for the six-twenty-five evening train. There hadn't been time to check out of the hotel. And now there were blank hours to

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fill. The unfilled hours were the bad ones. Traveling had not been too bad; enough motion dulled thought.

The city lights had come on. He walked without purpose through the streets. He looked at display windows, at the faces of the people, and felt very alone. He ate a poor steak in a gaudy noisy tourist trap on Broadway, and studied the huge signs over the movie houses, and settled for a picture where there was no line at the ticket window. There was a newsreel and, without warning, it showed a jet fighter squadron climbing steeply in a British air show. He got up quickly and walked up the aisle, not looking back, hearing the sound track—a feeble imitation of the original—and when he was out on the street the air dried the sweat on his face.

HE HAD a drink at a 52d Street bar, watched a listless floor show and then walked back to the Hotel Maralane. He had the key in his pocket, so he went directly to the stairs. Night seemed to bring out special odors that he had not noticed in the daytime. The lobby air held a taint that he had always associated with public buildings, with shabby courthouses, with license bureaus.

His room door was unlocked and as he went in, the girl on his bed sat up quickly, leaned over and pulled her shoes on, smiling up at him as she did so. Her hair, dyed to silver-blonde, looked as lifeless as glass fibers, and as hard. Her face had a soft Mexican look, black-browed and heavy-lipped, faintly dusky. A fur cape hung across the back of a chair, a red purse lay on the foot of his bed. She wore a white blouse, dark blue skirt, dark blue pumps with high heels.

She got her shoes on quickly and stood up, smiling, saying, "Hi!" She was taller than he expected.

"What do you want?"

"Shut the door a minute."

He closed the door behind him. "Who let you in?"

"A friend of mine, Ben. You got any cigarettes? I ran out while I was waiting."

He gave her one, and as he held the light he was aware of the heaviness of her perfume. She put her hand out and said, "I'm Candy." She shook hands in an engagingly forthright way, then sat once again on the edge of the bed.

"I was a friend of Denny Young," she said. "We ran around together. I was up to that Helen MacLane apartment lots of times."

"Who sent you here?"

"I'm here on my own, Ben. Davey Lemon told me you were a friend of Dick MacLane's. Understand, I figured Davey for one hundred per cent no good, but he told me where you were because he knows I've got an interest. He knows finding Helen means something to me personal."

Ben Morrow sat down. "How do you mean?"

"No man has the right to do that. I mean bash a girl up that way. Denny was a friend of mine. You just don't do that to a girl." She hunched her shoulders a bit, as though she were cold. "I never had the looks for modeling. Anyway, they want you to starve so you photograph good. I'm not what you'd call fat, you know. I'm five seven, and a hundred and thirty-five is where I feel good. I took off tonight. I'm the photographer at the River Roof. After Paulie left town with Gorman, I had to go back to work. You don't have a drink around? I couldn't find one."

"No."

"Don't sit there looking like I'd bite or something. Like I said, Davey knows I've got an interest. I used to go wake Denny up around noon. Helen was working usually. We'd drink and yak up there before we'd go meet the boys about five. Helen wouldn't come along. She was all broken up over MacLane, I guess. Me, I like a taller guy with more hair."

"Taller?"

"Sure. I saw the picture of that MacLane lots of times. Hairline back to here. Denny said Helen told her Dick MacLane was about five six."

"I don't know who you are or what the gag is, but Dick MacLane was a shade over six feet and his hair hadn't receded a bit."

She stared at him. "You positive you got the right guy, Ben?"

"Are you trying to find out whether I knew him or not?"

"There's some people don't think you did."

"Lemon, maybe?"

"Lemon and the people he's working for. There's some people think she sent you here to make some kind of a deal, Ben."

"Lemon saw my papers."

"So he told me. He got hold of me because I was a friend of Denny's. He thinks that if you knew MacLane you'd know what MacLane called her."

"She could have told me that. And what he looked like, too."

"She could have told you what he looked like, but Davey doesn't think she would have got into the pet-name department."

"Tell him Dick called her Golden Girl. What's this all about?"

Her face looked harder. "Davey doesn't want to take any chances. He needs money. This whole deal is hot. You don't know how hot. Davey said to me that we got to check you all over again because he can't figure why you should want to go to Peekskill, unless maybe it's to take Davis' offer back to her. There's some people think she's got what Denny took out of Eric's apartment."

"What did Denny take?" He hoped he had been able to cover his shock when she named the destination on the ticket in his wallet.

"Something that maybe she was smart enough to mail to herself. That way Helen could have got it."

"And how would you know that Gorman didn't get it, Candy?"

"You mean maybe I've been in touch with him?"

"Or your friend Lemon has."

SHE stood up. She smiled in an odd way. "You're lucky it's us who found you. You take Gorman's people—people like Paulie Brath—they wouldn't treat you so nice, not if they thought you know something. Who did you see at the Roosevelt?"

"Ask Lemon."

"Don't try to be wise, Ben. If you know where Helen is, get hold of her and make her come in and give herself up."

"Do you think I know where she is?"

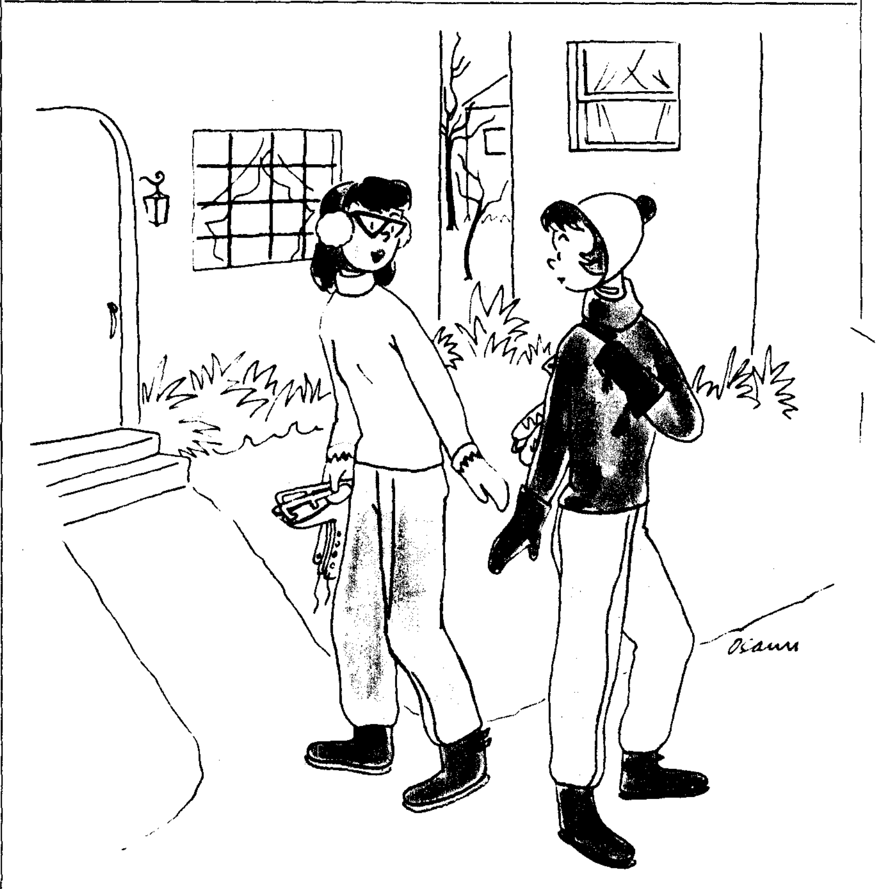
She looked at him and pursed her heavy lips for a few moments, then shook her head. "No. But Davey thinks you know. He was resting easy until you went to the station."

"How did he find out I bought a ticket to Peekskill?"

"That's almost too easy. It proves you don't know many tricks. Go back to the station and look. There's a big rack full of tickets. From forty feet away you can see which slot the guy reaches up to. Then you go up and read the name on the tickets in that slot. Davey told me about that."

She picked up her purse and slung her cape over one shoulder and walked

TIZZY



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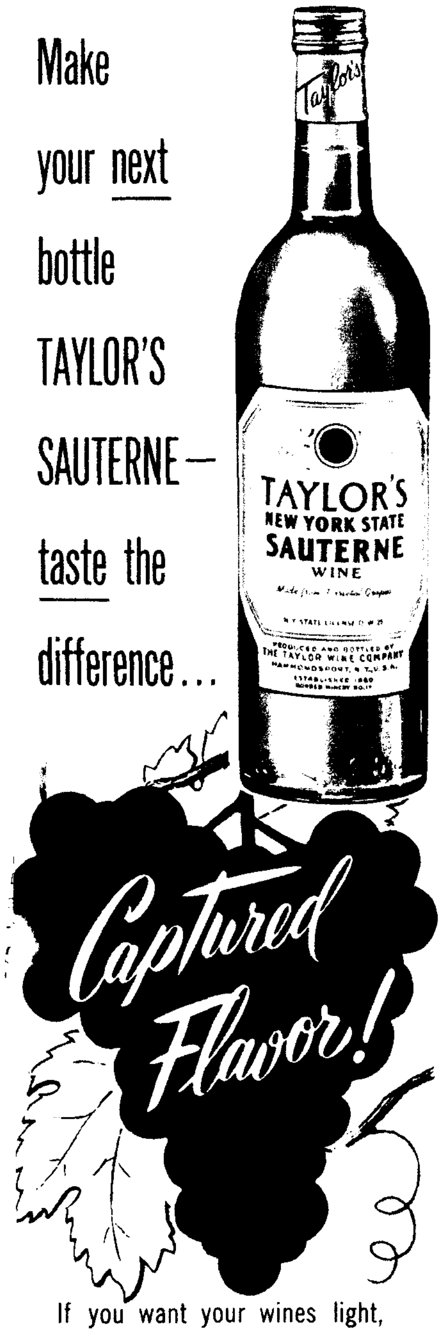

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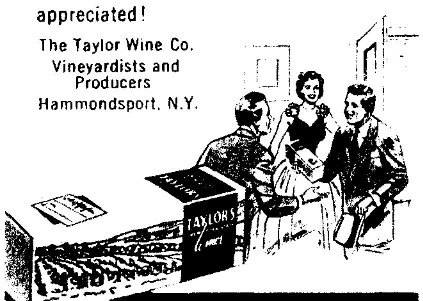

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slowly, thoughtfully, to the door. Then she turned and came back to where he stood. She tilted her head to one side. Barely moving her lips, she said, "What is she to you, anyway?"

"Why?"

"I've got a contact. I know where I can go direct and get paid off. We could split it right down the middle, Ben. And then it would be a good idea to get away from here—Havana or someplace. I wouldn't mind crossing Davey. The pay-off would be in cash, Ben. Twenty-five thousand apiece. That's how bad they want her. If you could find out where she is—or if you know already . . . I mean, I know a place where we could go. I'm sick of this town!"

She had moved closer to him, bringing the thick scent of her perfume closer, so close that he could see the shape of her lips beneath her lipstick.

"No, thanks."

"Sixty-forty, then?"

"Not for ninety-ten. Not for the whole bundle."

"Not with me, you mean?"

"Something like that."

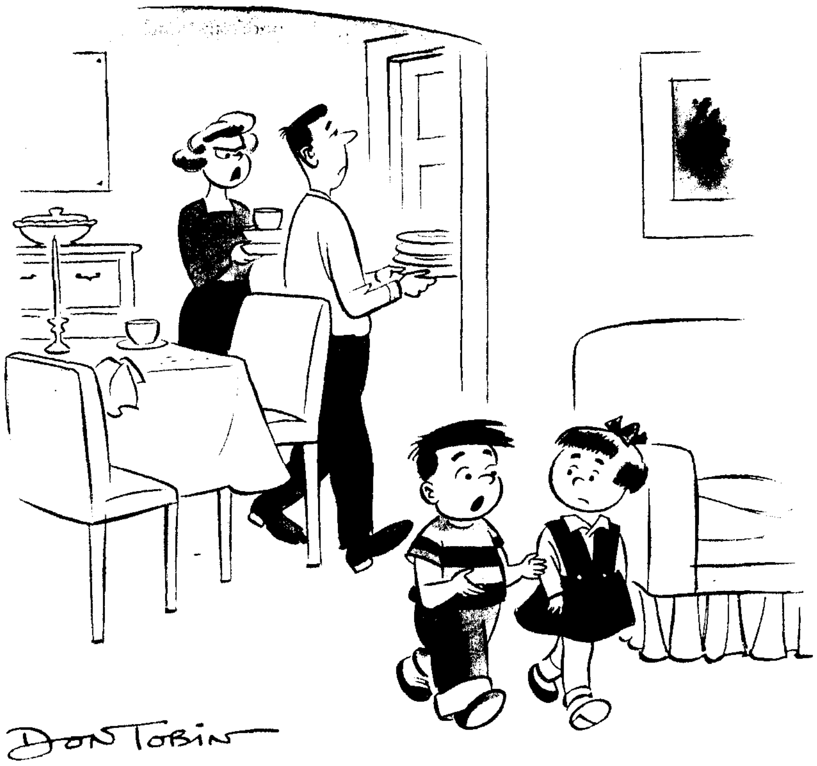
She turned so quickly that the cape swirled widely. She banged the door behind her when she left. Her perfume was still heavy in the room. He realized that she, like Davis, had seemed at home in the small, tawdry room. He could see how she would be, walking tall, camera poised, bending over the table, presenting to the customer her enameled smile, and saying, "A picture, sir?" He locked his door and went to bed. . . .

He woke up at six thirty on Sunday morning, the light pale in the air shaft, the sheets sticky with the perspiration of that last unremembered dream. He lay quite still and remembered that there were now twenty-six days to go. He wiped the palms of his hands on the bedding. The train would leave at nine fifteen and he would be on it. And he began to see how he would make the trip, how it could be worked in case he were being followed. He packed quickly. There was little to pack. There was no one at the desk when he went down. He left the key and went down the last flight and out into a pale, quiet, overcast day.

There was moisture on the streets. They looked oiled. The city was as quiet as he had ever seen it. A bus hissed to a stop at the corner. His footsteps were loud in the empty block. When he got to the corner he looked back. A man stood staring at a window display. He looked as though he had been there for a long time, yet three minutes ago the street had been empty. Ben sensed that the deserted streets made it more difficult for whoever was following him. The light was odd. There was a milky pallor over everything, and when Ben looked up he saw the low clouds scudding by, moved by a wind that did not reach down into the streets. The tallest buildings were shrouded in clouds.

IT WAS to his benefit to be followed. It kept him alert. He didn't look back again. He had breakfast at a stand-up counter at the terminal. He bought a magazine and did not look up from it until five after nine. The information clerk, the only one in the big round booth, told him his track number in a weary voice. He found the track and walked to the forward car and climbed aboard. Some railroad men in billed caps and carrying black tin lunch buckets came in and sat and smoked and talked in low voices. Some teen-age boys got on, noisy and active. A couple more men came aboard, and settled down with the Sunday papers. Not one of them looked familiar or interested. Yet he knew that somewhere on the train, perhaps in this very car, was an individual who wanted to know where he was going. Or maybe there were two or three, if they wanted to make absolutely certain they didn't lose him.

He looked at the timetable again. The train got to Peekskill at ten twenty-seven. First there was 125th Street, then Yonkers, Harmon, Peekskill. He opened his magazine and, as he looked at meaningless words, he thought of how he must look to the pursuer: a young man in a rumpled suit, a young man with a few old lines of strain in his



"I don't get it. What's War Admiral in the fifth got to do with us eating macaroni every night this week?"

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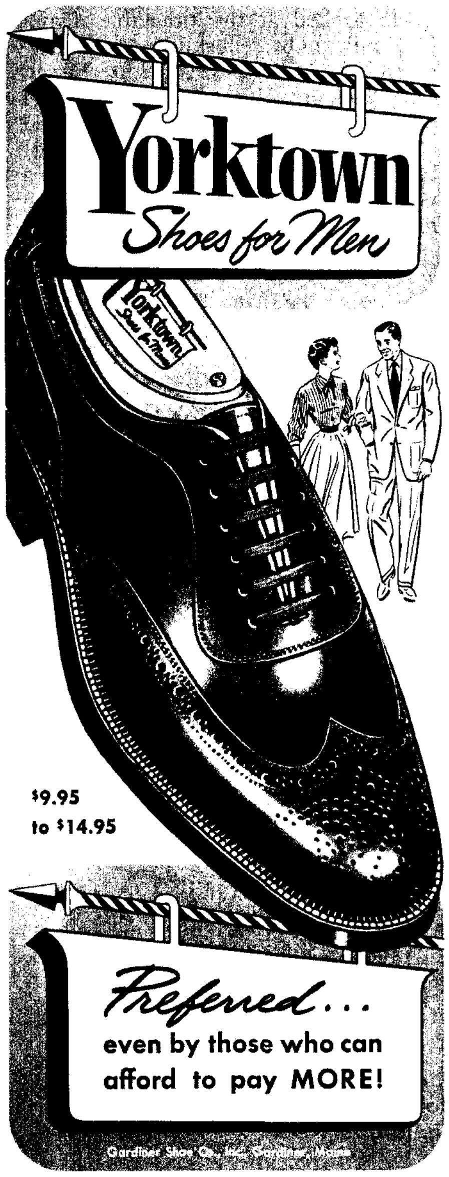

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face—bracket lines around the mouth, high-altitude squint wrinkles at the outside corners of the eyes. There was a bland young man with a magazine, one knee hiked up against the back of the seat in front of him; a blond young man with a cigarette.

The conductor came through and took his ticket and stuck his destination stub in the bracket in front of him. The train came out of the tunnel under Park Avenue and climbed slowly, and he turned and looked into the Sunday-morning windows near the high tracks, looked at the barren window boxes, wilted curtains, black iron fire escapes, sooted walls. The train rumbled to a stop at 125th Street. Two beefy blonde girls in slacks came into the smoking car. They carried big shoulder bags and their faces had a pasty, unhealthy look. They took the seat in front of him and one of them turned and gave him an appraising stare that lasted three seconds longer than necessary. Then she nudged her friend, leaned close, and whispered in her friend's ear.

For a time, beyond Yonkers, the sun came pallid through the overcast, and then it disappeared again. He tried to relax all his muscles, but the back of his neck kept stiffening up, and his shoulders felt strained. In the Harmon yards he gave up the attempt to relax.

Twenty minutes later, the train slowed for Peekskill. He left his magazine and got up. The station was announced. He walked toward the rear of the car. According to the timetable—and the train was on schedule—there should be a two-minute stop. His legs felt as if they weren't working right. They were puppet legs, on strings worked by an amateur.

THE train stopped smoothly. He stepped off the last step onto the platform and walked slowly toward the rear of the train. He walked toward the platform exit. There was a mist that was almost rain. The air was chilly. He stopped and set his suitcase down and bent down and untied his shoelace and pulled it tight, knotted it again, slowly and carefully. He did not look at the others who had got off at Peekskill. A hoarse voice called, " 'Board!" and the train began to move. Ben straightened up and picked up his suitcase and took another slow step toward the doorway and glanced casually at the train. A porter stood on the low step of one of the newer coaches, the next to the last car on the train. The train began to move a lot faster. As the steps were opposite Ben, the porter turned and went back up into the car.

Ben turned quickly and was running full speed within three strides. For a moment he thought he had cut it too closely. He came even with the steps and, with a lunge, caught the hand railing and his foot landed on the bottom step. He swung precariously and then pulled himself up onto the next step. He looked back. A thin dark man ran futilely after the train for a moment and then stopped. There was despair and anger in his posture. The figure dwindled. A heavy man came up to the thin man. Ben saw them gesturing at each other, and then a curve of the track took them out of sight. He went up into the vestibule of the car.

The porter banged down the steel plate that covered the steps and swung the door shut. He said, "Man can kill himself easy that way."

Ben's legs were trembling. "I guess you're right."

"Hand slip and down you go, right between the platform and the car."

Ben walked down the aisle of the coach and found a double seat that was vacant. It felt good to sit down. And it felt good to have worked his escape. He wondered whom the two men would have to explain their failure to, and about the penalty for failure.

THERE was a Sunday-morning tabloid on the seat beside him. He straightened it out. It had an "Extra" box on page one, and the headline on it read: *RIVER YIELDS MISSING MODEL.* He scanned the first paragraph, and the name *Helen MacLan* leaped out at him. He felt as thoug his heart had stopped, and he realize for the first time how very badly h had wanted to see her and talk to he

The account was brief. It had ev dently been set up for page-one cove age at the last possible moment.

It said that the police had recover the body of a blonde young wom from the Harlem River at 5:45 P.M. Saturday. It said that the medical e aminer had estimated she had been the water for at least four days. It sai that James Delson, of Marchand, Ohi brother of the dead woman, had ma a positive identification at a few m utes after midnight. The item the went on to state that Helen MacLane had been the object of a country-wide search, that she was the only witness to the murder of Denise Young, playgir model. The medical examiner ha stated that death was due to drowning, and there were no indications of violence. The body would be shipped back to Ohio for burial.

Ben put the paper aside. He fe oddly close to tears. He had not realized how much he had depended on his vicarious involvement in Helen MacLane's problems to take his mind off his own. He had been diverted by her the way a sick child might be by having a story read to it. But now his attention was focused back upon himself, undiluted. Eric Gorman could now return safely to New York. Davey Lemon could find some new angle. Davis could grow more bitter. Willsie could add to his sense of guilt. But what could one Benjamin Morrow do? Perhaps it would be best to go on with his plan to vanish, hole up at the Cassidy place. He ought to think about what he was doing—but it wasn't a case for thinking. It wasn't an intellectual problem. It was emotional—his was a block as definite as amnesia. . . .

The train stopped for Manitou and Garrison and Cold Spring and Beacon and Poughkeepsie. He had bought a ticket from the conductor. When he bought it, while they were stopped at Manitou, an increase of caution made him ask for a ticket to Hudson, which was beyond Rhinecliff. He had suddenly felt there was still a certain danger in saying to anyone what his destination was. He sensed that such illogical caution might stand him well in the future.

At Poughkeepsie he looked down at the station platform and tensed suddenly; the thin dark man he had eluded at Peekskill was striding along beside the train. It would not have been too much of a trick, he realized at once, to have got a taxi at Peekskill and to have driven straight through to Poughkeepsie on the off chance that Ben might not have gotten off at any of the stops in between. Perhaps the heavier man had been left off at one of the other towns—Beacon, maybe. Ben sat for a moment wondering why they should continue to follow him, now that the reason seemed to be gone. He moved away

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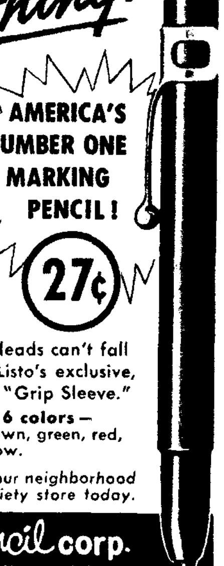

from the window and got up and grabbed his suitcase off the rack and walked toward the rear of the train. The next vestibule he came to was empty. The train began to move.

Ben glanced up and down the aisles of the cars ahead and behind him. No one was coming. He pulled the door open, raised the hinged iron plate, went down the steps and dropped lightly off onto the graveled roadbed, running a few steps with the increasing momentum. There was a freight on another track. It was moving slowly in the opposite direction. It blocked his escape in that direction. Then the end of the passenger train passed him, and he crossed the tracks and stepped up onto the platform. He looked around. The thin dark man was not in sight. He had obviously boarded the train.

Ben looked at his timetable. The train would be in Rhinecliff in twenty minutes. Before then somebody would find the open door and close it. But the thin man would find that he was not on the train, so he would ask the conductor if a blond young man had bought a ticket since the train had left Peekskill. And the conductor would say yes, a ticket to Hudson. Then the thin man would decide, since Ben was not on the train, that the Hudson destination was a blind. He would get off at the next stop, which would be Rhinecliff, and either contact the heavy man from there, or backtrack to Poughkeepsie.

The next train along would be the North Shore Limited, at one fifty, stopping in Rhinecliff at two nine. He walked out of the station and paused to get directions straight in his mind and then walked north, through the city. He found a bus stop and took a bus to the north edge of town, on Route Nine. The sun broke through the clouds occasionally now, but the air was still chilly. Freimak had said "above Rhinecliff," so he wanted to go north of Rhinecliff. He stood on the shoulder facing oncoming traffic, thumb raised, wearing what he hoped was an ingratiating smile. Sunday traffic was fairly thick. He walked slowly backward, gesturing with his thumb.

FINALLY a black sedan pulled off on the shoulder fifty yards beyond him and honked impatiently. Ben ran to the car. The door swung open for him and he got in. A gray-haired man was driving. There was no one else in the car. There were heavy black suitcases on the back seat.

"Nice of you to stop."

The man gunned the car. "The company says never give lifts, but a man can go nuts. I'm going to Troy."

"I'm only going a little way. Just up to Rhinecliff."

"Sorry you don't go farther, son. I can't take you to Rhinecliff."

"Don't you stay on Route Nine?"

"Yes, but unless they moved the town, it's three miles west of Route Nine."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I know every crack in this road. I've driven it twice a month for fourteen years, son. *Rhinebeck* is sixteen miles north of Poughkeepsie on Route Nine. Sure you're not mixing them up?"

"I might be, at that." He knew Freimak had said Rhinecliff but he had also said it was on Route Nine. If Freimak had mixed up the towns it was a piece of luck. The thin little man was probably hanging around Rhinecliff.

"Will you be able to tell when you see the town?" the man asked.

"I've never been there. But I guess you better let me out in Rhinebeck."

"Visiting friends?"

"A girl I know."

"Been in the service long?"

"Ever since I—how did you figure that out?"

The man grinned and shrugged. "Kind of a hobby with me, guessing about people. New clothes, new shoes, new suitcase. Right age. Healthy. Sort of an outdoor look. A lieutenant, maybe? Or an ensign?"

"Lieutenant."

"Korea?"

"Eleven months of it. Eighty-one sorties."

"Pilot, eh? Jet stuff, I suppose. Sorties. Thought you called those missions."

"Some do. I guess we got it from the Aussie pilots."

"Damn it. Rhinebeck coming up, and you could have kept me from being bored all the way to Troy. Center of town?"

"That'll be fine. I'm certainly grateful to you."

"Good luck to you, Lieutenant."

BEN got out and waved good-by and stepped onto the sidewalk. It was a few minutes after noon. There was a drugstore diagonally across the street. He had a sandwich and milk at the counter. Now the sun was out for good, cutting what was left of the haze. There was a slim directory chained to the telephone booth. There were two Cassidys listed for Rhinebeck. One listed a street and number. The other was John J., with a rural route number. He wondered whom he could ask. He walked down to what appeared to be the main intersection in the town.

There was a sedan parked near the corner, with the word *POLICE* lettered on the side of the door. A uniformed man sat watching the traffic and the stop light.

Ben went up to the door and said, "I'm trying to find a farm where they rent cabins. Some man named Cassidy owns it. Could you tell me where—"

"Two miles north of town, son. On the right side of the road. You'll see the name on the mailbox. John J. Cassidy."

"Thanks."

"You want to stick around, I'll be going out that way in a half hour or so. Give you a lift."

"Thanks. I guess I'll walk it."

"Day's turning out nice, isn't it?"...

It took him a half hour of steady walking before he saw the white rural mailbox on the right. The drive rose steeply, and from the shoulder of the road he could not see the farm. He turned up the driveway. Once he was over the crest of the drive he could see, set back a quarter mile from the highway, a long, low, white farmhouse, big white cattle barns, white board fences. Off to the south the land was flat, while to the north it rose steeply into pine-covered hills. It was all a great deal more impressive than he had expected. There were visible, against the green hills that rose in back of the farm, small rustic buildings.

He followed the gravel drive to the farmhouse yard. There was a station wagon parked beside the house, and an MG covered with a tarp. When he was forty feet from the house the door opened, and a middle-aged, leather-faced man came out onto the porch. He was in shirt sleeves, and his brown arms were corded with muscle. His eyes were narrow and very blue. He watched Ben in silence, not moving, as

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Ben walked to the foot of the porch steps and said, "Mr. Cassidy?"

"Something I can do for you?" There was not the slightest trace of good will in the deep voice.

Ben had not thought of encountering difficulty at this stage of the game. His only thought had been to get here, unobserved. He said, "A—a friend of mine has a long-term lease on one of your cabins. I'm on leave. My name is Ben Morrow. He told me I could use the cabin."

BEN wondered how much he should tell about Dick MacLane, how much this man knew.

"What's the name of this friend of yours?"

"Richards."

"I don't rightly remember getting any letter from him authorizing anybody named Morrow to use his place."

"He didn't write one. I guess he thought it would be all right."

"Maybe it isn't all right with me."

"If you want to check on me, Mr. Cassidy, you could phone Mr. Willsie. In New York. I'll pay for the call. He's Richards' boss."

"Call him at his home?"

"I don't know his home phone number, Mr. Cassidy. But I know the office number."

"So I can't check on you until Monday, but you think you ought to have the use of the cabin right now. Maybe I don't do business that way, mister."

Ben shrugged. "If nobody's using it, I don't see—"

"I got other empty places you can rent until I can check with Richards."

Ben bit his lip. "I guess you don't know it yet, but Richards was killed in Korea ten months ago."

The man didn't change expression. "Then it would sort of be up to his widow, wouldn't it, whether you should use the place?"

"Let it go then!" Ben said angrily. "Maybe you can rent me one of the other ones."

"I pick and choose, mister."

"Let me show you my identification, will you? I told you I'm on leave and—"

"Mister, my son is standing ten feet directly behind you with a twelve-gauge shotgun aimed right at the small of your back. So let's cut out the comedy. Don't even twitch. Open your hand and let that suitcase drop. Fine. Now fold your hands on top of your head. That's fine. And now move off about four slow steps to your left and stand still."

Ben did and stood very still. A boy of about sixteen circled him, keeping the shotgun aimed at him. The muzzle of the double-barreled weapon looked like two close-set eyes. The boy was nervous. His lips were twitching.

"Okay, Dad?"

"You did fine, Mike. Now give me the gun. Look in his bag first and then pat him everyplace he might be carrying a gun."

The two transferred the big shotgun quickly. The boy knelt and opened the suitcase and pawed through it. "Nothing but clothes."

"Close it up and go do like I told you. Be careful. I don't want him trying to grab you."

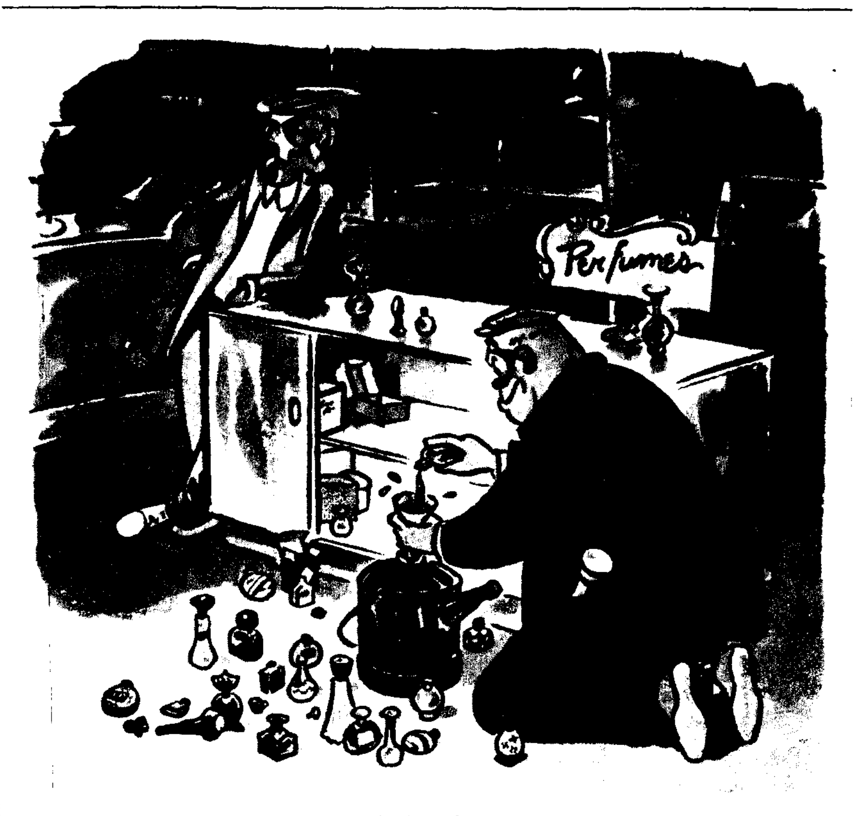
Ben saw a woman in her forties looking out the nearest window. She had her knuckles pressed to her mouth and her eyes were wide.

"What is this all—"

"Shut up, mister. We're going to let you talk later."

The boy tapped Ben hurriedly under the arms and on the waist and hip pockets. "He hasn't got anything, Dad."

BUTCH



"I'm sure she'll like it, Butch.
Dames always like perfume"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"Go open the front door. Don't get in the line of fire. Mister, I'd as soon blow you in half as look at you."

"I can believe it," Ben said.

"Now walk slow up here toward me. I'm going to stand aside. Keep your hands the way they are. Go in and sit in the first chair you come to."

Ben walked in. The room showed a decorator's touch. The colonial furniture looked authentic. He sat in a black Boston rocker. The boy, Mike, brought the suitcase in. Mr. Cassidy shut the door. The shotgun looked incongruous inside the house.

"Now, what are you doing here, mister?"

Ben thought over the question and how he should reply to it. "I'm looking for Helen MacLane. I mean I was looking for her, until I found out this morning that she's dead."

"Who are you working for?"

"I'm not working for anybody. I flew with Dick MacLane. I found out that Helen was in trouble after I got back. Mr. Willsie told me about it. I wanted to find her. I don't know why, actually. Now she's dead, but I came here anyway because I want—I guess I wanted a quiet place. I don't know what this is all about, and I'm getting to the point where I don't much care. If Helen MacLane was still here, or if she had come here, she could tell you I was with MacLane. He must have written my name to her at least once. Ben Morrow."

The boy said softly, "He's a flier, Dad; he knew—"

"Hush, Mike," Cassidy said. He studied Ben silently for a few moments. "It sounds good, Morrow. All of it. Except one fact. MacLane never told you about this place, so you couldn't have found it."

A girl came through the doorway. Her face was chalky-white. She was no longer the smart, unsmiling, tailored girl of the city street; she had a sleepwalking look. She wore rust-colored ski pants, a white cardigan. She walked directly to Ben, stood between him and Cassidy. Cassidy stepped to one side and said sharply, "Helen!"

She did not look at him. "Never mind, John," she said.

Ben started to get up and Cassidy told him to stay in the chair. She looked down at Ben. She had the frightened look of a person who stands on a high ledge and feels the compulsion to jump.

"How was my picture framed?" she asked in a low voice.

"A blue leather frame, with some sort of gold lines in the leather," Ben said. "Curly lines."

"What did he get from me in that last box before he was . . ."

"There were some clippings of ads you had posed for. I can remember that. One in color I remember well, because you were sitting on the edge of a swimming pool in a red swim suit. And there were two new books, and some hard candy in a jar, the kind he liked, and a word game with dice that I tried to play with him but he was too good at it for me. There was some more stuff, but I can't remember what."

SHE closed her eyes and swayed and he stood up quickly, but she opened her eyes again and turned away from him a bit unsteadily and went over and sat down. Cassidy looked at her and then looked back at Ben. He sighed and broke the shotgun and picked out the two green-jacketed shells and put them in his shirt pocket. He held the gun up and squinted down the barrels, snapped it shut and put it, butt down, on the floor, leaning against the wall.

"It said in the paper—" Ben began.

"It was on the early news too," Cassidy said. "We've talked about it. It has to be a trick. A two-way trick. To make Gorman come in, or to make her contact her family, afraid that her brother was honestly mistaken."

"But if Jimmy really thinks it—"

"That's what they want you to think,

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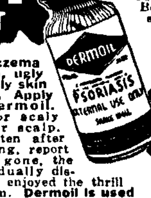

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damn it!" Cassidy said roughly. "Get that out of your head. They talked your brother into making a false identification. They told him it was his duty. We still don't know how this man got here. Let's think about that."

Ben told them about Freimak. He told them about Davis. He told them about Davey Lemon—and about the girl named Candy, and about the men on the train. As he spoke about the men on the train, Cassidy leaned forward and listened intently. When Ben had finished, Cassidy said, "Fine! You've given them the area where they have to look. You've narrowed it down nicely."

Helen said, "I want to talk to him, John. We'll go for a walk."

"Don't go far."

"We'll go up to the cabin."

BEN went over to get his suitcase. Cassidy told him he could leave it there. And then, quickly, Cassidy stuck his hard brown hand out. "This wasn't the welcome people usually get, Ben. I'm sorry about that."

Ben found himself liking the man. "It's okay."

"When she came here and told us the whole story and her right name and all, we had her move into the house here. You can stay in their place, can't he, Helen?"

"Of course."

They went out and down the porch steps and turned toward the high ground. They walked slowly. She had her hands in the pockets of the ski pants, and she looked down and kicked at pebbles with her ski boots. Glancing sidelong at her, he saw the soft curve of cheek, the dark lashes, the vulnerable look of her mouth.

She turned suddenly. "You know I didn't *ask* for all this."

"I know."

"It's like Dick. He didn't ask for it either. They never let you alone."

"They?"

"Whoever it is that makes everything happen."

They climbed the steep path to the cabin. She unlocked the door. The small room seemed to hold the long winter chill. It had a damp smell of disuse. There was a double-decker bunk, a fireplace, a work table, bookshelves, chairs, a small kitchen."

He looked into the woodbox. "Fire?" he suggested.

"If there's enough there."

He knelt and built it, conscious of her sitting on one of the bunks behind him, watching him. The flame burned the paper, crawled up between the kindling, began to crackle against the logs.

She said, "He could never make one go. He'd yell at it, as if that would make it burn better. I can remember how he said it. He said he lived under a spell, oppressed by all inanimate objects."

Ben straightened up and lighted a cigarette. "I've heard him say that too, Helen."

"He'd come up here to work and nearly freeze to death. When it was cold I wouldn't come. I'd make excuses. He knew I didn't like it here. Now I keep thinking about that and wish I'd always come along. He wanted me to be with him as much as I could, but when he'd come up here, I'd stay in town, feeling free. That's lousy, isn't it?"

"Take it easy, Helen."

"I didn't love him, Ben. But every day for the last ten months I've realized that if he'd come back I would have found out someday that I'd started to love him. We just didn't have long enough."

"Are you going to cry?"

"I don't think so. Give me a cigarette, please."

He took it to her and lighted it. The pines darkened the windows. The fire made patterns on her face.

"What are you going to do about—all this other trouble?" he asked.

"Nothing. It's none of my business. I didn't ask to be involved. John said they'd know the area now. So I think I'll leave. I'll go to some other place."

"Until they get Gorman?"

"I thought I cared whether they got him or not, right after I saw—what he did to Denny. But now I've been afraid too long. I keep thinking about dying, and I don't want to. I very badly don't want to. So I'm never going back, or going anywhere where they can trace me."

He looked at her and realized he had been about to tell her that she couldn't run forever. But, of course, you could run forever, if you had to. And forever was only until you were caught, as someday both of them would be caught.

They talked for a long time. There were many silences between them, but they were easy silences, without strain. Several times he felt that he could safely tell her what had happened to him, and what he was going to do, but each time he decided not to. He wondered if it was pride that kept him from speaking.

Later they went down to the house again. He met Mrs. Cassidy, and he had dinner with them, and they gave him bedding to take back to the cabin. Mr. Cassidy gave him a loaded .38 revolver "just in case." He rebuilt his fire and sat by it. He looked at the books that had belonged to Dick MacLane. He sat in the small room that had held the love and marriage of Dick MacLane. He smoked and tried to read one of the books, and went to bed.

THE sun was high when Cassidy woke him up and told him about the phone call, about the man waiting on the other end of the line. As they went down to the house, Ben trying to wake up, Cassidy said, "I don't like it. I just don't like it."

It was Freimak on the other end of the line. "Lieutenant? Look, I want to tell you something. I got a phone call at nine fifteen. That was an hour ago. Colonel Brown, the man said. He said your leave was canceled and he had to get in touch with you. A local call. So I told him where you were. Then I began to wonder how he got my name. It seemed funny. I called Mrs. Harris—the woman who was taking tickets at the meeting last evening. She said a man had asked her who you wanted to see, and she gave him my name. I've just made calls to all the local military installations. I can't find any Colonel Brown. And last night my wife told me about all this trouble about Mrs. MacLane. You didn't say anything about that, Lieutenant." The man's voice was accusing.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't know what's going on, Lieutenant, but I decided you better know about the call, because now it seems like it was a fake."

"Thanks, Mr. Freimak."

The line went dead. Ben replaced the receiver gently and turned and looked at Cassidy and Helen. He said, "Somebody—I don't know who—found out where we are an hour ago."

—JOHN D. MACDONALD

(This is the second of three parts)

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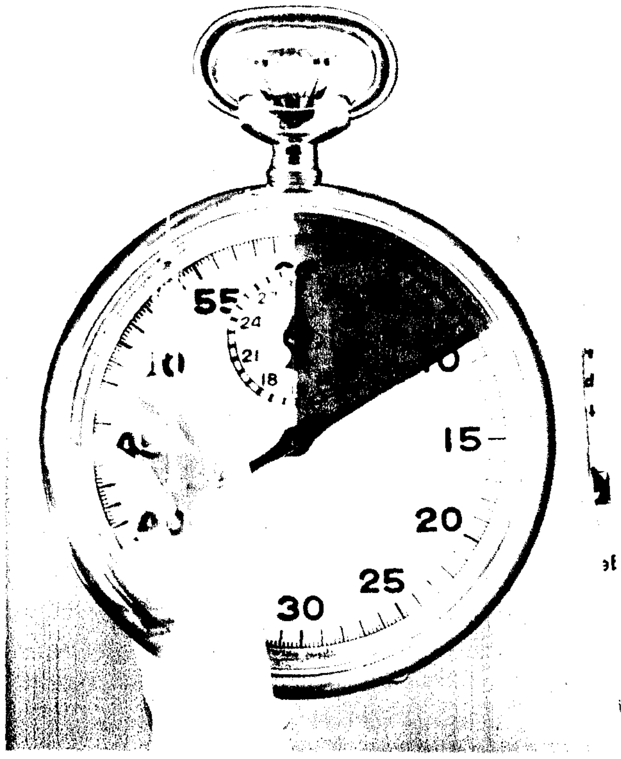
Despite early wonder drugs and an unprecedented campaign to alert the public, syphilis remains a menace. In the U.S. alone, there are 100,000 new cases every year. But now a new drug promises a complete cure with . . .



A 10-SECOND SHOT

By J. D. RATCLIFF

IS SYPHILIS wiped out as a major disease—killed by publicity? Many people think so. A few years ago, newspapers blazoned and radios blared the message that syphilis was curable; that, given the will, we could stamp it out once and for all. State and local treasuries and the United States Congress appropriated millions to support thousands of clinics. Women's Clubs marched to get blood tests. The campaign boiled—then simmered, suggesting that the disease was no longer an important problem.

The syphilis microbe apparently wasn't alert to these suggestions of its doom. More than 2,000,000 people in this country still have the disease. Almost 100,000 new cases occur every year. There are still 40,000 insane-asylum inmates crazed by syphilis; 40,000 syphilitic blind still feel their way through life with white canes.

The great campaign of a few years ago, one of the most aggressive ever launched against a disease, brought to light tens of thousands of cases, cured thousands, resulted in increased awareness of the disease and its symptoms. But as an all-out drive it failed.

There were two reasons: first, untold thousands of people who had the disease and didn't know it were never ferreted out, despite the intensive publicity. Second, additional thousands knew they were afflicted by syphilis—but refused to undergo the treatment, which required repeated injections and, sometimes, hospitalization.

Today there is important news: the development of a new medicine which nine times out of ten seems able to cure syphilis in its early stage—the most dangerous, most communicable stage—with a single injection. The victim need not stay in the hospital. Complications are virtually nonexistent, occurring in only one of every 300 patients. One shot in the hip—and, presto, syphilis is gone.

The new treatment involves not a new drug, but a variation on what has become a medical mainstay, penicillin. The variation, called DBED penicillin or benzathine penicillin G, is valuable in treating a number of ailments for which penicillin has proved effective but difficult to use.

Besides promising remarkable results as a syphilis cure, DBED provides excellent protection against rheumatic fever, the heartbreak disease that has been taking more than 20,000 lives a year, mostly lives of the young. It guards surgical patients against the threat of infection, and wards off the infectious complications that sometimes follow dental surgery. It is useful in treating pneumonia, scarlet fever, gonorrhea and a number of other illnesses. But it is most dramatic as a weapon against syphilis.

Syphilis first swept Europe, wildfire fashion, in the 1490s—believed by many to have been carried back from the New World by Columbus' sailors. The first faltering attempts at treatment were almost as dangerous as the disease itself. Some reports tell how "greasers of the pox" smeared victims with lard and mercury, then placed them tier on tier in bake ovens for heat treatments. In the hands of some doctors three fourths of

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FREDRIC VARADY

the patients died, either from mercury poisoning or from too much heat.

Mercury remained the standard treatment until 1910. That year, after testing 605 arsenic compounds, German researcher Paul Ehrlich finally reported success with No. 606—salvarsan, his "magic bullet" against the spiral microbe of syphilis.

Actually, salvarsan was an effective drug only by comparison with the previous treatment. Used with heavy metals—mostly mercury and bismuth—it was highly toxic. Some patients suffered brain damage; some were severely poisoned, some died. To hope for a cure, patients had to submit to painful, weekly shots for periods ranging from 18 months to four years. Only a handful of those who started treatment ever finished. The hardy microbe of syphilis was inconvenienced hardly at all.

A New Enemy for an Old Microbe

Treatment was improved in various ways in the next generation, but no radical advances were made until 1943, when Dr. John Mahoney, then of the U.S. Public Health Service, now Director of the Bureau of Laboratories of New York City's Department of Health, found that penicillin would destroy the syphilis microbe. That was a milestone.

Yet, great as the discovery was, it wasn't enough; the penicillin then available was far from the ideal weapon. To be truly effective against syphilis, penicillin must remain in the blood until all the spirochetes—the syphilis microbes—are destroyed. Otherwise many of the microorganisms live on and reproduce, and the disease continues to progress. The great early drawback of penicillin was that each dose stayed in the body only a short time, long enough to kill only some of the spirochetes. New shots had to be administered every few hours, round-the-clock, for a week or more. Most victims of the disease wouldn't hold still that long. Those who did felt like pincushions. Many sufferers couldn't afford the hospital bills or couldn't get away from their jobs.

As a result, syphilis rates didn't nosedive with the advent of penicillin as everyone had predicted they would. They began to taper off gradually, far too gradually.

It became clear to all researchers that it wasn't so much the haymaker smash that was wanted as the slow attrition of persistent punching: a long-lasting penicillin, one the body wouldn't burn up every 180 minutes—a penicillin that would trickle gradually into the blood, and be on hand for a long time to catch microbes unawares.

The first long-lasting penicillin was developed in 1944—penicillin mixed with peanut oil and beeswax. Less soluble in body fluids than straight penicillin, it fed into the blood for 24 hours. But there were drawbacks. A painful welt was sometimes left at the site of injection, and the welts often abscessed.

In 1948, researchers found that penicillin combined with procaine—the medical name for the novocain your dentist uses—lasted a little longer, and produced less pain and fewer complications. A further improvement was penicillin combined with aluminum

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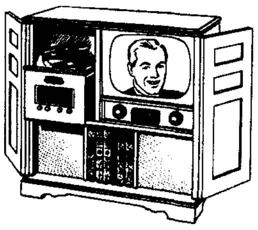

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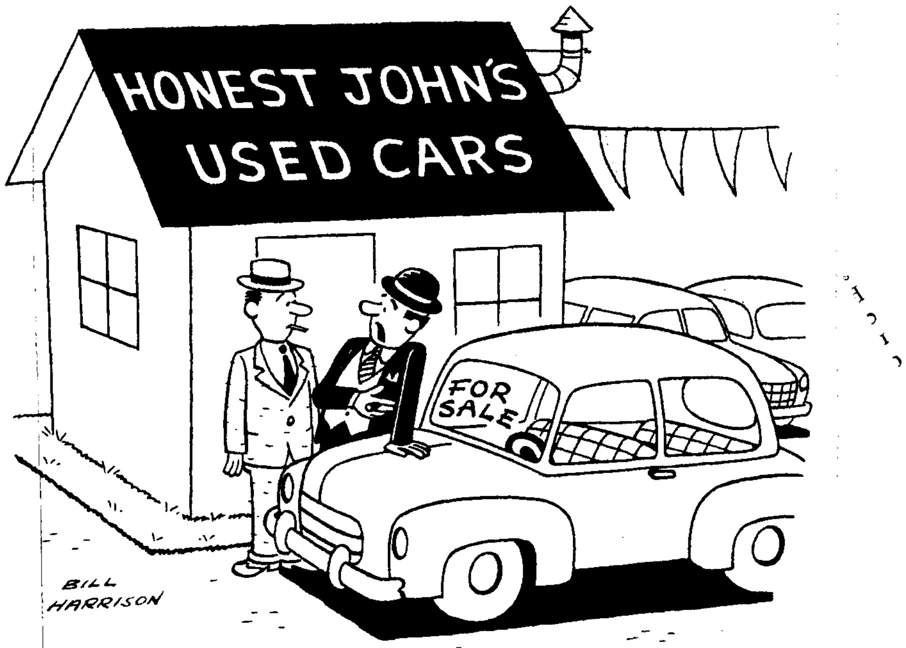


"Now, this car may look okay, but it's a real lemon. Speedometer shows only 20,000 miles but it must've been driven at least . . ."

COLLIER'S BILL HARRISON

monostearate (PAM)—a relative of chemicals used to waterproof fabrics. In effect, PAM put a raincoat on penicillin, which reduced solubility and slowed absorption.

These long-lasting penicillins remained effective as long as three or four days. They were tried as one-shot cures for early syphilis and worked in about three out of ten cases. That was pretty good—but it was not good enough. It meant that most patients still required multiple treatment, and doctors continued having trouble getting syphilis sufferers to come back for more shots.

Misguided Syphilis Victims

The sore that is the earliest symptom of syphilis disappears after a while, even without treatment, convincing many victims that they aren't really sick after all. They may feel fine for years—before blindness or insanity sets in. What was needed, therefore, was a penicillin that would really cure in a single injection.

Dozens of pharmaceutical houses set research teams to work. Millions of dollars were spent on the search for a longer-lasting, less soluble penicillin—not only as a weapon against syphilis, but for the treatment of other diseases as well.

It was a research team under Dr. Joseph Seifter, head of the research division of Wyeth Laboratories of Philadelphia, that finally licked the problem. One of Seifter's associates, Dr. William Bruce, conducting analytical laboratory studies, experimented with a mixture consisting of two molecules of penicillin hooked to a molecule of an antihistamine which the lab had previously discarded as valueless. Some time later, he reported to Seifter that tests made by him and his assistant, Lester L. Szabo, indicated the compound was almost insoluble—perhaps 40 times longer-lasting than PAM.

Seifter promptly started testing the new compound, DBED, on animals. At the end of a week, there was still enough penicillin in the blood of the test animals to kill microbes. Two weeks, three weeks, and it was still there. After four weeks, the drug had grown weaker, but it was still strong enough to be remarkably effective against microbes. For all practical purposes, one shot of the drug lasted a month.

When preliminary tests on humans showed equally good results, Wyeth's clinical director, Dr. Edward F. Roberts, passed along cautious word of the new compound to Dr. Theodore J. Bauer, then chief of the U.S. Public Health Service's venereal disease division. He didn't want to be too optimistic, Roberts said, but DBED (or, as Wyeth Laboratories calls it, Bicillin) seemed to keep the body supplied with penicillin over an extended period. There was just a chance that this might be the real magic bullet that Ehrlich had failed to find.

Bauer assigned Dr. Clarence A. Smith of the Public Health Service to the job of testing the new treatment. Smith started trials in several cities—Chicago; Durham, North Carolina; and New Orleans among them. He laid out his schedule. A selected group of patients infected with early syphilis would get a single, powerful shot of DBED—2,500,000 units. That would end treatment; there would be no additional shots. It was a rugged test, but Smith knew it was the quickest way to find out whether DBED was a real jump forward or just another minor advance. There were 125 patients in the first study. Five of them were pregnant women: syphilitic mothers often pass on the disease to their unborn children.

Within eight to 15 hours after the first treatment, microscopic examinations showed that the syphilis microbes had disappeared from the lesions of all the patients. Actually, it wasn't a striking accomplishment; ordinary penicillin will do as much. The problem was to get at, and kill, the microbes hiding in the nooks and crannies of the body.

There was another difficulty too. All the tests for syphilis—the Kline, Wassermann, Kahn and others—have one tantalizing shortcoming in common. Debris left behind by dead microbes continues to give positive reactions. The tests will say a patient has syphilis when the disease actually may have been gone for months. But eventually, if there is a cure, the tests will shift over to negative.

Smith and his Public Health Service team repeatedly tested the patients. At the end of the second month only one third of the group had switched to negative—not a very impressive score. But at the end of five months 60 per cent were negative. By ten months 80 per cent were well. By the twelfth month the score stood at 94 per cent—and there was evidence that a few of the remaining 6 per cent had reinfected themselves with syphilis while the test was under way.

One shot of DBED—a needle plunge that took about ten seconds—had cured syphilis in more than 19 out of 20 of the patients. The pregnant women in the study all delivered normal, syphilis-free babies. Reactions? Ill effects? A few patients got painful spots at the site of injection; a few had hives for a day or so. Studies on a still larger group of patients indicate that only a negligible number suffer any really serious reactions. And these reactions, to be expected occasionally in any antibiotic therapy, clear up promptly with good medical treatment.

Medical men haven't gone overboard on DBED yet. The work is being checked in a dozen places: by state health departments in Georgia, Arkansas, North Carolina and others. But the technical journal Antibiotics and Chemotherapy feels enough work has been done to estimate the value of DBED. "It is," the journal editorializes, "one of the most important milestones in antibiotic therapy."

Awaiting Results of More Tests

If, as expected, DBED stands up under repeated testing, half the fight against syphilis will be won. From now on, it should be necessary to get patients into clinics only once; no wheedling, no pleading with them to return for additional treatments. One shot—a teaspoonful of milky fluid injected in the hip muscle—will do the job.

But the other half of the battle remains: now doctors must find the people who have the disease and don't know it. It is unfortunate that Congress chose this year to lop venereal-disease-control appropriations in half—just when we have the opportunity to be rid of syphilis once and for all.

DBED's success with syphilis is being matched in the treatment of rheumatic fever, one of the most enigmatic of all diseases. No one knows for sure what causes it, how it spreads or why it seems to run in families. But doctors are sadly aware of the end results.

Rheumatic fever is responsible for most heart disease that occurs before the age of thirty. The disease scars heart muscles and frequently causes obstruction of valves. Repeated at-

per cent of the patients treated

icks may bring early death. Un- l antibiotics were discovered, most ctims died in their late twenties or rly thirties.

Medical detective work has un- vered one striking fact about rheu- atic fever. Attacks almost always cur a few weeks after streptococcus fections—strep sore throats, scarlet ver, infected ears. *Apparently*—the phasis is important—something left hind by the strep microbes does the mage. Maybe it's a toxin, maybe an ergy producer, maybe something e. No one knows.

Since strep infections and rheumatic ver go together, doctors have been ing to break the chain of disaster by eventing strep infections. The only vorkable way to guard against strep- ococcus is to keep rheumatic children dosed with sulfa or penicillin. Generally, they are required to take pills one or two times a day every day until they reach the safe years of young adulthood, when susceptibility to rheumatic fever diminishes.

The difficulties of such constant pill-taking are apparent. Parents forget or children resist. Cost is also an item; many families cannot afford the thou- ands of penicillin pills needed to protect throughout childhood. DBED promised to solve both problems at once.

About one year ago, Drs. Gene Stol- erman, Jerome H. Rusoff and Ilse Hirschfeld of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center launched a trial at the Irvington House cardiac clinic in New York City. There were 133 children in the trial, all of whom had suffered one or more attacks of the disease, and could reasonably expect additional attacks.

The youngsters were put on a shot-a-month schedule, returning home after each dose. Although this outpatient treatment left them exposed to infection, just as other children are, the results after a year, Dr. Stollerman reported at a recent antibiotics symposium, show that DBED provided almost perfect protection. Not one child in the group had a recurrence of rheumatic fever. A few got sore backsides from the shots; one got itchy hives that disappeared within 72 hours. Otherwise there were no complications.

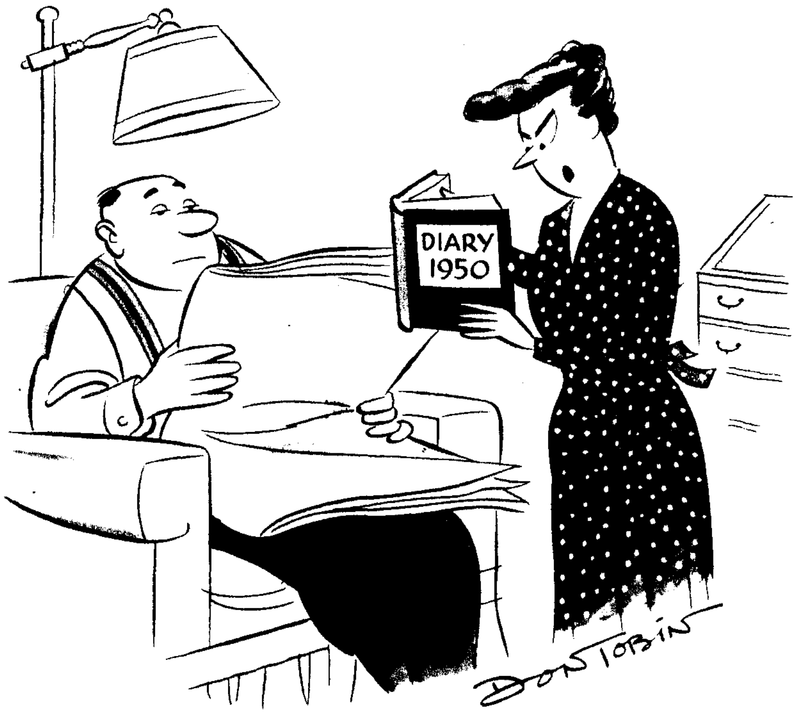
Patients Object to Daily Shots

Surgical patients in most hospitals get daily shots of penicillin as protection from infection. Patients object to this constant sticking when they aren't feeling well anyway. DBED seems to solve the problem—one shot gives all the protection needed for the entire period of hospitalization.

Infection is the great bugaboo in dental surgery, because the mouth harbors more germs than almost any other part of the body. Whenever underlying structures of the mouth are exposed—in tooth extractions, patching together broken jaws, removing impacted molars—some infection is almost inevitable. To control it, patients have had to undergo repeated penicillin injections. Mightn't a shot of DBED, alone or in combination with some faster-acting penicillin, give all the protection needed? Drs. Irving G. Nathanson, George E. Morin and Stephen P. Mallet of Boston City Hospital tested the theory on 150 patients—and concluded that in the big majority of cases the answer was yes.

DBED has achieved a similarly glamorous record with gonorrhea, various infections and children's scarlet fever and pneumonia—all of them calling for a long-range assault on microbes. It has been suggested that the discovery of DBED will rank in importance with the discovery of penicillin itself.

From present evidence the suggestion is not unduly optimistic.



COLLIER'S "I'm just checking on when was the last time you took me out to dinner!" DON TOBIN

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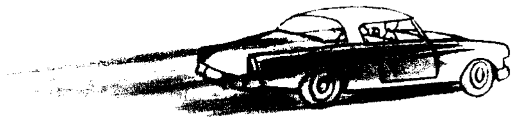

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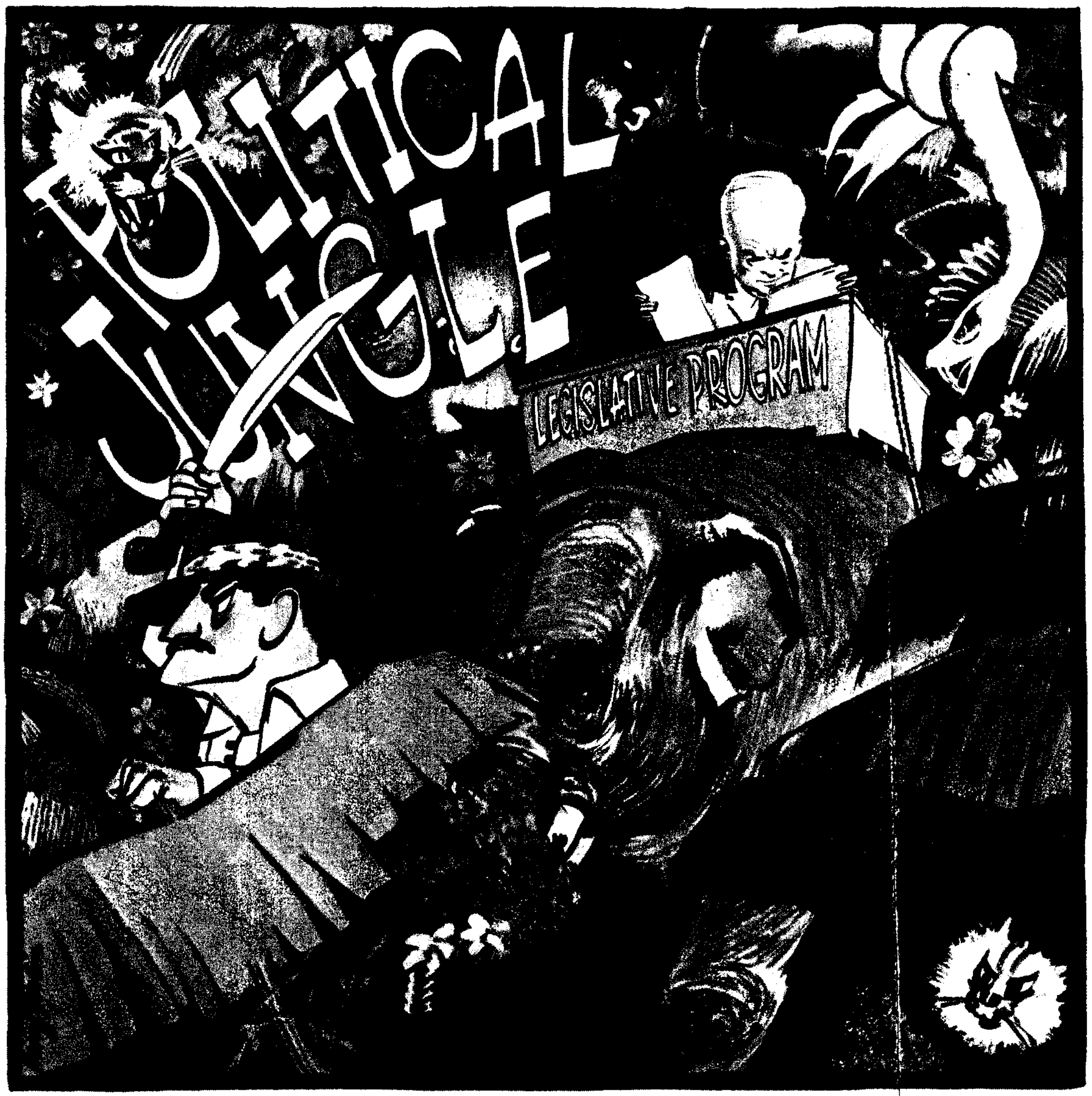

HARRY DEVLIN

Ike Needs a Politician

IT IS NO SECRET that President Eisenhower's legislative recommendations—his domestic program in particular—face some rough going in the present session of Congress. Commenting on the outlook, a friend of ours, wise in the ways of Washington, remarked, "Ike needs a politician." Quite likely he does.

The President has gained a lot of political wisdom since he took office. He has assembled an able staff of administrative aides. It is no disparagement of them to suggest that Mr. Eisenhower could still use on his staff a man who knows politics from long, firsthand experience.

Contrary to a widely held belief, it is no disgrace to be a politician. Earnest and intelligent citizens suggest from time to time that if we could only get politics out of government, all would be well. These same citizens may likely have written to their Senator or Representative at sometime or other to plead what seemed to them a worthy cause. And they would expect recognition, consideration and action. If they were ignored, the next chance they got they would probably vote against the officeholder who ignored them.

This probability creates a problem that every legislator faces. The problem includes the frequent struggle between being a representative and being an individual, and the difficulty of trying to take a simultaneous back-home and world-wide view of a situation. And if a man, understanding this problem, can help to compromise the conflict which may exist in hundreds of Congressional minds and produce a sound piece of legislation, he is not only a good politician but a valuable statesman.

You can no more take politics out of government than you can take the motor out of an automobile and expect performance. Politics, in the American government, is the technique of getting results. And the failure to "play politics" may sometimes have a profound historical effect. For example, Woodrow Wilson chose to ignore the Republican politicians completely when he assembled the American delegation which he took with him to the Versailles peace conference after World War I. There were influential Republicans, including ex-President Taft, who favored the League of Nations as much as Wilson did, and who should have been present to speak for their party. But they were not there. And because they were not, Wilson came home to suffer the defeat of his life's greatest aim.

How different the course of world events might have been if Wilson had not made this stubborn political blunder must remain a matter of speculation. But the incident does suggest that, while a man may be a great politician without being a great President, he cannot be a great President unless he is an astute politician, or else is able and willing to secure astute political advice which will help to translate his leadership from words to actions.

Because we believe that President Eisenhower's proposed program is, in general, sound and beneficial, and because it obviously will encounter some difficulties of enactment, we hope that he will be able to avail himself of the help of a wise and experienced politician—a specialist in the art of getting things done.

Of Judges and Grudges

IN THE CITY OF NORWALK, Connecticut, the local Veterans of Foreign Wars post appointed itself the arbiter and guardian of patriotism. Members kept track of what their neighbors said and read, and if they were "suspicious" they were asked to convey their suspicions to a secret and anonymous screening committee. This committee, at its discretion, might forward information to the FBI.

The post commander in Norwalk told Scripps-Howard writer Andrew Tully, "We're not condemning anybody. That's the FBI's job. We're only suspecting. A member doesn't have to prove a guy is subversive, only that he acts it." And to a New York Times reporter, the post commander made what seems to us an almost incredible statement: "It doesn't mean that every name turned in is of a Communist or subversive person."

If this were an isolated instance it would still be a matter of concern. But the state commander of the Connecticut VFW told The New York Times that "we have more or less been alerted by the national organization to keep our community active and wise . . . it is the sort of thing that's being done in other towns across the country."

Granting that the VFW may be inspired by the most admirable intentions, we still should like to know what special wisdom inheres in an organization of veterans which prompts them to delegate to themselves the task of keeping a community of 50,000 "active and wise." We also are curious to know the reasons why the Norwalk VFWs were investigating their neighbors. If not for suspected Communism or subversion, then for what? A man could be guilty of nothing more than nonconformity with his veteran-neighbor's way of thinking. His conscience might well be clear, but that would not remove the possibility of his having an FBI dossier against his name.

It has been argued that a citizen has a duty to report to the police a crime that he has seen committed. It has also been argued that a citizen who knows someone whose talk and actions mark him unmistakably as a Communist has a duty to report that person to the FBI. But neither argument can justify the formation of a vigilante group operating under a set of rules as vague as the above quotations would indicate.

It is a curious phenomenon of mass psychology that people often tend to imitate the thoughts and actions of those whom they hate and fear the most. This may well account for the tendency to copy the Soviet techniques of secret spying and informing which are found today among some of the most militant anti-Communists.

We believe that the FBI, the grand jury system and other responsible forces of government are capable of handling the menace of Communist conspiracy and espionage. But the FBI has too big and important a job to do to be plagued with a flood of amorphous accusations by self-appointed guardians of self-defined Americanism against their neighbors in Norwalk and "other towns across the country."

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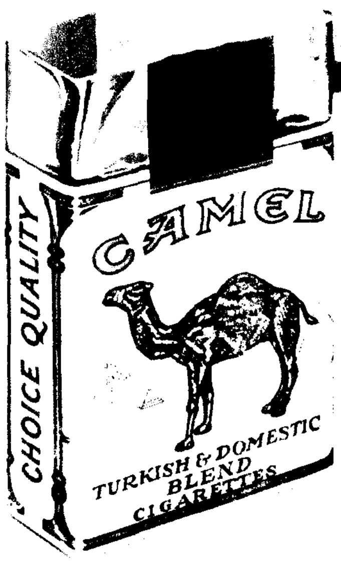

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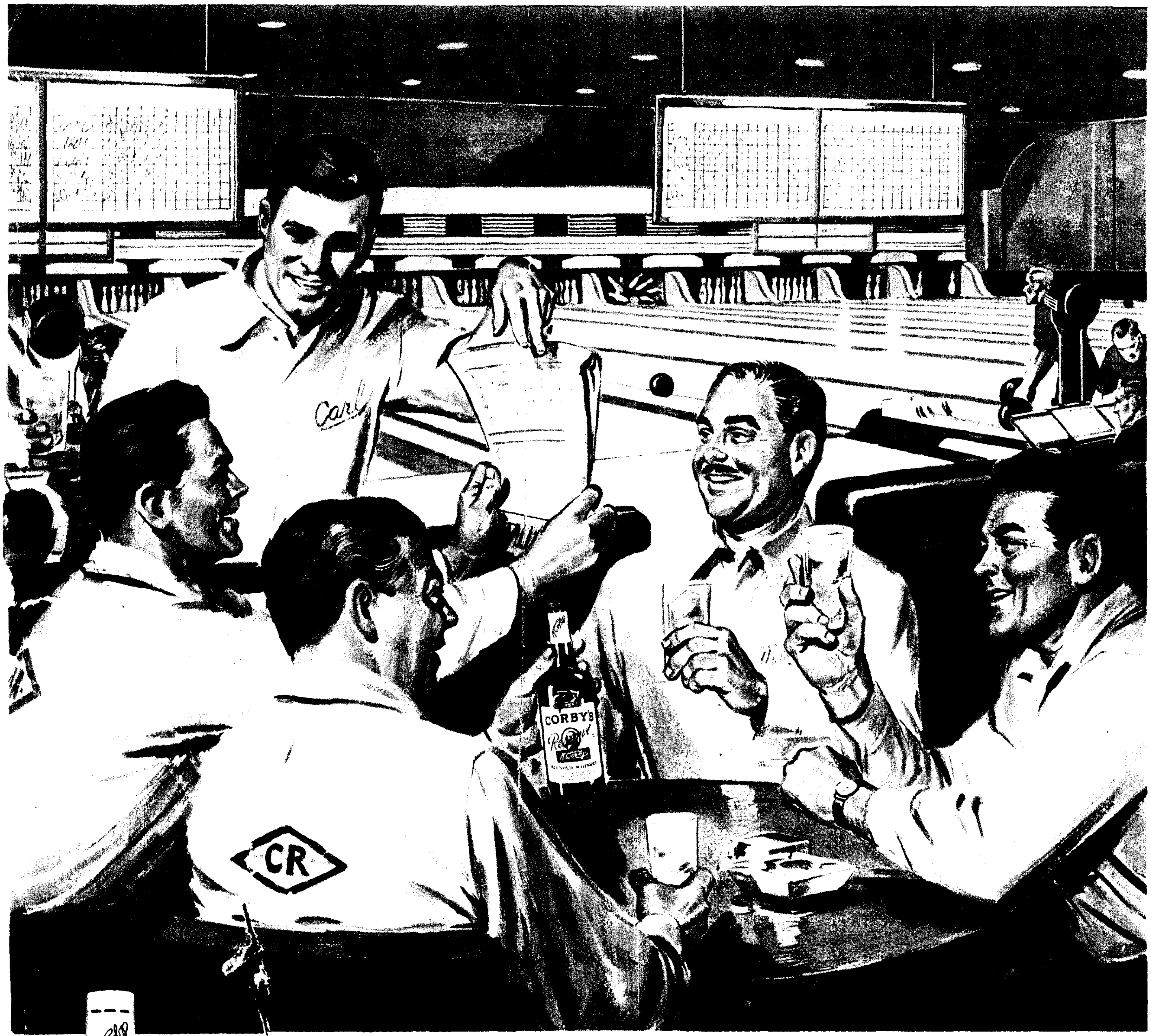
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